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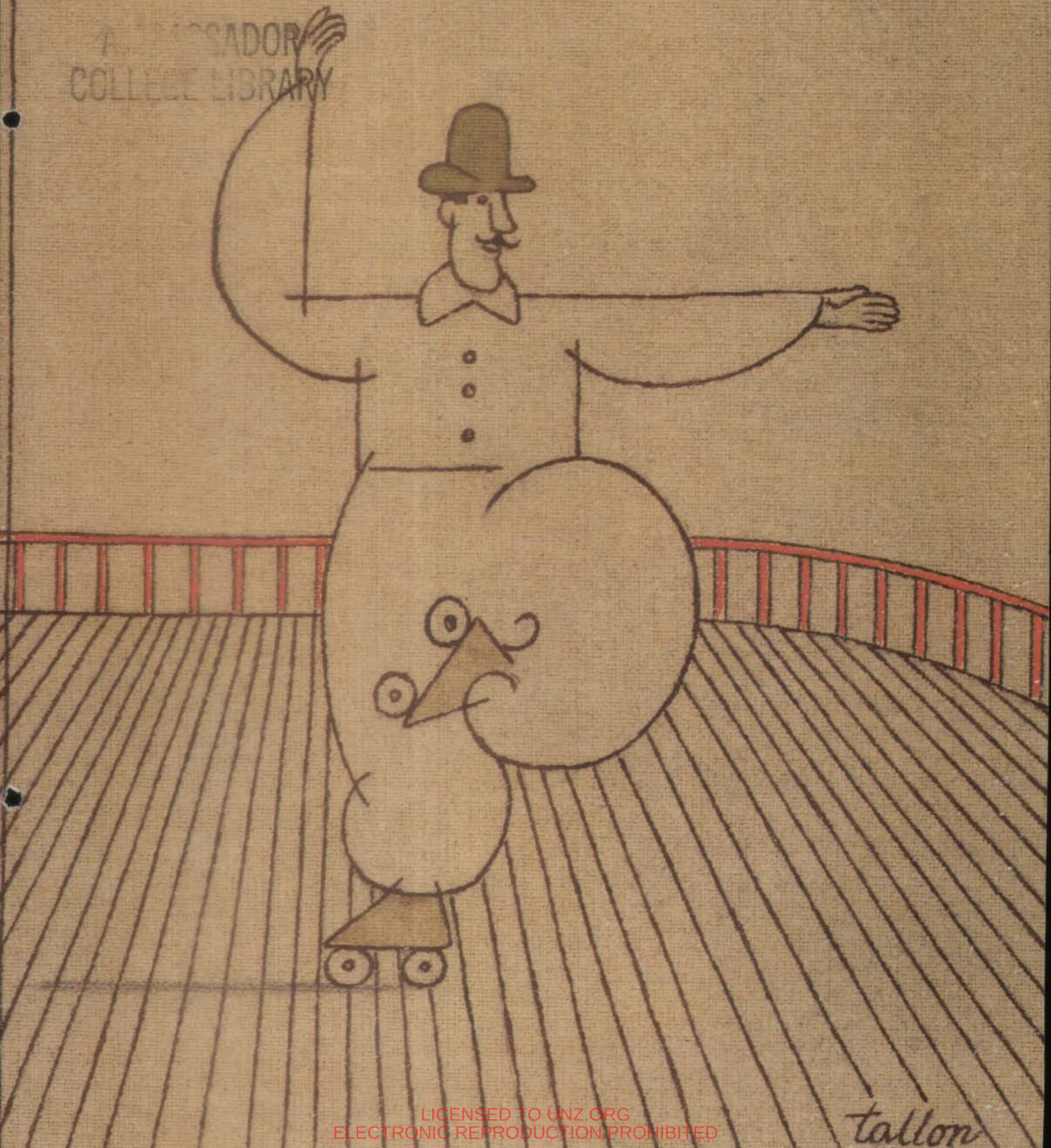

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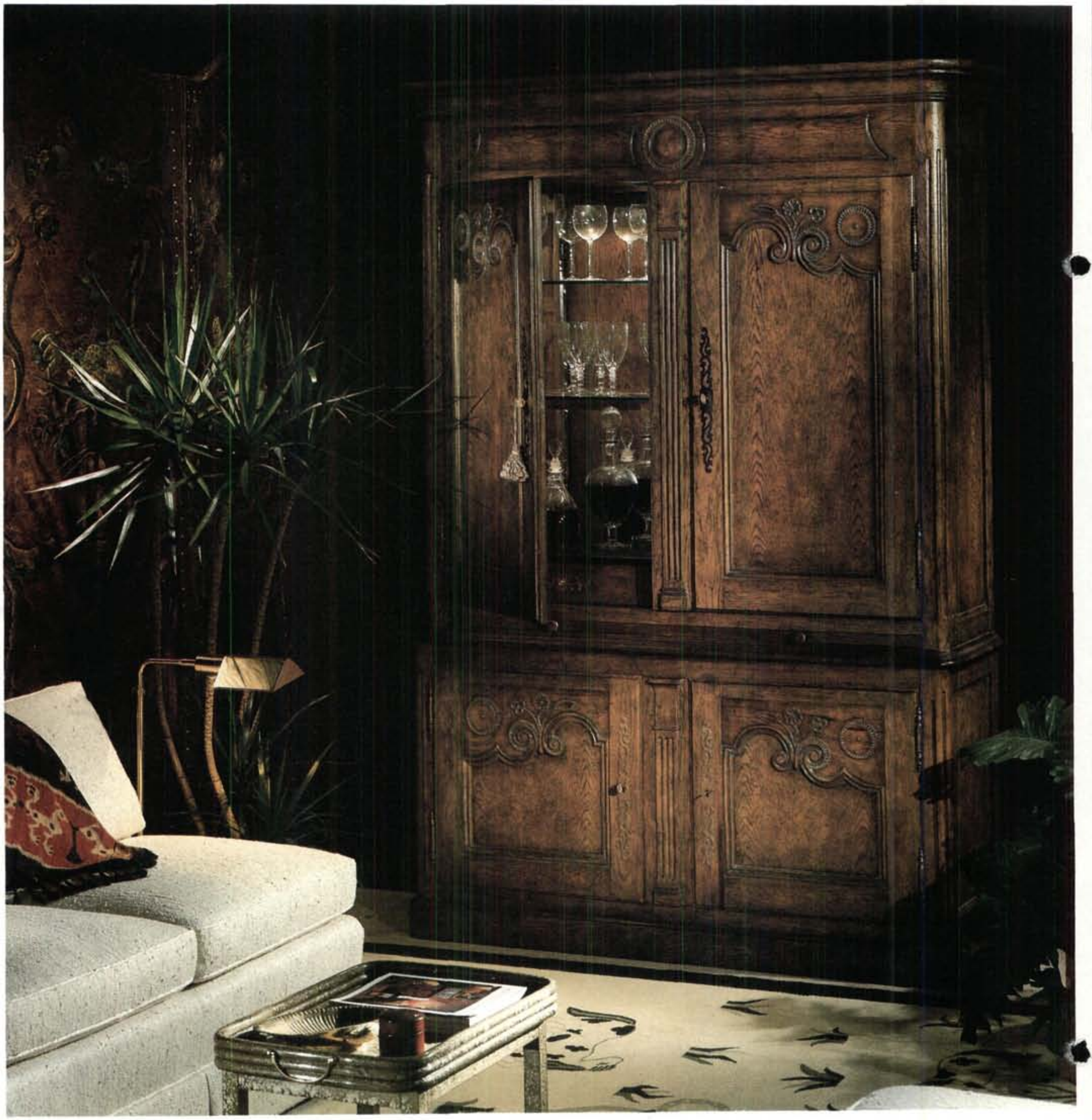

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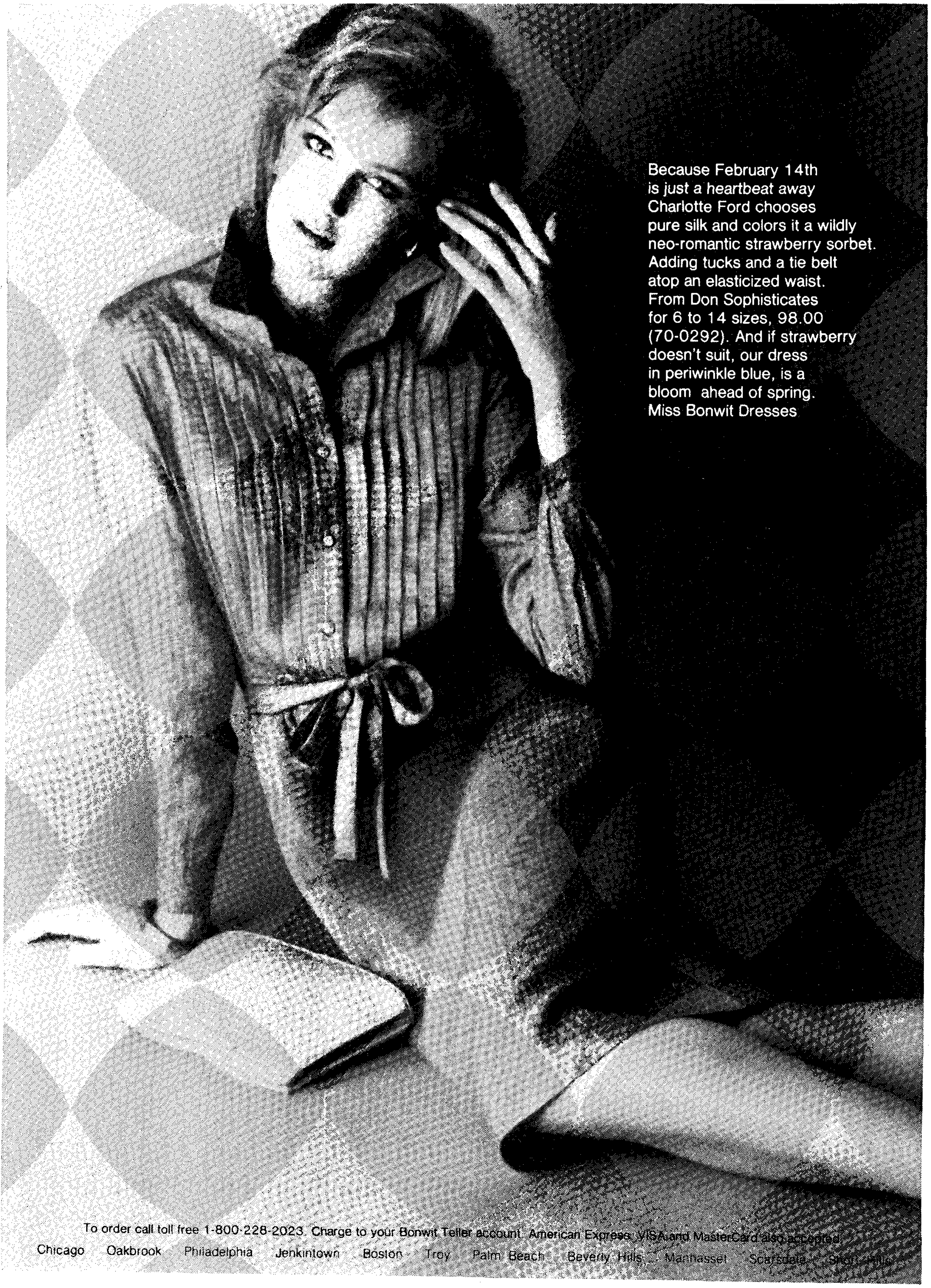

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, all at 8. . . . ¶ George Farquhar's crisp, lively comedy **THE RECRUITING OFFICER** in an anything but crisp performance. Of the many actors assembled, only a few come near to filling the requirements of their roles. These few are Brian Murray, Laurie Kennedy, MichaelJohn McGann, and Beth McDonald. Laird Williamson directed. Robert Blackman designed the lovely scenery. (Reviewed in this issue.) Friday, Jan. 30, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2; and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 3-5, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Brigadoon—The songs by Lerner and Loewe ravish the ear, but the book's old-fashioned whimsy is hard to accept. Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert are the stars. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Final performances of two plays in repertory. **THE BEAVER COAT,** a comedy of low life written by the German dramatist Gerhart Hauptmann in 1893. As presented, it's very hokey but not very funny. With Tanya Berezin, as a scheming, thieving laundress. (1/26/81) Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **TWELFTH NIGHT:** Lindsay Crouse is an enchanting Viola, and Colin Stinton is a very good Feste in a brisk, loose-limbed production under David Mamet's direction. Some of the clowning gets mighty trying, however. (12/29/80) Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—An admirable one-man show, ever more welcome as the years go by and (so it appears) fewer and fewer readers march deeper into the Dickens country than "A Tale of Two Cities" or "David Copperfield." (1/26/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

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Ensemble Studio Theatre—A triple bill consisting of "El Hermano," by Romulus Linney; "Two Part Harmony," by Katherine Long; and "Landscape with Waitress," by Robert Pine. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **GODSPELL,** conceived by John-Michael Tebelak and with music by Stephen Schwartz, is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Five O'Clock Girl—The Goodspeed Opera House production of the 1927 musical by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson (book) and Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (music and lyrics). The cast includes Sheila Smith, Ted Pugh, Lisby Larsen, Roger Rathburn, and Pat Stanley. Sue Lawless directed. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

John Gabriel Borkman—A great play by Ibsen, which we rarely see performed. The present

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production is not a very lucid one, but Irene Worth, Rosemary Murphy, and E. G. Marshall are worth paying strict attention to. (12/29/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Summer at Bluefish Cove—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Late City Edition—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Isaiah Sheffer which uses the writings of Eve Merriam, Eric Bentley, Jules Feiffer, Russell Baker, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

A Lesson from Aloes—The scene of Athol Fugard's new play is his native South Africa, and the time is the sixties. A white political activist, his wife, and a black friend of theirs are all victims of a government bent upon practicing evil in the name of good. The cast consists of Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones, all of whom give sensationally effective performances. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 1: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 4-8: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

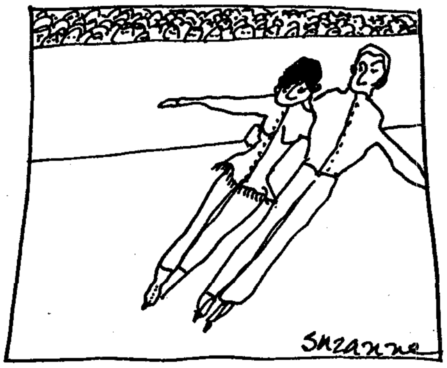
Macbeth—Sarah Caldwell has directed an elaborate production of a play that ordinarily succeeds by dint of not being fussed over and tampered with. Philip Anglim plays the wicked king, and Maureen Anderman is his strong-willed wife. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Me, Oh My, Oh Youmans—A musical entertainment conceived by Darwin Knight and Tom Taylor, with a cast of four performing twenty or so songs by Vincent Youmans. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Wonderhorse Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2. Moves after Saturday, Jan. 31, to a theatre to be announced.)

Piaf—Jane Lapotaire is Edith Piaf, and Zoë Wanamaker is her lifelong friend, Toine, in a play by Pam Gems. Directed by Howard Davies, who also directed the original Royal Shakespeare Company production. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 28, through Wednesday, Feb. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 5. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)



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Romance Is . . .—A musical mélange by Rocket Ryan (music, lyrics, sketches) and Zane Modine (sketches only). (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—A composer named Lance Mulcahy has written some new music to accompany the lyrics that Shakespeare wrote long ago to other music. This was not a good idea on Mr. Mulcahy's part, though a company of ardent young singers works hard to make us think otherwise. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Grandmother's House We Go—A pleasing, if somewhat too literary, comedy about a Connecticut family and its troubles. Eva Le Gallienne heads the excellent cast. (1/26/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for the Parade—John Murrell's modest play, which tells the stories of five women in the Canadian city of Calgary during the Second World War, is primarily—in one brief, telling scene after another—a sympathetic study of friendship under tension. The cast—Jo Henderson, Mia Dillon, Roxanne Hart, Marti Maraden, and Marge Redmond—is a distinguished one by any standards, and the performance, under David Kerry Heefner's direction, is very good. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursday, Jan. 29, and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,632 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. Phyllis Newman portrays the night-club singer. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

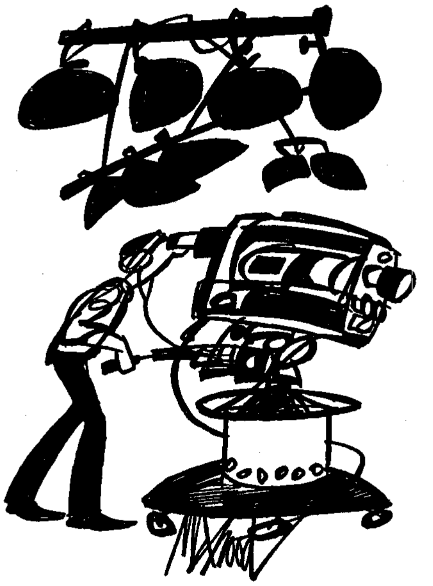
days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. Starting Monday, Feb. 2, Joey Bishop will replace Mr. Rooney. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Firebird," "Calcium Light Night," "Suite of Dances," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 1: "Swan Lake," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Other Dances," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 3: "In G Major," "Calcium Light Night," "Suite of Dances," and "Divertimento No. 15." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "Divertimento No. 15," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)



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LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—Appearing for two performances. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Double Quartet," "The Miraculous Mandarin," and "Tam ti Delam." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Hangman's Reel," "Exsultate, Jubilate," "Soaring," "Aureole," and "The Firebird." (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30: "Scherzo" (première), "The Shakers," "Air for the G String," "The Unsung," and "Sonata" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "A Choreographic Offering," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," and "Psalm." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Figura," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," and "A Choreographic Offering." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," and "Sonata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Sonata," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Figura," and "Psalm." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Sonata," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," and "Sonata." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8: "A Choreographic Offering," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," and "Psalm." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Sonata," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Strange Hero," "Flickers," and "A Choreographic Offering." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Figura," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2: "Air for the G String," "The Unsung," "Figura," and "Psalm." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DANCEMOBILE—The first three in a series of eight performances of traditional African and modern dance by fifteen companies, which will run through Sunday, Feb. 15. Thursday, Feb. 5: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and Welcome Msomi's Izulu Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6: Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7: Sounds in Motion Dance Company and the International Afrikan American Ballet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

SOLOMONS COMPANY / DANCE—Performing "Unplay Dances" and "Nile." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Feb. 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 7-8, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Musicians pass through on weekends. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated piano-bass duos in town, will be on the four-foot-high bandstand Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, will be given over to guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE** and his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. Trombonist **GEORGE MASSO'S** trio, with **DON FRIEDMAN** on piano and **FRANK TATE** on bass, performs through Saturday, Jan. 31; on Tuesday, Feb. 3, bebopping trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will bring in a quartet. Music from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, Jan. 29, the Uncle Floyd Show; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his band; on Wednesday, Feb. 4, the Blackbyrds will trade jazz-funk sets with organist **CHARLES EARLAND;** on Thursday, Feb. 5, Mr. Earland and his band will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and his quartet will appear opposite **NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy cornettist and raconteur, and his stunning quintet—tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 28.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 31; on Monday, Feb. 2, another very fine piano-bass team—**ANDY LA VERNE** and **GEORGE MRAZ**—will take over. Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has taken over for Bobby Short in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Shearing is assisted by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except

Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place—which has become as respectable as a three-piece suit—still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 28, Screaming Sneakers, Clonetones, and Nikko Toy; Thursday, Jan. 29, Brainchild Tribe and Richard Thorne & the Side Effects; Friday, Jan. 30, Telethon and the Same; and Saturday, Jan. 31, Neighbors & Allies and Donny Fury. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. The center-of-the-room microphone belongs to singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 1, trumpeter Valery Ponomarov will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Bebop saxophonists and their respective quartets are on the current schedule: **SONNY STITT** through Sunday, Feb. 1, and **PHIL WOODS** beginning Tuesday, Feb. 3. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Judy Kreston sings on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29; Argentine pianist Jorge Dalto will perform Brazilian jazz Friday through Sunday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1; pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** and their guest, trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY,** will jam together on Monday, Feb. 2; trombonist **JOE BOWIE** and tenor saxophonist **LUTHER THOMAS** will co-pilot the St. Louis Ensemble, a dissonance-and-blues quartet, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4; and **CHRIS CONNOR** will begin singing for three nights on Thursday, Feb. 5. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who perform here are not just diversionary dining-room players. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride specialist, molds a stride number out of just about any tune that crosses his mind; through Saturday, Jan. 31. On Tuesday, Feb. 3, **RAY BRYANT** will move in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

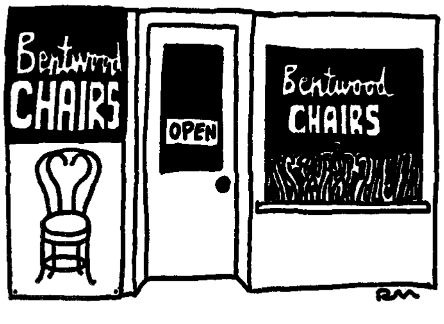
Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the d.j.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Ronnie & the Jitters on Thursday, Jan. 29; Bush Tetras and Bound & Gagged on Friday, Jan. 30; and Human Sexual Response and V on Saturday, Jan. 31. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 1-3.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE,** serene and guru-like—one of the few gurus with a Dallas accent—leads a quartet through blues, ballads, and mantras, all of which swing. The following Friday and Saturday (Feb. 6-7) two baritone saxophonists—**PEPPER ADAMS,** whose hard, cutting tone earned him the nickname "The Knife" when he was with Stan Kenton in the fifties, and **RONNIE CUBER**—will front a quintet. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and his combo. On Sundays from nine to one, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, which features trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** is working here with bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, Jan. 31, and with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Tuesday, Feb. 3. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and his bassist, **BOB BODLEY,** turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. Rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY** will be here with a backup quartet on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4. Mr. Diddley, whose albums from the fifties and sixties had titles like "Have Guitar, Will Travel," "Bo Diddley Is a Gunslinger," "Bo Diddley Is a Lover," "Surfin'," "Beach Party," and "500% More Man," still plays a cigar box of a guitar, but his music nowadays sounds more like with-it, dissonant, fuzzy rock than like the exaggerated, raw, jangling rhythm experiments he started out with. The rest of the rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and folkie schedule includes **RICHIE HAVENS** on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29; Texas Jewish cowboy Kinky Friedman on Sunday, Feb. 1; **STUFF,** the sublime R. & B. sextet, on Monday, Feb. 2; and Texas folkie Michael Murphey on Thursday, Feb. 5. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.



Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Freddy Cole, who sings and plays piano nicely and in a style not unlike that of his older brother Nat, finishes up on Saturday, Jan. 31. On Monday, Feb. 2, **MAXINE BROWN,** a polished and uplifting soul singer, will arrive with her backing crew. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 28, Dizzy & the Romilars, Sue Greenwood Band, and C.I.'s; Thursday, Jan. 29, Si-Si Cowpie & the Prairie Punks, Eddie Dixon, and Chad Burns; Friday, Jan. 30, Rattlers and Panic Squad; Saturday, Jan. 31, Senders and Glen Brown; Sunday, Feb. 1, BMT and Robert Gem Band; Monday, Feb. 2, Steadies, Scheverne, and Mental Notes; and Tuesday, Feb. 3, Genocide and New Race. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BILL HENDERSON,** a former Basie vocalist, is presiding over the tribute of the month—it's celebrating Johnny Mercer—Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Singer Jean Carn and her quartet will perform on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, **ESTHER MARROW,** a full-voiced soul contralto, and Keith Williams, whose vocal style is of the long-drawn-out school of putting a song over, will sing with the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** an R. & B. sextet that is headed by bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and that features saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** and guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE.** Music from about ten until two.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Sundays through Thursdays from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, the following giants and worthy neophytes of folkdom will show up at one time or another: **PETER YARROW, DAVE VAN RONK, TOM PAXTON, JOHN SEBASTIAN, JOHN HALL, GEORGE GERDES, CHRISTINE LAVIN,** and **CAROLYN MAS.** Thursday, Feb. 5, will belong to **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a rock-and-blues outfit, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, to **STEFAN GROSSMAN,** whose repertory is virtually a history of folk and blues guitar styles. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed, long and narrow second-story room. The absolutely topnotch jazz: Wednesday, Jan. 28, singer Anne Marie Moss; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN'S** quartet; Sunday, Feb. 1, pianist **FRED HERSCH'S** trio; Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 2-4, alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** and *his* quartet. Jazz from about ten. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 28, Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band; Thursday, Jan. 29, **JERRY LEE LEWIS**; Friday, Jan. 30, Heathen Girls; Saturday, Jan. 31, Sylvain Sylvain; and Wednesday, Feb. 4, **B.B. KING**. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Rock Lounge, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—A high-tech bar, a high-tech d.j. platform, industrial-carpet-covered benches, lounge chairs (upstairs), video monitors (a.k.a. TV sets), and rock and roll—all the comforts of Tribeca. The bands: the Must on Wednesday, Jan. 28; Factrix on Thursday, Jan. 29; ESG on Friday, Jan. 30; and Exposures and Del-Byzanteens on Saturday, Jan. 31. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays and Wednesday, Feb. 4.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"From Rodgers and Hart with Love" is a revue that features singers Mimi Hines and Larry Kert and a surefire set list. Mondays through Thursdays, shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. On Wednesday, Jan. 28, trumpeter **JACK WALRATH** heads up a combo that features tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD**; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 29-Feb. 1, guitarists **JOHN TROPEA** and **DAVID SPINOZZA** will collaborate; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4, will belong to saxophonist Eric Kloss; and on Thursday, Feb. 5, drummer **BILLY COBHAM** will arrive with his combo. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly piano-bass duos. The current (through Saturday, Jan. 31) piano-bass chores are being carried out by **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER**; on Tuesday, Feb. 3, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will come in with bassist **SAM JONES**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Two hard boppers—tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER**—and their quintet, **BEBOP QUINTESSENCE**, are on hand through Saturday, Jan. 31; on Tuesday, Feb. 3, **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed as the "Wildest Tenorman in the World" in the forties, and who is still a rather special R. & B.-imbued player, will move in with his band. Sunday, Feb. 1, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing with her combo, and on Mondays trombonist, arranger, and leader **MELBA LISTON** guides a spirited septet that comprises two trombones, two saxophones, a rhythm section, and moving charts. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Wednesday, Jan. 28, will be devoted to the music of drummer **RASHIED ALI** and saxophonist **ARTHUR RHAMES**; Thursdays through Saturdays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** leads a trio; and on Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesday, Feb. 4, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** heads up his own trio. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Dining.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Q: What does Gramercy Park have in common with Chicago's South Side? A: Chicago blues, of course. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29, blues singer, guitarist, and acrobat **EDDIE KIRKLAND**, who is sometimes given to doing the splits while he bends notes on his guitar, leads his band. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, blues-harp legend **BIG WALTER HORTON** will perform here. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 28, the Tiger Beats and Hooks; Thursday, Jan. 29, the Boy Friends and John Galt; Friday, Jan. 30, the Sorrows and Ex-Husbands; Saturday, Jan. 31, Joey Balin & the Mirrors and the Windows. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN's** quartet through Sunday, Feb. 1. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 3, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS**, who also performs Satchmo-inspired vocals, will lead a trio. Monday, Feb. 2, will see the **MEL LEWIS** band blast off. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM**, a pioneer bebopping pianist and still an energetic soloist, has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. **GEORGE KELLY's** Jazz Sultans perform through Saturday, Jan. 31. On Sunday, Feb. 1, guitarist **LAWRENCE LUCIE**, who started out playing square dances with his family's band in Virginia in the twenties, and who eventually played with Fletcher Henderson, Lucky Millinder, Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, and in a few other bands, will appear with a trio. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 2-3, pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with the ageless drummer **SONNY GREER**; and on Wednesday, Feb. 4, blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will bring in his quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, for four nights. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Lowe and Behold—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.

David Amram Quintet—Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 534-1672, Ext. 206.

Highlights in Jazz—Two concerts celebrating the eighth anniversary of the first "Highlights" concert will feature Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8 and 10.)

Tim Berne—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys and **Red Clay Ramblers**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Feb. 7: Dictators. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14: Fleshtones. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: Curlew and the Lodge. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30: The Chadbournes. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: The first in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring the John Coltrane quartet and the Miles Davis quintet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

John Anderson/ Sue Miller—Small splinters of wood, sometimes brightly painted, glued together in airy, three-dimensional latticework forms, ranging from twelve inches to twelve feet in height. / Dim acrylic depictions of bulls, obviously inspired by cave paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Tony Berlant—Twenty-nine handsome collages made from cutouts of found tin pieces, nailed down on a plywood backing and put into apposite frames the artist has dug up in odd corners—Mexican junk shops, for instance. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Brian Conley—Bristly-looking painted wall pieces made of cast paper, wood, and cast aluminum, in varying combinations. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-73)—Twenty-three box constructions and nine collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Janet Culbertson—Huge drawings of bears, wild pigs, a charging rhinoceros, and so on, done in a splotchy technique called "burst ink." The rhino, charging head-on, is eight and a half feet tall—bigger than life-size. There are also collages of mountain views. Through Feb. 14. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Leonard DeLonga—The circus is the subject of this new series of welded-bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

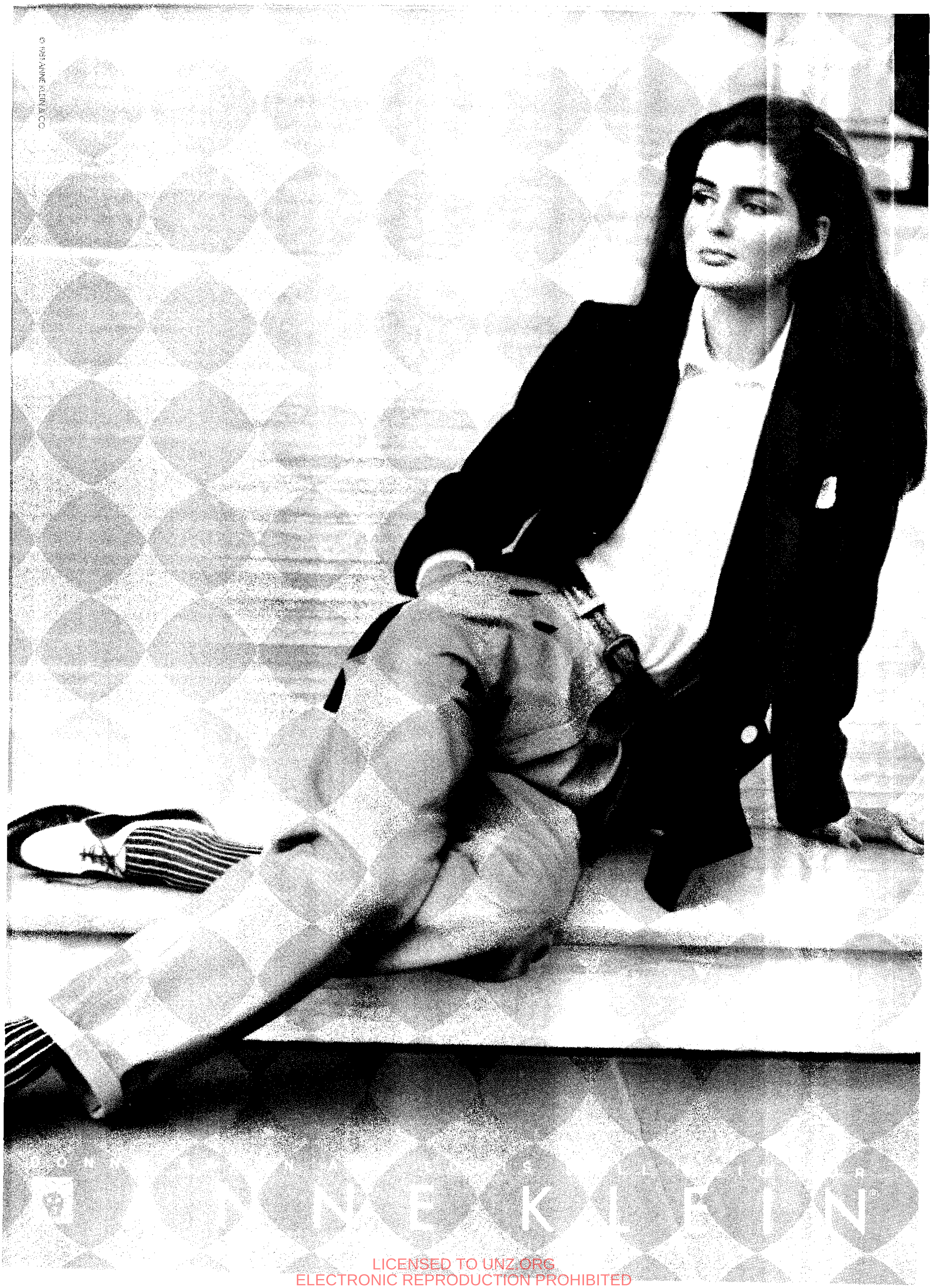
Natalie Edgar—Abstract oil paintings done on paper in vigorous colors. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Frank Faulkner/ Jody Mussoff—Large canvases ornamented with jewel-like blobs of pearly acrylic. / Colored-pencil drawings of young people, most of them in attitudes of anguish. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Serge Hollerbach—Passengers on the I.R.T. and other paintings of New York life. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Les Levine—Paintings the artist would like to see erected as billboards outside the Pentagon, the Whitney Museum, and other places. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Oils and gouaches by an early modernist. Through



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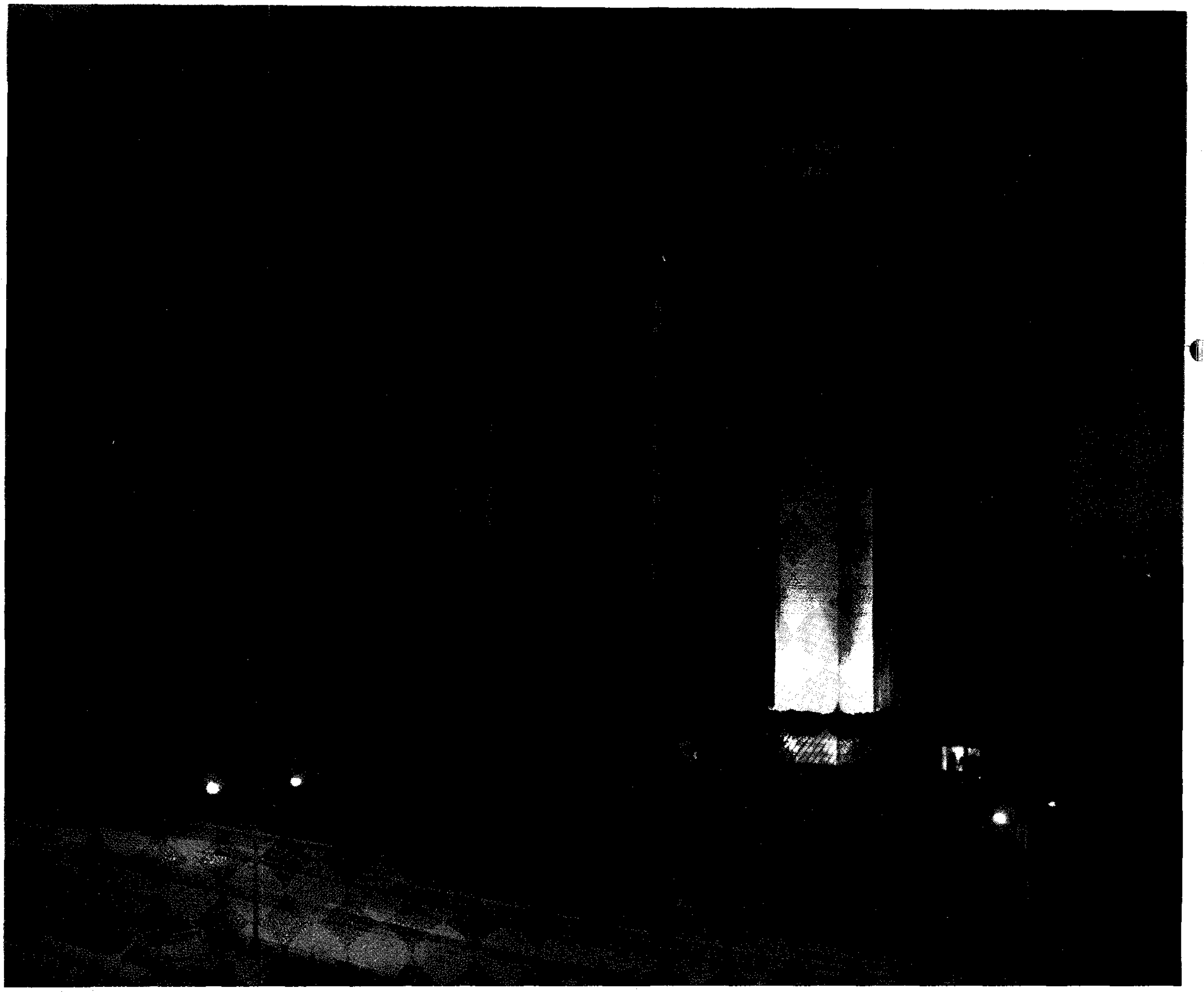

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Feb. 7. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Todd McKie—Cheerful outsize watercolors by an artist who has some of Miró's attitude toward conventional forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—New paintings on canvas. Through Feb. 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Dolly Perutz (1908-79)—Sculptures, encaustics, and graphics. Through Feb. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Abstract paintings dated 1940-45. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Antonio Segui—Oils and pastels depicting a furtive-looking character the artist calls SIR. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Everett Shinn (1876-1953)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kimber Smith—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 25. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, mostly of his favorite subjects—churches and dance halls—and many of them from the period when white dominated his palette. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Works on paper executed between 1910 and 1918. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: About fifty works in a variety of styles and mediums, selected from the gallery stock. A few of the artists represented are Milton Avery, Mary Cassatt, and Anthony Toney. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bronzes by Archipenko and Maillol, and an oil and two ink drawings by Matisse, in a show of thirty-five works. Through Feb. 14. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper—by Braque, Léger, Hugo Robus, Daniel Brustlein, and others—all bearing on music. Through Feb. 28. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY**, 22 E. 80th St.: Modern and contemporary paintings and sculptures by Arshile Gorky, John Sloan, Susan Roth, Peter Reginato, and others. Through Feb. 14. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—A show called "Decorative Sculpture" includes a five-part etched-glass screen by Patsy Norvell; an eight-by-six-foot concrete fishpond housing a red concrete fish by Ned Smyth; and a sheet-aluminum fan, called "Coral Cadillac," by Barbara Zucker. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Larry Bell—Sculptural works the artist calls "lamps," which involve the reflection of light off mineral-coated glass shelves. Through Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Large paintings in which thick strokes of oil paint, usually monochromatic, are laid onto linen canvas like shingles on a roof. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. / Gouaches, watercolors, and India-ink drawings, none of them previously exhibited. Through Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marie Brumund—Watercolors in which almost Photo-Realist studies of oranges and lemons and pears are seen against strong floral patterns. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Also at the gallery is a display of handmade books by three artists: childlike picture stories by Roz Chast; blank colorful handmade pages in hardcover bindings by Kathleen Derzipilsky; and copies of Japanese erotica stitched on cloth pages by Sas Colby.

Beverly Buchanan—Blocks of cast cement colored in imitation of Georgia clay. Through Feb. 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Cady—Clean-cut, realistic landscapes done in acrylic on paper, offering views ranging from the Customs Building in Boston to a lofty plateau in California. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

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Bernard Chaet—Watercolors of a tablecloth littered with cranberries—each one executed with a flick of the brush—and equally deft renditions of pears, black radishes, eggplants. There are also a couple of portraits and some Maine-coast scenes. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase—Stylized landscapes (waterfalls, forest clearings, ravines), each set off with a bouquet of stylized flowers in one corner of the canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Fahlen—Models, drawings, and photographs of large-scale sculptures that are either completed or in progress. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Gottlieb—Drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

Don Hazlitt—Small, decorative abstract wall pieces made of cardboard and painted in bright colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Stuart Ingle—Large, meticulously executed watercolor still-lifes. The artist teaches at the University of Minnesota. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Leon Krier / Pat Steir—Architectural renderings of real and imaginary structures, some in color. / Colored-pencil drawings that cover the walls of two rooms and provide a setting for several relatively small abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Large-scale paintings of mountains in the West. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Feb. 22. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

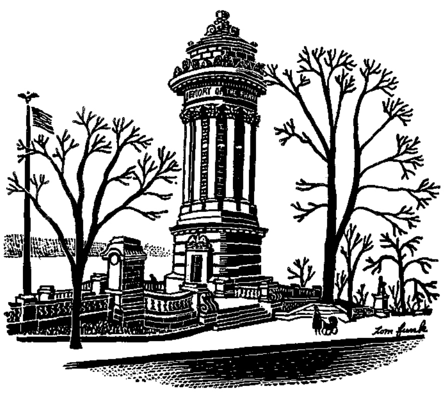
Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Drawings done between 1930 and 1950 by this abstract artist, who was a disciple of Gorky but shifted to wholly geometrical forms in her later years. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings from the same era are being shown at the gallery's SoHo branch, 113 Greene St. Through Feb. 28.

George McNeil—Fresh, frisky oils by a septuagenarian who paints in a distinctly American version of the European Expressionist style. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Large, mysterious pastels and oils in which Biblical and mythical subjects are treated in a semi-representational manner. Through Feb. 20. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephen Porter—Geometric sculptures. Through Feb. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leatrice Rose—Oil paintings of interiors, several of them affording views from the artist's West Side studio overlooking the Hudson. Also watercolor still-lifes. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)



Peter Saul—Large escapist paintings and drawings that deal, in a disarmingly gleeful way, with subway crime, police brutality, and Three Mile Island. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Sharpe—This artist has moved on from landscapes to figurative works that have an Expressionist stamp along with references to van Gogh, Matisse, and other artists (including himself at an earlier stage). Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

William T. Williams—Abstract paintings in muted colors, and in patterns that seem derived from the bark of trees or the cracks in sun-baked mud. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman / John Batho—Painted sculptural wall reliefs cut out of sheet aluminum and pieced together in cartoonlike versions of David and Goliath, Odysseus and the Sirens, Noah's Ark, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow—thirty-two works, large and small. / Color photographs by a French photographer which capture the movement and color and carnival air of amusement parks. Through Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Three paintings each by Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella make up the inaugural exhibit in this gallery's new quarters. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paper sculptures of ballet figures by Alexandra Exter, and paintings and works on paper by El Lissitzky, Liubov Popova, and other Russian avant-garde artists from the period 1912-28. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Grandma Moses and works on paper by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, Kubin, and Kokoschka. Through Feb. 21. . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: "The Picasso Generation" is the title of a show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Giacometti, Magritte, Matisse, Mondrian, and Picasso himself. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of children by nineteenth-century artists John Singer Sargent, Robert W. Weir, Henry K. Brown, George C. Lambdin, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD**, 41 W. 57th St.: Eleven abstract artists (Elizabeth Murray, Bill Jensen, Philip Wofford) have been invited to show their paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jennifer Bartlett—Drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Beckett—Wall pieces made of cardboard painted with oil and encaustic, most of them about five feet long and suggestive of flight. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

James Biederman—Elegant-looking wall sculptures made of painted wood. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Weber, in new quarters at 142 Greene St.)

Rudy Burckhardt—Paintings of New York and Maine by a realist. Also paintings on mushrooms (a precedent set by nineteenth-century New England primitive painters) by Mr. Burckhardt and by his friends Red Grooms, Neil Welliver, and others. Further, a life-size aluminum cutout of the artist by still another friend, Alex Katz. Through Feb. 11. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Colescott—Large, vigorous acrylic paintings by a black artist who leans toward rowdy parodies of masterpieces (Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," for one), and comic switches (Shirley Temple painted black and Bill Robinson white). Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Semaphore, a recently opened gallery at 462 West Broadway.)

Erté—Small fashion drawings, designs for ballet sets and costumes, and other works evoking the nineteen-twenties by this legendary figure. Through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jasper Johns—Sixty drawings in mixed mediums done over the past ten years and including his familiar ale cans, stencilled numerals and letters, and latter-day herringbone patterns. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

NANCY KETCHMAN—Severely foreshortened parts of the artist's own body (arms and legs, mostly) are seen in everyday activities, like arranging flowers. Through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

RICHARD LONG—Six sculptural works laid out side by side on the gallery floor, each consisting of two hundred and seventy willow sticks about a foot and a half long, plus (in another room) a sixteen-foot circle of pine sticks. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

ALDEN MASON / PETER VOULKOS—Large, colorful abstract designs made up of countless squiggles of paint applied directly from the tube to the canvas. / Irregularly shaped ceramic plates that have the look of Japanese antiquities; as a matter of fact, they were thrown by the artist in California and then shipped to a Japanese-type kiln in upstate New York for firing. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

JAY MILDER / ARTHUR WEYHE—Abstract paintings based on landscapes and actually incorporating the landscape, to the extent that leaves and sand and straw are mixed with the Rhoplex-and-acrylic medium. / This artist's Minimalist cedar-log sculptures are primarily outdoor pieces. One is on display here; others are seen in a mounted exhibit of maquettes and photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Hunnings, 139 Spring St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—"Star Thief," an enormous painting, forty-six feet long, that comments on the 1980 election year. Through Feb. 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

SEAN SCULLY / DOUG OHLSON—Diptychs striped in deep, sombre colors. / Large canvases divided into rectangular areas and painted various shades of red, blue, and green. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

GEORGE SZEKELY—Fifty drawings for paintings in progress. They are exhibited on shelves in plastic containers. Through Feb. 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

ERNESTO TATAFIORE—Paintings, mostly of airplanes and ships, by an Italian New Imagist. One plane is a canvas cutout that takes up an entire wall and spills out onto the ceiling above and the gallery floor below. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A fourth-anniversary show of works on paper by eleven artists. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HUTCHINSON,** 138 Greene St.: Works on paper and maquettes for outdoor sculptures by twenty artists, among them Archipenko, George Segal, and Marisol. Through Feb. 14. . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Landscape paintings by Gregory Gillespie, Neil Jenney, John Lees, and others. Through Feb. 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

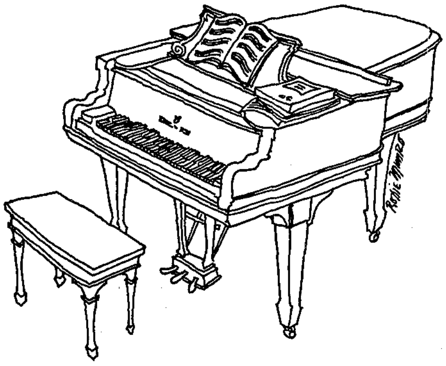
VINCENT ARCILESI—A single four-panel painting, "Allegory," of nineteen full-scale nude figures in an idyllic landscape. With preliminary drawings and oil studies. Through Feb. 15. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 11:30.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and prints by four members of the Taller Boricua, an organization of Spanish Harlem artists. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HANS BELLMER (1902-75)—This European Surrealist, known for his doll mobiles, also did doll photographs—exclusively. Through March 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO / WRIGHT MORRIS—Platinum prints (still-lifes, landscapes, portraits) by the Mexican photographer. / Works recently printed from negatives made in the



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forties. Through March 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. Through March 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of photographs by Lou Bernstein, many of them of the Brooklyn neighborhood where he makes his home. Through Feb. 22.

BARNABY EVANS AND SANDI FELLMAN—Color photographs: architectural subjects, some of them ruins, by the former, and silk and other fabrics with glimpses of female feet and arms peeping out here and there by the latter. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

SAM FALK—A retrospective of works by the *Times* photographer, whose pictures began appearing in 1925. Through Feb. 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

NORMA HOLT—Photographs of some of the artists, writers, and musicians who live all year, or part of the year, in Provincetown: Fritz Bultman, Norman Mailer, Eleanor Munro, and others. Through Feb. 14. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

WILLIAM KLEIN—A retrospective of more than a hundred photographs of city life. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ANGELO LAVIOSA—More than a hundred prints have been mounted; some from the twenties and thirties (F.D.R., Hirohito, Toscanini, and Mussolini) and the rest from 1941-58, when this native Italian was the official photographer for the Waldorf-Astoria and snapped such notable guests as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and David Lloyd George. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and every day between 1 and 2.)

SUZANNE SZASZ—Children, alone or engaged in some aspect of family life, are the center of attention here, and the photographs explore the various levels of growing up: a newborn in the delivery room, a series on sorority rushing at a Southern university, and so on. Through Feb. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

JOYCE TENNESON—Hand-applied silver prints. Through Feb. 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BRETT WESTON—Twenty vintage prints from throughout his career. Through Feb. 10. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ A complementary show of photographs from virtually the same period (up to 1870) and by many of the same photographers is at Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

GROUP SHOW—More than forty artists have contributed to a show of constructions employing photographs—i.e., photo-printed stuffed-fabric works in a room setting by Catherine Jansen; a four-foot-square microfilm weaving by Arturo Sandoral; slides projected onto a wall to which clay shards have been attached by Cathey Billian. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of Korean art represented by more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; *Koryo* celadon; *Yi* ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Starts Friday, Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and films produced in the past two years will occupy three floors of the museum. The third and fourth floors are already in place; the second floor opens Wednesday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Sunday, Feb. 1. Admission to this exhibit by ticket only; first come, first served. . . . ¶ The Department of Prints and Drawings has acquired hundreds of works in the past two years, and of these a hundred have been put on view—by Delacroix, Marguerite Zorach, Alex Katz, William T. Wiley, and others. Through March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition organized by Bernard Rudofsky, the museum's scholar-in-residence, that deals with the way we eat, sleep, clean ourselves, and take our ease. The show includes tableware from various civilizations; headrests from Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and Africa; early bathroom facilities, and the prototype of Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion" bathroom. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, and other matter from the Lilly Library of Indiana University. The collection has works on the sciences (a first edition, 1833, of Beaumont's "Observations on the Gastric Juice . . ."), history (a first printed draft of the Constitution), and literature (manuscript copies of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" and "Oil!," Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," and Ian Fleming's "From Russia, With Love"). Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Through Sunday, Feb. 1. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society; see below. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Through Sunday, Feb. 1. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. . . . ¶ The original work used for advertisements, record albums, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser, Bernie Fuchs, Bob Peak, Wilson McLean, and other recipients of the awards that have been given annually, since 1959, by the Society of Illustrators. Through May 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—This division of the New York Public Library reopened in a new five-story building this past fall. In the first-floor gallery, an exhibit of works on paper by and about black people has been mounted. The artists include Henry O. Tanner, Romare Bearden, and Jacob Lawrence. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A number of artists (Valerie Jaudon, Mary Grigoriadis, William Wegman) showing various works—freestanding columns, oils, line drawings, fabric-and-paper collages—that owe some debt to the ornamental patterns in Islamic art. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Three solo shows: Myrel Chernick (film installation), Carroll Dunham (abstract drawings), and Tom Rubnitz (painted cutouts). Also, a group show of drawings, models, and other works by five architects. Through Feb. 28.

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Elizabeth Sacre & Denise Green (performance), Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; an installation of photographs and wall reliefs by Jim Casebere, through Saturday, Jan. 31.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Julius Eastman (music), Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30; Michael Byron (music), Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Ed Bowes (thirty-minute videotape), Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8:30 and 10:30; Spalding Gray (performance), Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4, at 8:30; Michel Auder (video play), Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30 and 10:30; William Hawley (music), Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Joan La Barbara (music), Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; photographs and videotapes of advertisements exhibited by Barbara Kruger, through Thursday, Feb. 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and John Darrenkamp; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Galina Savova, Joann Grillo, Batyah Godfrey, Herman Malamood, and Ryan Edwards; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Pablo Elvira, Allan Monk, and Philip Creech; Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Osceola Davis, David Rendall, Christian Boesch, Julien Robbins, John Macurdy, Louise Wohlafka, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, and Isola Jones; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 1: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and John Darrenkamp; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 2, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, John Darrenkamp; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Florence Quivar, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, John Darrenkamp; Michelangelo Veltri.

Bel Canto Opera—Julio Miron conducting the last two performances of Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," staged by Barbara L. Wilson. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30: A Foss-Copland program, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30: A Rorem-Copland-William Schuman program, with Marilyn Horne, soprano.

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstilav Rostropovich conducting a Penderecki-Beethoven program, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Yehudi Menuhin, violin; and the Oratorio Society of Washington, D. C. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Mozart-Stravinsky program, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Slatkin conducting. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8, with Mark Peskanov, violin.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting a program that includes the première of William Schuman's "Night Journey, Orchestral Suite." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:15; a pre-concert program by the American Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, with John Feeney, double bass, will be given at 7:45.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting a Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Aaron Shorr, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 5:30, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8, with Menahem Pressler, piano, and Alexander Kouguell and Fortunato Arico, cello.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Ralph Evans, violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a program that includes the première of Alan Hovhaness's "Revelations of St. Paul," a work commissioned by the choral group. With Rita Shane, soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and William Parker, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a program celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the group's foundation, with Mignon Dunn and Lorna Myers, mezzo-sopranos; Irene Oliver, soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Benjamin Matthews, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of sacred Renaissance and twentieth-century music, with Rosalind Rees, soprano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

54th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Choir of the West—Maurice H. Skones directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing the first of two concerts of music from Switzerland, this one devoted to Frank Martin's choral work "Le Vin Herbé." (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

RECITALS

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—Robert Miller, piano, and the Atlantic String Quartet in a program of twentieth-century American music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Boehm Quintette—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Tana Bawden—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt recital. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

Chamber Music—Alexander Schneider, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; Lee Luvisi, piano; *and Marya Martin, flute. (Grace Rainey* Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Kenneth Cooper—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 4.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Mark Kaplan and Itzhak Perlman, violin; Marcus Thompson and Walter Trampler, viola; Stephen Kates and Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 5; Monday, Feb. 2, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30.)

Sofia Steffan—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Bert Lucarelli, Judith Norell, and Renée Siebert—Oboe, harpsichord, and flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Livio Caroli—Oboe, with members of the Caecilian Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A joint recital by Robert Miller, piano, and Harvey Sollberger, flute, devoted to the music of Stefan Wolpe, Robert Moevs, Mr. Sollberger, and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jan DeGaetani and Gilbert Kalish—Mezzo-soprano and piano in the second in a series of three joint recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Richard Goldsmith, clarinet; Sara Cutler, harp; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Two recitals of Brahms sonatas for violin/piano and viola/piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Christopher O'Riley—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The third in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven concerts, this one devoted to the music of Donald Martino and Luigi Dallapiccola, performed by the New York New Music Ensemble; Rolf Schulte, violin; Rhonda Rider, cello; and Johana Arnold, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Peter Orth, piano; Carmit Zori, violin; Philipp Naegele, viola; Marcy Rosen, cello; and John Bruce Yeh, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The third in a series *of six concerts presenting the Beethoven* cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2.)

Ronald Thomas—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:30.)

Erick Friedman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Yo-yo Ma and Emanuel Ax—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. San Diego, Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Monday, Feb. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Stymie Handicap, Sunday, Feb. 1, and the Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 7. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14.

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 6, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Calvin Trillin reading from his own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Winter Antiques Show—English, French, and American furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than seventy dealers. "The Four Centuries of Newport," a loan exhibit from the Preservation Society of Newport County, will be featured. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 28-31, from 11 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 1, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings and prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 28-30, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: Americana, including furniture, clocks, folk art, silver, Chinese Export porcelain, and prints. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 10:15: The Theodore H. Kapnek Collection of American samplers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2, and Thursday, Feb. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, among them Tiffany glass and lamps, Lalique glass, and furniture. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at about 3:30: Furniture designed in 1937 by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, from the estate of Conrad Hilton. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Jan. 31, at 10 and 2: English and Continental furniture and objects of art, from the estate of Marjorie Wiggin Prescott. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 10 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 5, at 10: English, Continental, and American silver, Russian works of art and watches, and *objets de vertu*. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 2: Books on photography. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Jan. 28, from 10 to 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Feb. 13 (Detroit), Feb. 20 (Washington), Feb. 22 (Los Angeles), Feb. 28 (Chicago), March 3 (Atlanta), and March 6 (Milwaukee). . . . ¶ The Nets at **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Feb. 8 (Knicks), Feb. 11 (Chicago), Feb. 13 (Indiana), Feb. 15 (Golden State), Feb. 18 (Cleveland), Feb. 20 (Portland), Feb. 22 (Dallas), and March 1 (Detroit).

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Feb. 8 (Minnesota), Feb. 12 (Winnipeg), Feb. 15 (St. Louis), Feb. 18 (Toronto), Feb. 21 (Washington), Feb. 25 (Buffalo), March 1 (Montreal), March 4 (Edmonton), and March 8 (Detroit). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Feb. 14 (St. Louis), Feb. 17 (Toronto), Feb. 21 (Chicago), March 3 (Edmonton), and March 7 (Vancouver).

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season continues through April 18. . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA,** New York State Theatre (870-5570): The spring season will open on Feb. 19, with Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and will run through April 26. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 9. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell, cello, and James Levine, piano, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, Feb.

15. . . . ¶ Brandenburg Ensemble, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, March 1. . . . ¶ Württemberg Chamber Orchestra, March 8. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 9. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Choral Arts Society of Washington, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 15 and March 1. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, piano/harpsichord, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Friends of French Opera, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Tokyo String Quartet, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 24 and March 10. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Württemberg Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 1. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, March 2. . . . ¶ Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra, March 3. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 4-5. . . . ¶ Pro Arte Chorale, March 8. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Jupiter Symphony, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Rolf Björling, tenor, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Ransom Wilson, flute, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 20 and 22. . . . ¶ Claude Frank, piano, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Continuum, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Hamao Fujiwara, violin, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 25-26. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 1. . . . ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, March 5. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 5 and 7. . . . ¶ New Calliope Singers, March 6. . . . ¶ St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, March 8. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Feb. 10-11. . . . ¶ Marc Neikrug, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Balint Vazsonyi, piano, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Feb. 21-22. . . . ¶ Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Cantilena Chamber Players, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Seymour Lipkin, piano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, March 3. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Waverly Consort, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Aston Magna, March 6.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Bring Back Birdie," with a book by Michael Stewart, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams (yes, the same trio responsible for "Bye Bye Birdie" twenty years ago). Donald O'Connor and Chita Rivera (returning to her original role in "Bye Bye") will play Albert and Rose Peterson, the couple in search of the long-lost pop idol Conrad Birdie. . . . ¶ "Sophisticated Ladies," a musical conceived by Donald McKayle, and dedicated to the music of Duke Ellington. Judith Jamison and Gregory Hines will head the cast, and a twenty-five-piece onstage band will be conducted by Mercer Ellington. . . . ¶ A play by Kevin Heelan, "Heartland," with J. C. Quinn, Larry Nicks, Sean Penn, and Martun St. David. . . . ¶ "The Survivor," a play by Susan Nanus (based on the recently published book of the same title by Jack Eisner) is about a group of Warsaw-ghetto teen-agers during the Nazi occupation. . . . ¶ Donald Sutherland will star in "Lolita," which Edward Albee has adapted from the Nabokov novel. Blanche Baker will have the title role. . . . ¶ "Rose," a London import by Andrew Davies, will have Glenda Jackson portraying a Midlands schoolteacher attempting to break away from her quotidian existence.

Dance—Nikolais Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Feb. 11-22.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Thursday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, opens Feb. 14. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 14-22. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 28-March 1. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on March 4. . . . ¶ Spring Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., March 7-8.

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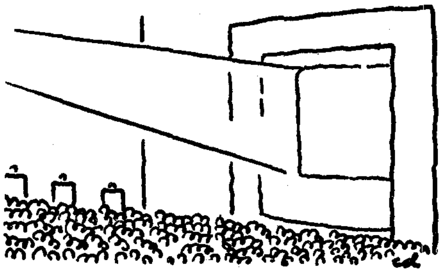
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 1: "The Long Shot."
Feb. 2: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 3: "The Single Standard" and "The Day After Trinity."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Samuel Goldwyn films:
Jan. 28: "Arrowsmith" and "Cynara."
Jan. 29: "The Dark Angel" and "Ar[illegible]wsmith."
Jan. 30: "Barbary Coast" and "The Dark Angel."
Jan. 31: "Dodsworth" and "Barbary Coast."
Feb. 1: "The Bishop's Wife" and "Dodsworth."
Feb. 2: "Raffles" and "The Bishop's Wife."
Feb. 3: "Stella Dallas" and "Raffles."
Feb. 4: "Wonder Man" and "Stella Dallas."
Feb. 5: "A Song Is Born" and "Wonder Man."
Feb. 6: "They Shall Have Music" and "A Song Is Born."
Feb. 7: "The Goldwyn Follies" and "They Shall Have Music."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 29: "It's My Turn" and ". . . And Justice for All."
Jan. 30-Feb. 5: "The Mirror Crack'd" and "Network."
From Feb. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Scanners."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Altered States."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"From the Life of the Marionettes."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 29: "Hangar 18."
From Jan. 30: "Maniac."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Jan. 29: "Caligula."
From Jan. 30: Theatre temporarily closed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Scanners."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Tribute."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Private Benjamin."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy." (No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 2, and Wednesday, Feb. 4.)

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Jan. 29: "Blood Beach."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raging Bull."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"First Family."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 29: "Ordinary People."
Jan. 30-Feb. 5: "It's My Turn."
From Feb. 6: "Stardust Memories."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Jan. 29: "Any Which Way You Can."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Blood Beach."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 5: "Popeye."
From Feb. 6: "Fort Apache, the Bronx."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scanners."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Mountain Family Robinson." From Jan. 30: "Maniac."
Theatre 2: "9 to 5."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 29: "The Mirror Crack'd."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 29: "The Formula."
From Jan. 30: "Seems Like Old Times."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "The Elephant Man." From Jan. 30: "Caligula."
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: "Every Man for Himself."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 29: "Bye Bye Brazil." From Jan. 30: "Like a Turtle on Its Back."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Elephant Man."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jazz Singer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Popeye."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 5: "From the Life of the Marionettes."
From Feb. 6: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Man of Marble."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Jan. 29: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 30: "Ordinary People."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "It's My Turn."
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 3: "Seems Like Old Times."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Jan. 29: "La Cage aux Folles."
From Jan. 30: "Like a Turtle on Its Back."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Jan. 29: "The Mirror Crack'd."
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "It's My Turn." From Jan. 30: "Raging Bull."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "A Change of Seasons." From Jan. 30: "Maniac."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "Every Man for Himself." From Jan. 30: "Caligula."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: Theatre closed. From Feb. 6: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "First Family." (†) From Jan. 30: "Any Which Way You Can." (†)
Theatre 4: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 6: "Flash Gordon."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!"
Theatre 4: "The Mirror Crack'd." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Seems Like Old Times." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Scanners." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 29: "Any Which Way You Can." (†)
From Jan. 30: "Caligula." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Jan. 29: "Hangar 18." (†)
From Jan. 30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Jan. 29: "It's My Turn." (†)
From Jan. 30: "Maniac." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Blood Beach." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 28: "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Jan. 29: "Guernica" (1976), in Italian, directed by Fernando Arrabal, with Mariangela Melato; and "Viva la Muerte!" (1971), in French, directed by Fernando Arrabal.
Jan. 30: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
Jan. 31: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox.
Feb. 1: "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.
Feb. 2: "The Masque of the Red Death" (†) and "Death Race 2000." (†)

Feb. 3: "Sansho the Bailiff" (†); and "Portrait of Yuki," a Japanese film.

Feb. 4: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie." (†)

Feb. 5: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, a documentary, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; and "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman." (†)

Feb. 6: "A Woman Is a Woman" (†) and "The Blood of a Poet." (†)

Feb. 7: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 28: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (1975), directed by Arthur Hiller, with Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler; and "Triumph of the Will" (1934), a documentary about the Sixth Nazi Party Congress in 1934, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.

Jan. 29: "Le Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin; and "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.

Jan. 30: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Carny" (1980), directed by Robert Kaylor, with Gary Busey, Jodie Foster, Robbie Robertson, and Meg Foster.

Jan. 31: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Feb. 1: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston; and "The Oklahoma Kid." (†)

Feb. 2: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

Feb. 3: "Figures in a Landscape" (†) and "These Are the Damned." (†)

Feb. 4: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "Marked Woman" (1937), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli.

Feb. 5: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

Feb. 6: "Ludwig" (1973), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard and Silvana Mangano.

Feb. 7: "Touch of Evil" (†); and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 29: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Jan. 30-31: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, an animated science-fiction film, directed by René Laloux.

Feb. 1-2: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Feb. 3: "Night Game" (1980), directed by Roger Vadim, with Cindy Pickett, Joanna Cassidy, and Barry Primus; and "Charlotte" (1975), in French, directed by Roger Vadim, with Sirpa Lane.

Feb. 4-5: "The Shining" (1980), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, and Danny Lloyd; and "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.

Feb. 6-7: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." (†)

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 29: "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles; and "How I Won the War" (1967), directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.

Jan. 30-Feb. 2: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Manhattan" (1979), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Feb. 3-4: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

Feb. 5-7: "Young Frankenstein" (†); and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page.

MINI CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Jan. 30: "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Morocco" (1930), directed by Joseph von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "Dracula" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "Frankenstein" (1931), directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles.

Feb. 3-5: "Point Blank" (†); and "The Silent Partner" (1979), directed by Daryl Duke, with Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould.

From Feb. 6: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Jan. 28: "Payment Deferred" (1932), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Ray Milland; and "Gabriel Over the White House" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Walter Huston, Karen Morley, and Franchot Tone.

Jan. 29-31: "The Tender Trap" (1955), directed by Charles Walters, with Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne, and Celeste Holm; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (1956), directed by Daniel Mann, with Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Mackiko Kyo, Eddie Albert, and Paul Ford.

Feb. 1-2: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Tarzan, the Ape Man." (†)

Feb. 3-4: "Village of the Damned" (†) and "The Haunting." (†)

Feb. 5-7: "Bells Are Ringing" (†); and "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 28: "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "Death of a Friend" (1960), in Italian, directed by Franco Rossi.

Jan. 29: "Arch of Triumph" (1948), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer; and "The North Star" (1943), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Walter Brennan, and Ann Harding.

Jan. 30-31: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sympathy for the Devil" (1968; "One Plus One"), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with the Rolling Stones.

Feb. 1: "America America" (1963), directed by Elia Kazan, with Stathis Giallelis.

Feb. 2: "High School Confidential" (1958), directed by Jack Arnold, with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling; and "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978), directed by Steve Rash, with Gary Busey.

Feb. 3: "Sylvia Scarlett" (†) and "A Double Life." (†)

Feb. 4: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†) and "The Hawks and the Sparrows." (†)

Feb. 5: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (†) and "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." (†)

Feb. 6-7: "Ape" (1976), directed by Paul Leder, with Rod Arrants, Joanna De Varona, and Alex Nicol; and "Dangerous Mission" (1954), directed by Louis Ling, with Victor Mature, Piper Laurie, and William Bendix. Both in 3-D.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 28: "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo,

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Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

Jan. 29: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), directed by Norman Foster, with Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio, and Joseph Cotten.

Jan. 30-31: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Feb. 1: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Feb. 2: "Nibelungen Saga." (†)

Feb. 3: "The Shopworn Angel" (1938), directed by H. C. Potter, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, and Hattie McDaniel; and "The Shop Around the Corner." (†)

Feb. 4: "Cabin in the Cotton" (†); and "Three on a Match" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Joan Blondell, Bette Davis, and Ann Dvorak.

Feb. 5: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Feb. 6-7: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Private Detective 62" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with William Powell, Margaret Lindsay, and Ruth Donnelly.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 29 at 2:30, 6, and 7:30; Jan. 30 at 2:30 and 6; and Jan. 31 at noon, 2:30, and 5: Five different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at noon: "The President Vanishes" (1934), directed by William Wellman, with Arthur Byron, Paul Kelly, and Rosalind Russell. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: One of the programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 5: "The Dancers" (1925), a silent film, directed by Emmett Flynn, with George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, and Madge Bellamy; and "The Dancers" (1930), directed by Chandler Sprague, with Lois Moran, Walter Byron, and Phillips Holmes. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at noon: "6 O'Clock and All's Well" (1979), a documentary, directed by Robert Spencer. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30 and 6: Two different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at noon: "6 O'Clock and All's Well." . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: "The Dancers" and "The Dancers." . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 6: "The Phans of Jersey City" (1979), a documentary, directed by Stephen Forman and Dennis Lanson. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30, 6, and 7:30, and Feb. 6 at 2:30 and 6: Five different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon: "The President Vanishes." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—Starting Feb. 4: A series of programs made up of films and video works shown at the museum during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for films and time schedules and ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Jan. 28 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8: "Room Film" (1973) and "Condition of Illusion" (1975), both films directed by Peter Gidal. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: "Kopenhagen/1930" (1977) and "Silent Partner" (1977), both films directed by Peter Gidal. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2: A program of video films made in Seattle. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: "Heads" (1969) and "4th Wall" (1978), both films directed by Peter Gidal. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 8: A program of films by John Sibley Watson, Melville Webber, John and James Whitney, and Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966), directed by Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 3: A program of video films by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 and 6 at 8: Two programs of films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2: A program of video films by Peter Crown and Bill Etra. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: A program of films by Bruce Baillie.

Napoleon—Abel Gance's 1927 four-and-a-half-hour silent film. As an accompaniment to the film, the American Symphony Orchestra, directed by Carmine Coppola, will play apposite music written by Mr. Coppola. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 944-9300. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde tricks, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/19/81.) (Murray Hill, Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

. . . And Justice for All (1979)—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman (1974)—A documentary, directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow, about a woman musician and loner, Dr. Antonia Brico, Dutch by origin but long a resident here. A born teacher, she is also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month but can get engagements only five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome the handicap of shyness. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5.)

Any Which Way You Can—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Movieland; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Jan. 30.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—With Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman, and Richard Bennett; directed by John Ford. (Art; Jan. 28-29.)

Barbary Coast (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Art; Jan. 30-31.)

Bells Are Ringing (1960)—The famous Adolph Green-Betty Comden-Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who was one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she so obviously had brains. (Regency; Feb. 5-7.)

The Bishop's Wife (1947)—With Loretta Young, Cary Grant, and David Niven; directed by Henry Koster. (Art; Feb. 1-2.)

Blood Beach—With David Huffman and Mariana Hill, directed by Jeffrey Bloom. (U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Jan. 29.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own interpretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so lives what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with this mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it, and that he gets rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the game of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, autoerotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth, you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes of the dreams and ecstasies of the poet and his obsession with the unknown. Music by Georges Auric. Photography by Georges Périnal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)—A Canadian film, with Marie Tifo, Charlotte Laurier, and Germain Houde; directed by Francis Mankiewicz. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Breaker Morant—An Australian film, with Edward Woodward, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Cinema I.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film, with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

Cabin in the Cotton (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naïvely socially conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact. Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 4.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (New Yorker 1; through Jan. 29.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Olympia, and Movieland; starting Jan. 30.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A Change of Seasons—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (Olympia; through Jan. 29.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Loews Tower East.)

Cynara (1932)—With Ronald Colman and Kay Francis, directed by King Vidor. (Art; Jan. 28.)

The Dark Angel (1935)—The First World War and some of its woes, in a prolonged but well-handled sob story. With Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall; directed by Sidney Franklin. (Art; Jan. 29-30.)

The Day After Trinity—A documentary about J. Robert Oppenheimer, directed by Jon Else. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Feb. 3.)

Death Race 2000 (1975)—Low-budget sci-fi, from an often amusing suspense script by Robert Thom and Charles B. Griffith, directed by Paul Bartel in his ingratiatingly tacky, sophomoric manner. Bartel seems to have an instinctive kinky comic-book style; the picture zips along, and there's a flip craziness about it—it's an ideal drive-in movie. In the role of a legendary driver in this killer race—points are scored for every pedestrian run down—David Carradine has star presence, and his easy, confident manner gives the film some class; he's very elegant in his black leather clothes and black leather cape. Sylvester Stallone is rather funny as the slobbish, stupid villain, who's always expostulating in anger or disgust. With Louisa Moritz as the crude dumb blonde, and Simone Griffith. Produced by Roger Corman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 2.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. He also stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks programmed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. (Rudolph Maté was the cinematographer.) Ruth Chatterton plays the wife, Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya (she's Viennese this time), Paul Lukas, David Niven, Odette Myrtil, Spring Byington, and John Payne. (Art; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

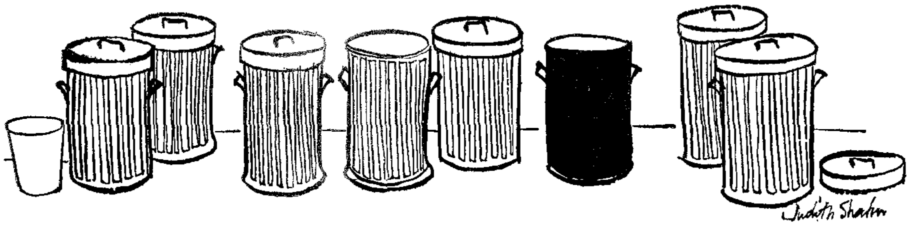
A Double Life (1947)—The Ruth Gordon-Garson Kanin script takes off from the professional hazard of actors: living their parts offstage. Usually this hazard is treated satirically, but the Kanins do it in a souped-up, portentously melodramatic version. Ronald Colman is the actor who starts hearing bells in his ears and loud keening noises during his run in "Othello." His friends stare at him, puzzled, until after he has smothered a harmless blond waitress (Shelley Winters) and tried to kill a press agent (Edmond O'Brien) whom he suspects of having designs on his Desdemona—his actress wife, played by Signe Hasso. Colman is not at his best, and the role of Othello is so far out of his range that he's gentlemanly and dispassionate when he means to be fiery hot, but he got the Academy Award for Best Actor anyway. The theatrical milieu doesn't help this picture much, though the theatre scenes were shot in the famous Empire, which was demolished in 1953. George Cukor directed; with Millard Mitchell, Philip Loeb, Ray Collins, Fay Kanin, and Frederic Worlock. Music by Miklos Rozsa. (Thalia; Feb. 3.)

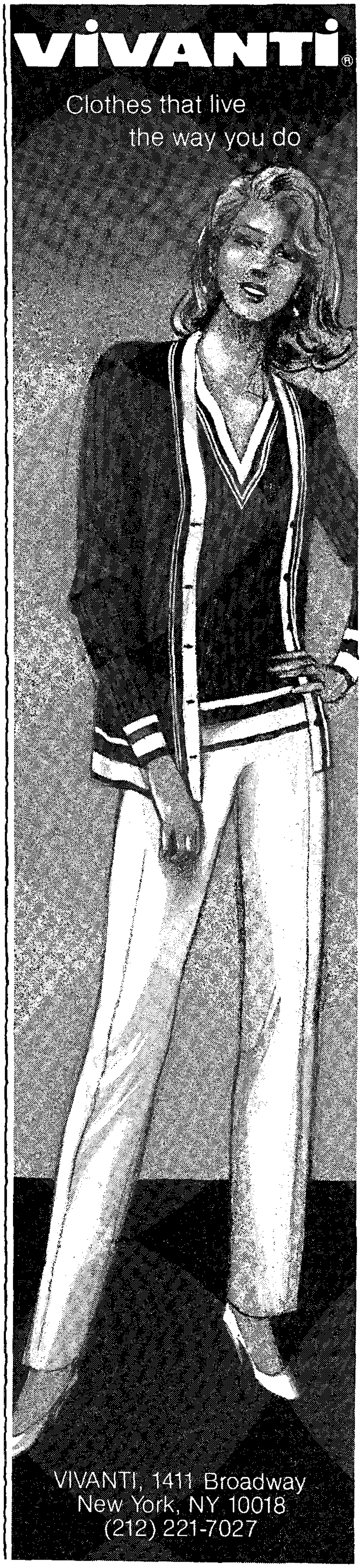
The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 29.)

Figures in a Landscape (1970)—With Robert Shaw and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Joseph Losey. Cryptic, sometimes abruptly witty dialogue by Robert Shaw, but the film literally *is* about mere figures in a mere landscape—one of those Everyman-and-nothing stories, heavy with intellectual intent but pretty light inside. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

First Family—With Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn; directed by Buck





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Henry. (Loews New York 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Jan. 29.)

The Formula—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Jan. 29.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—With Paul Newman and Ed Asner, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Criterion Center; starting Feb. 6.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 5.)

The Goldwyn Follies (1938)—Bobby Clark, Zorina, and the Ritz Brothers—but not well used. George Marshall directed this rather sloppy affair; the cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Kenny Baker, Helen Jepson, and Ella Logan. Some good Gershwin songs, and a couple by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill. (Art; Feb. 7.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 4.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand as Diego, a Spanish professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. The courier is like a weary commuter who has been through it all so many times that he can see what's coming; past and future are one. It's easy to satirize force of habit—as W. C. Fields demonstrated when he blew the head off an ice-cream soda. But Resnais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. His melancholy is glamorized, and when he goes to bed with his mistress (Ingrid Thulin) he has such high-quality sex that we actually hear the soprano vocalizing of a heavenly choir. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic, with an overexposed semi-abstract sex scene between Diego and a pouting kitten (Geneviève Bujold) and anticipatory flash-forwards. The political material has been subjected to the French equivalent of Hollywoodization; it's soaked in romantic defeatism, in existentialism used decoratively to make a hero of a numb, apathetic man. With Michel Piccoli and Jean Dasté. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum (1933)—This graceful romantic comedy, shot in sepia tones on imaginative Art Deco sets, and with a Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart score, failed when it came out, and it has never attracted much of an audience. Maybe that's because its star is Al Jolson, and people just didn't expect him to be in a stylized, sophisticated, lyrical movie. He's very good in it, though; he doesn't wear blackface or get on his knees to sing. Directed by Lewis Milestone, he just takes it easy, and we can enjoy his finesse. The whimsical script was written by S. N. Behrman and Ben Hecht, and Rodgers and Hart provided a recitative in rhyming couplets. The time is the Depression. Wearing a white suit and hat and a dark shirt, Jolson is Bumper, the "mayor" of a group of hoboes who hang out in Central Park—happy-go-lucky thirties versions of beatniks. When Bumper meets an amnesiac girl (Madge Evans) and falls in love with her, he gets a job in order to take care of her; then she regains her memory. . . . The film is uneven, but it has some of the rhythm and charm of the early-thirties René Clair musicals (especially "A Nous la Liberté"), and it has the lovely song "You Are Too Beautiful." With Harry Langdon as Jolson's crony, Egghead; Frank Morgan as the dapper, Jimmy Walker-like Mayor of New York City; Chester Conklin as Sunday; and the black actor Edgar Connor as Acorn. When Bumper and Acorn go to work and get paid, Bumper is delighted to have the money but Acorn complains that you have to waste so much time to get it. The clothes show the most elegant side of thirties fashion; the art direction was by Richard Day. (Thalia; Feb. 5.)

Hangar 18—With Darren McGavin, Robert Vaughn, and Gary Collins; directed by James L. Conway. (Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli; through Jan. 29.)

The Haunting (1963)—A suavely sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Regency; Feb. 3-4.)

The Hawks and the Sparrows (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a sort of St. Francis nature walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. In Italian. (Thalia; Feb. 4.)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman—With Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, and Ned Beatty; directed by Joel Schumacher. (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, New Yorker 2, and Rivoli; starting Jan. 30.)

Inside Moves—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (Baronet.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Jan. 30-Feb. 5.)

The Jazz Singer—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld.)

Kagemusha—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Like a Turtle on Its Back—With Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin, directed by Luc Beraud. In French. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1; starting Jan. 30.)

The Long Shot—With Susannah York, directed by Maurice Hatton. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Feb. 1. Mr. Hatton will be present on Thursday, Jan. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at the 8:20 showings.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, a teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (Cinema Village; Feb. 6-7.)

Maniac—With Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro directed by William Lustig. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Jan. 30.)

Man of Marble—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Masque of the Red Death (1964)—Roger Corman's ornate, ambitious adaptation of Poe (combining "Hop-Frog" with the title story). The sepulchral atmosphere is, happily, redeemed by a bit of humor. With Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, and Patrick Magee. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 2.)

The Mirror Crack'd—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker 2; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 30-Feb. 5.)

Mon Oncle d'Amérique—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Paris.)

Mountain Family Robinson—With Robert Logan and Susan Damante Shaw, directed by John Cotter. (R.K.O. 86th St.; through Jan. 29.)

NETWORK (1976)—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 30-Feb. 5.)

NIBELUNGEN SAGA (1924)—Utterly extraordinary: gigantic heroes, trailing processions, and a romantic mystique. Fritz Lang's bizarre, monumental German silent film, conceived as a tribute to the nation, was in two full-length parts—"Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge"—and the second, made a year after the first, is the madder of the two. The first tends to be static and ornamental; the second is packed with contrapuntal visual rhythms. It makes a picture like "Caligari" seem as routine as a TV sitcom. At the ending of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde has had Siegfried killed, and his widow, Kriemhild, swears revenge. In the second picture, Kriemhild marries Attila the Hun and begins the devastation—massacres, flames, chaos. The influence of the painter Arnold Böcklin is evident; this film, in turn, was a strong influence on Eisenstein and Leni Riefenstahl. There's a fine analysis of it in Lotte Eisner's book "The Haunted Screen." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2.)

9 TO 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center.)

THE OKLAHOMA KID (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. Lloyd Bacon directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1.)

ORDINARY PEOPLE—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 30.)

POINT BLANK (1967)—Show-offy, brutal, somewhat inexplicable account of a crook (Lee Marvin) who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. But the real star is the virtuosity of the director, John Boorman. Intermittently dazzling, the film has more energy and invention than Boorman seems to know what to do with. He appears to take the title literally; one comes out exhilarated but bewildered. With Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, Keenan Wynn, Michael Strong, and John Vernon. The West Coast settings include the actual (though no longer in use) prison on Alcatraz. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 3-5.)

POPEYE—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Festival, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1; through Feb. 5.)

PRIVATE BENJAMIN—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Center.)

RAFFLES (1940)—With Olivia de Havilland and David Niven, directed by Sam Wood. (Art; Feb. 2-3.)

RAGING BULL—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and

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kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 30.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Scanners—A Canadian film, with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; directed by David Cronenberg. (Bay Cinema, Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and Loews State 2.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (Loews New York 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; starting Jan. 30.)

The Shop Around The Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretensions believable, lyrical, and funny. The script by Samson Raphaelson is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernest Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, Sara Haden, Edwin Maxwell, and Inez Courtney. (A 1949 musical remake *starring Judy Garland and Van Johnson* was called "In the Good Old Summertime.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3.)

The Single Standard (1929)—A silent film, with Greta Garbo, Nils Asther, and John Mack Brown; directed by John S. Robertson. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Feb. 3.)

A Song Is Born (1948)—With Danny Kaye, directed by Howard Hawks. (Art; Feb. 5-6.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (72nd Street East; starting Feb. 6.)

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Stella Dallas (1937)—A sentimental war-horse, but effective. In this version, directed by King Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck plays the uncouth young woman who gives up her daughter (Anne Shirley), and John Boles is the socially proper man she can't live up to. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is entirely Stanwyck's, and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance. (Art; Feb. 3-4.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National. . . . ¶ Cinema II. No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 2, and Wednesday, Feb. 4.)

The Strange Love of Martha Ivers (1946)—Enjoyable glossy melodrama that reaches a boil. At the outset, the moody, adolescent Martha prevents her rich, sadistic aunt from killing her pet cat with a cane by using the cane to kill Auntie. Regrettably for Martha, a couple of her playmates, both boys, are around the house when the old lady is done in. Boy One (whom Martha loves) leaves town and becomes Van Heflin, a gambler. Boy Two, a sheepish sort in glasses, stays on, marries Martha (Barbara Stanwyck), and becomes Kirk Douglas, the district attorney. Robert Rossen, who wrote the script from a story by John Patrick, knew how to grab the audience, *and the director*, Lewis Milestone, *knew how* to hold it. With Lizabeth Scott, Judith Anderson, Darryl Hickman, Roman Bohnen. (Thalia; Feb. 5.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case; when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of a ballad about the sea. (Thalia; Feb. 3.)

Tarzan, the Ape Man (1932)—Johnny Weissmuller of the body beautiful—making his movie bow in a loincloth—and pretty, likably coy Maureen O'Sullivan. There is something irresistibly funny about the predicament of a ladylike young lady abducted by a man who has lived like an ape, and who pokes and pummels her with the gestures of an ape. The picture, which is (and always was) great, parodistic fun, doesn't attempt to be realistic about jungle life; it's an entertaining romantic adventure—lighthearted and agreeable. W. S. Van Dyke directed; based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable kitsch. (Regency; Feb. 1-2.)

Tell Me a Riddle—From Tillie Olsen's short novel, with Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tess—With Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

These Are the Damned (1962)—Joseph Losey's film, with Viveca Lindfors as a sculptor called Freya. Her sculptures are by Elisabeth Frink, and they are the real stars of the picture. They have the repose and classical sense of conflict that Losey struggles for with an effort that strains muscles. The plot is relentlessly serious and concerned with the big themes; Shirley Anne Field and Macdonald Carey end the picture about to die of radiation sickness. Losey always casts very well: the film includes a most interesting performance by Alexander Knox. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—A film of lower-East Side life, which can hardly be called true to life, since Jascha Heifitz wandered in and out of it. With Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, Porter Hall, Terry Kilburn, and Diana Lynn. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Art; Feb. 6-7.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—The original 108-minute version, not often exhibited, of Orson Welles' marvellously garish thriller about drugs and police corruption in a border town. Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

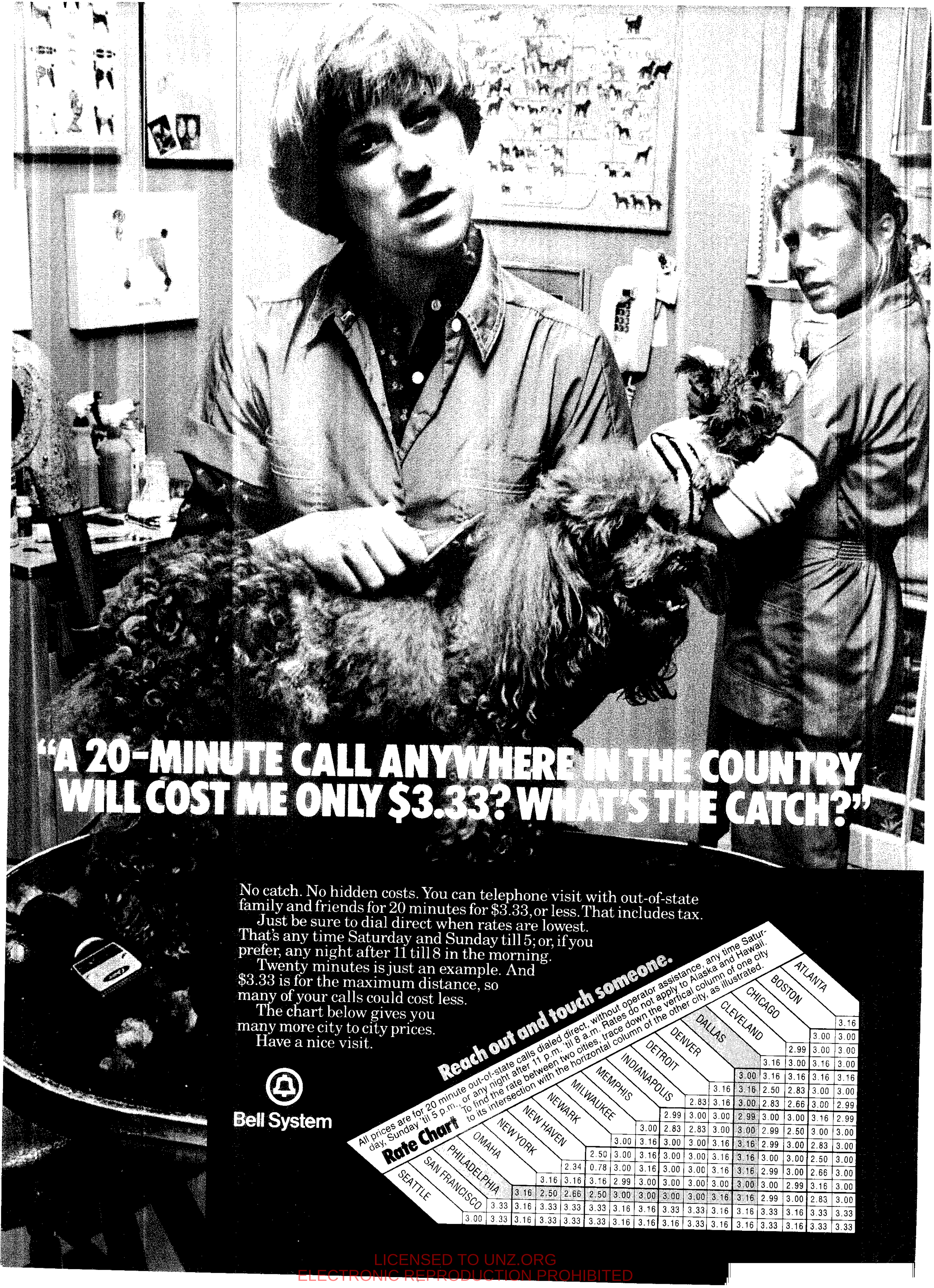
Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet.)

Village of the Damned (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids. This one is clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scariest of the cold-eyed children from outer space. From John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos;" made in England and directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific name for the director of this particular film). (Regency; Feb. 3-4.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Godard's parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that he, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Wonder Man (1945)—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen, directed by Bruce Huberstone. (Art; Feb. 4-5.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 5-7.)



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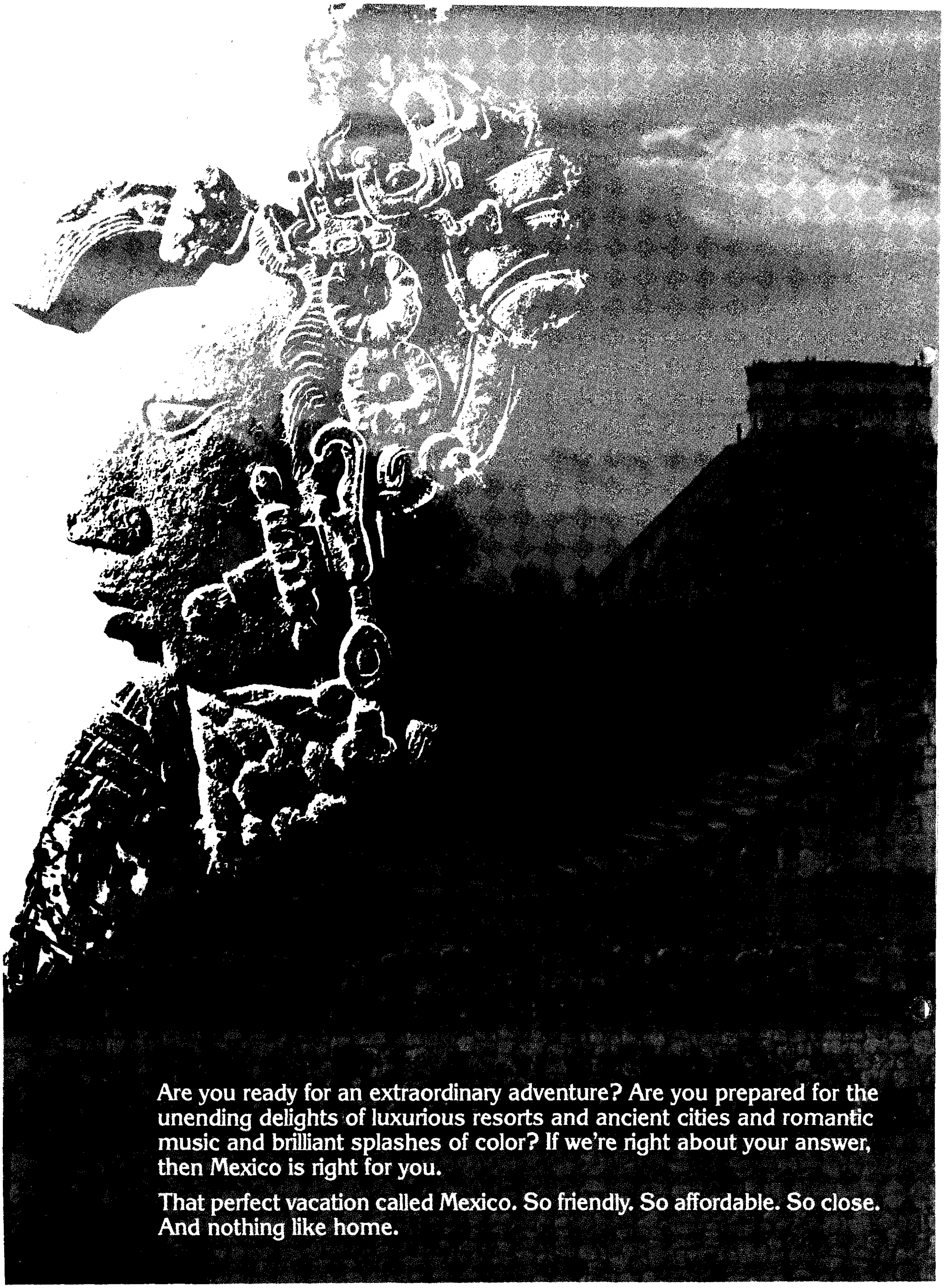

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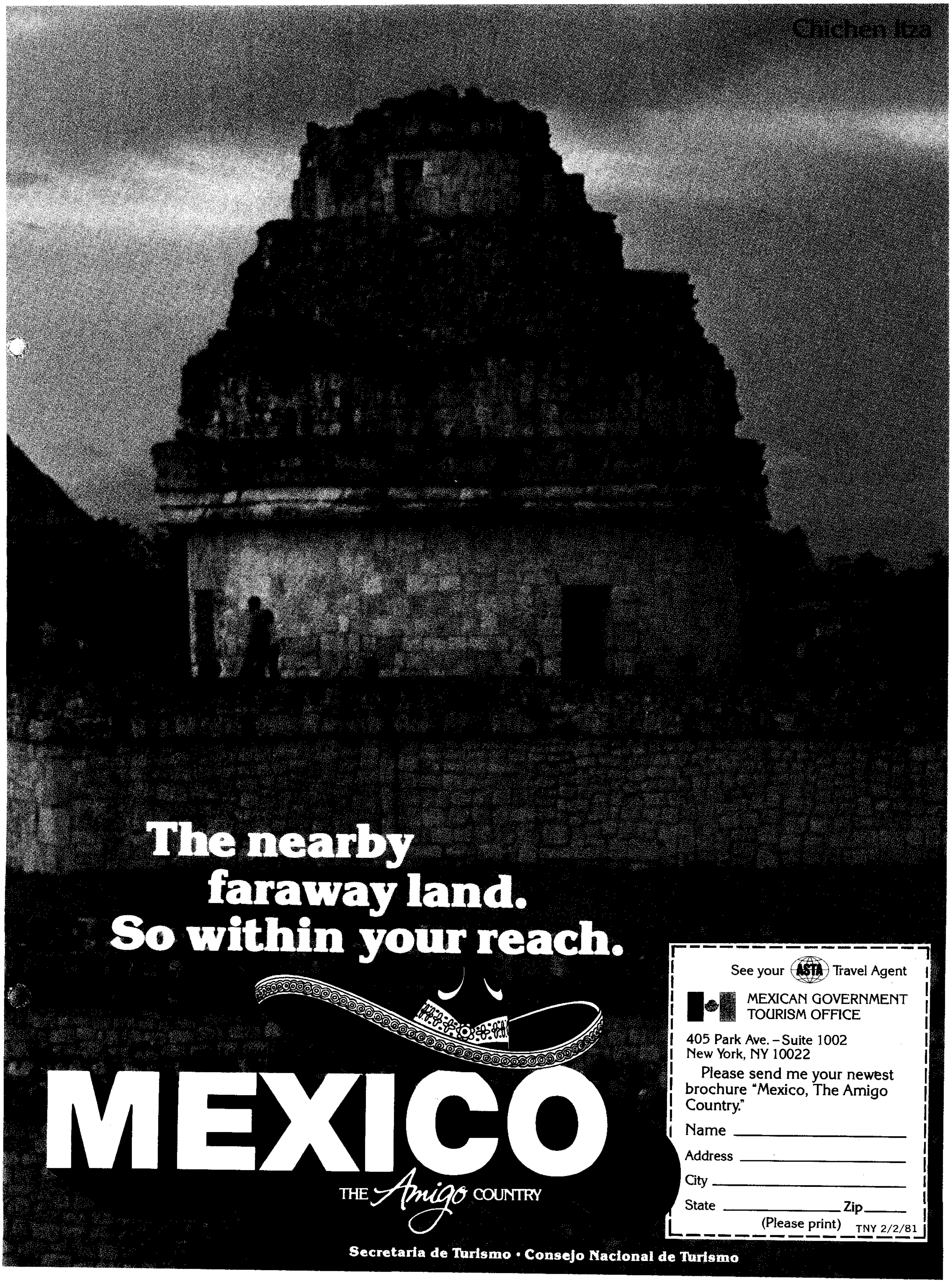
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the American hostages were released from Iran, the headlines sang out "FREEDOM." In the days that followed, the full meaning of that word, so often used and misused in the political oratory of our country, was given life in hours of television news coverage. Over the months, we had all seen the strange, stilted, stiff, wary figures of the hostages in Iranian film clips released for propaganda purposes. Now we saw fifty-two lively, cheerful, unconstrained—*free*—men and women (with the men wearing long hair and beards, it looked as though a small crowd of hippies had been sprung on the world) streaming across the runway in Algeria. And in the tearful, joyful faces of the families and friends in the United States, too, we could read the meaning of freedom. Then, as the country learned of the isolation cells, the beatings, and the mock executions, still another dimension was added to that meaning. For four hundred and forty-four days, the hostages had joined the world's huge population of political prisoners. We had often read in the newspapers about whole countries—Czechoslovakia, Chile, the Philippines, Cambodia—losing their freedom, but those events had often seemed remote and dim, and American reaction had been lethargic. The reaction was much sharper when the faces behind the bars of a foreign prison were American. Freedom by another name is human rights, and it was one of the accomplishments of the Carter Administration to shine the spotlight of world attention—however fitfully and inconsistently—into the gloom of some of the world's most barbarous political prisons. Recently, there have been suggestions that the new Administration might weaken, or even abandon, the policy introduced by President Carter. The hostage crisis will have served at least one good purpose if it strengthens the country's and the new Administration's conviction—a natural one for a free people—that arbitrary confinement, torture, and execution (mock or real) are unacceptable treatment for any human beings, anywhere in the world.

THE day before the hostages were released and Ronald Reagan was sworn into office, Iran's Executive Affairs Minister, Behzad Nabavi, proclaimed, in the sort of wildly abusive language we have come to expect from Iranian officials, that Iran had "managed to rub in the dirt the nose of the world's biggest oppressor and superpower"—namely, the United States. It is important for the future that Americans understand that no such thing has happened. The only noses that have been lowered into any dirt—the dirt of pointless cruelty and criminality—are those of the officials of the Iranian government, and their noses were lowered there by the officials themselves. To be sure, in human terms the imprisonment of the hostages was a small offense compared to the repression—including the many executions without trials—that the Iranian government visited on its own people; but internationally the cost of the hostage crisis to Iran was disproportionately high. The Iranians wanted the world to know how brutal the American-backed regime of the Shah had been—and that regime unquestionably had been brutal—but now, thanks in large part to the hostage issue, the world has also had its attention drawn to the brutality of the Khomeini regime. The Iranians tried to publicize brutality with a brutal expedient, and ended up being viewed—correctly—as brutal themselves. But when Mr. Nabavi spoke of rubbing our nose in the dirt he was referring not to the humiliation of being seen by the world to have participated in crimes but to another, cruder sort of humiliation: that of suffering an outrage without finding an effective way of striking back. This is a sort of humiliation—if humiliation is what it is—that many people in the United States have indeed felt in connection with the hostage crisis. By a historical coincidence, the Iranian government's desire—arising from violent revolutionary fervor, burning nationalism, and religious extremism, all fused into an incandescent fanaticism—to at least appear in the eyes of their own people to be humiliating the United States corresponded with a moment of self-doubt among Americans about the strength of their nation and the extent of its influence in world affairs. The United States may or may not be losing strength in the world, but, in supposing that the fact that American hostages could be taken proved that America was weak, Iranians and Americans, for their different reasons, shared in a fateful mistake. The error seems to have stemmed from a misunderstanding, on both sides, of the nature of kidnapping. The power to kidnap is not a measure of strength, nor is vulnerability to kidnapping a measure of weakness. Any nation—or, if it comes to that, any terrorist group, or even any individual—has the power to kidnap defenseless citizens of another country, no matter how mighty. (And diplomats,

no matter what efforts might be made to protect them, will always be essentially defenseless when they are on foreign soil.) If a strong nation is defeated on the field of battle by a weak nation, then it has perhaps been humiliated, in the sense that its strength or its courage has been found wanting. But if diplomats are seized there is no reflection on strength, because no test of strength has occurred. Has anyone ever supposed—before, during, or since the hostage crisis—that in a military contest between the United States and Iran the United States would lose? The difference between a kidnapping and a test of strength is important to keep in mind, because if the United States confuses the two, and defines the kidnapping of our citizens as a sign of weakness on our part, then whenever any such kidnapping occurs the United States will, by its own yardstick, appear weak. Furthermore, a policy that overestimates the strategic meaning of kidnapping may invite the very thing it seeks to deter. Very often, governments or terrorist organizations that are themselves too weak to get what they want through either persuasion or force will try to get it through publicity instead. American overreaction to a kidnapping could give them just the kind of publicity they seek. And, finally, if it is proved once again that force is powerless to obtain the release of hostages, except at the risk of their lives, then the appearance of weakness will grow, as it did during the Iranian affair. Far better, it seems, would be for us to publicly acknowledge the danger of being kidnapped for what it really is—an irremediable vulnerability of all unprotected human beings—and to look for our national strength where it can actually be found: in our abundant military, economic, and spiritual resources.

• •

The Christian Tradition

Jaroslav Pelikan has the features of a steel mill's shop steward—thick, blunt fingers; square, furrowed face; white hair with an irrepressible tuft—which he is not. In tweeds, vest, and after-ski boots, he dresses another part—one he has performed with zest since he heeded the call of his Czechoslovakian Lutheran heritage and committed himself to scholarship and teaching. Now Sterling Professor of History at Yale, Pelikan teaches both basic and esoteric courses related to his life's preoccupation, which is also the subject of his five-volume life's work. Called "The Christian Tradition: A History of the Development of Doctrine," and consisting of three volumes to date, the opus has already been saluted as "a masterpiece of exposition" (*New York Review of Books*), "monumental in its comprehensiveness, meticulous in its judicious scholarship" (*Library Journal*), and "an indispensable resource not only for the history of doctrine but also for its reformulation today" (*Christian Century*). Recently, we stopped in at Pelikan's university office in New Haven to talk with him about his ongoing project. He greeted us briskly, settled down in a rocking chair, and, in a robust voice that rolled with assurance, told us, "Robert Hutchins used to say that scholars are like a work crew that comes to State and Madison in Chicago at four o'clock in the afternoon with pneumatic drills and jackhammers. The workers are tearing up the pavement, and passersby ask, 'Why the hell are you digging *here*?' They answer, 'Because nobody's done so for many years.' In writing history, one can try to take on an entire period, with the smell of the streets and the taste of the food, the art and the women, and the whole bit, or one can concentrate on a particular theme and carry it over a number of periods—dig at State and Madison, so to speak. The latter way—showing how the major teachings of Christianity have evolved, for example—is a discipline that began at the end of the eighteenth century, as much historical study did. But the last comprehensive effort to do what I'm doing was carried out by the generation that died around 1930. The next generation would have done it again but didn't, because of the Hitler time and the war.

"It's difficult for Americans to do what I do, partly because they don't have the kind of intense, early humanistic education that is required. You have to have languages under your belt very early, so you don't spend the creative part of your life learning them. I went to what was, in effect, a German *Gymnasium* in Indiana, where we started Latin and German and Greek in our high-school years and started Hebrew in our first college year. I learned Syriac as a consequence of learning Hebrew, and by the time I was eighteen I had these languages and, thanks to the advantage of coming from a Slavic home, had the Slavic languages as well. I always knew I was going to be a scholar, and I early began to wonder if I had the obligation and the opportunity to do this task—comprehensive church history—again.

"Even in my student days, I began

Backstage

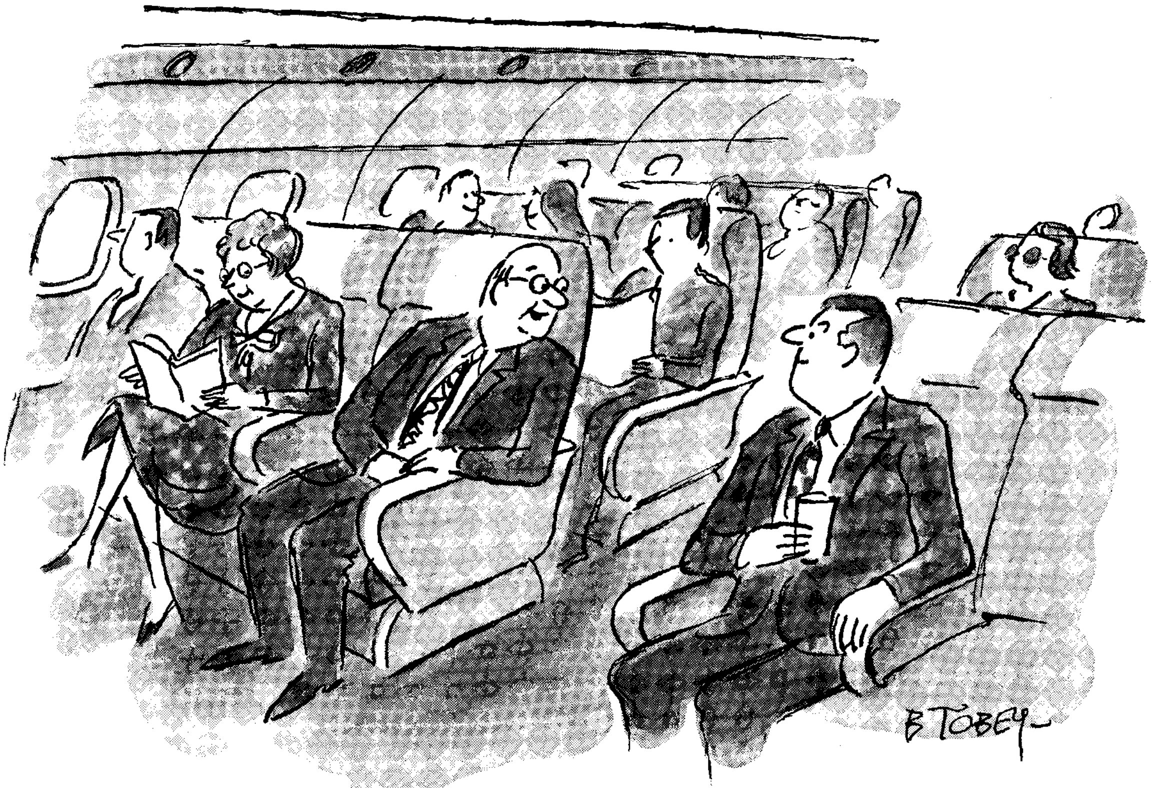
to play with the idea from the perspective of a different time—under the influence of various intellectual and ecclesiastical trends like the ecumenical movement, which brought about an unprecedented degree of sympathetic understanding among different churches. I drew up an outline of this work in 1945, when I was a graduate student, and I wrote a hundred-page précis in 1950, when I finished my first year of teaching at Concordia Seminary, in St. Louis. For thirty years, I have had this thing in my mind, and a kind of built-in filing system for it. When I've given lectures, or done research for papers, books, or lectures, or directed dissertations—done any of the things a scholar does—I've always had metaphorical boxes to put information in. I've written entire books on subjects that the big work covers in less than a paragraph. I wish I could pause longer over some issues. On the other hand, since the matter of continuity and how tradition is handled is a decisive element in historical evolution, relating one aspect of a period to the same aspect of another period is, to me, extremely important."

Pelikan shifted in his rocking chair, waved a pen, and continued, "My interest, because it extends across periods and across a variety of themes, is in how the tradition received is reinterpreted and applied. It is really the relationship between continuity and change. Here an analogy to the United States Supreme Court holds. The Supreme Court, like the church, is committed to an ancient written authority, which it proceeds to interpret. Thus it is a source of enormous continuity—the Justices talk about Justice Marshall as if he were in the next room—but is also a source of social change and innovation. I'm interested in charting a similar tension in the Christian tradition, as it has been carried out over a span of almost two thousand years. There is really no institution in Western culture besides the church where we have this kind of laboratory, on this scale, for the study of change and continuity. If I have a motto or slogan, it comes from Goethe's 'Faust': 'What you have received as an inheritance from your fathers, you must possess again in order to make it your own.' I'm interested in how that has been done in the Christian tradition."

"The Growth of Medieval Theology," the third volume of Pelikan's work, begins with a thirteen-page list of primary sources—from Abbaudus, "On the Breaking of the Lord's Body" ("De Fractione Corporis Domini"), to Zeno of Verona, "Tractate"—revealing the author's depth and breadth of research. Pelikan has written fifteen other books ("Fools for Christ," "The Riddle of Roman Catholicism," and "Obedient Rebels" among them), and they show another side of him—clever, good-humored, and popularly pitched. He prizes the few graduate students who are able to follow in his footsteps. ("We work to clone ourselves," he says. "That's what professors do. 'Let us make students after our own image,' it says somewhere in the Bible; that's a textual variant, not in the best manuscripts.") Yet he also relishes teaching freshmen and sophomores in Yale's introductory course in Western Civilization, known on campus as "Plato to NATO," and praises their best papers as "wise and knowing, with the right mixture of cynicism and idealism." Though Pelikan says he's happiest working at his own swift pace in a library, he lectures about twelve times a year, at seminaries, institutes, and universities around the world, and he keeps a finger in many intellectual pies by sitting on academic, editorial, and library boards.

We asked him why he takes time from scholarship to ride circuit and popularize history.

"Unless the task is occasionally undertaken by those of us who are primarily full-time scholars, it will be undertaken by those who are not," he answered. "We have no right to complain if the middle rank of writings on these topics proceeds uninformed by scholarly judgments. I early recognized in myself not only scholarly gifts but a kind of articulateness. A teacher of mine said I could be wrong in more



"Suddenly the little woman looked at me and I looked at her. We dropped our shuffleboard sticks, unloaded our St. Pete condo, and here we are, headed back to the action."

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languages than anyone else he knew. I've always had great admiration for the mother tongue—though it's not really my mother tongue—and have tried to be responsible and clear in it. Unless scholars like me help students and others understand their past in accessible terms, some hack somewhere will do so on the basis of what a mere six or seven scholars have done. I think it's important that students and others be taken gently by the hand, or not so gently, and led through history by scholars who live there."

Pelikan's paternal grandfather was Bishop of the Slovak Lutheran Church in this country; his father was a Lutheran minister. Yale's Pelikan chose the academy as his setting because he thought the church a difficult place to retain "one's scholarly integrity" and because he wanted to work where the history he studied for its own sake would be valued on those terms. To Pelikan, the church seems to suffer from amnesia and myopia; to the church, much of what he studies seems, he says, "between ho and hum." In Pelikan's mind, the academy is the one place where the calling is "to know." Since he makes no secret of his skepticism about the church, we said we wondered how he gets along with people of the cloth.

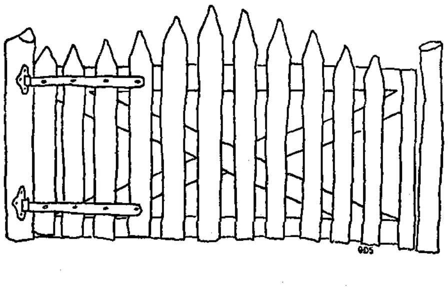
After a pause for assessment, he replied, "After all, the university is not exactly the Kingdom of God, either. One has to live with the ambiguities of any institution, accept them, change them, but not become so preoccupied with them that one can't get on with the business at hand. I have a great many friends who are active in various churches, and to them I represent—because I do have my own commitments, and have no compunctions about disclosing them—proof that you can believe what the church believes and keep your intellectual integrity. If you want to get personal about it, one of my problems in the contemporary situation is that I've never had any serious doubts about the basic rightness of the Christian faith."

Twenty years ago, Pelikan wrote that Christianity is as incapable of logical definition "as the taste of cheddar cheese or the music in the closing scene of *Don Giovanni*." We asked how he would describe it, if not define it, today.

He responded, "I don't like lapidary formulas, but I've read too much Chesterton, and therefore I keep coming up with them. How would I describe Christianity today? That the particular in the person of Jesus Christ is the universal—that what stands at the center of his message is at the center of the universe. The only way to the universal is through the particular, and you can't stop at the particular, because you know it to be the way of access to the universal. I love my wife for what she is, but the love by which I love her and by which she loves me is the love that, Dante says at the end of the 'Comedy,' moves the sun and all the other stars and is the heart of God. You can't have just a general kind of love that refuses to get itself dirty with individuals. There's got to be a particularity. I think that for a Christian that particularity is the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, but it's not Jesusolatry; it's a window, and you look through it, not at it. That's why it's clear glass, not stained glass."

Since the Polish situation provides another kind of particular for contemporary Christians, with the Pope guiding the workers in one way or another, we asked Pelikan if he would comment on that situation.

Pelikan laughed. "To have the visible head of Western Christendom a Slav—wow!" he said. "As an East European, as a man who has a deep affinity with his culture, this is a man who pays attention to the political situation. Remember Stalin asking how many battalions the Pope had? Now the Russians know. What would Kosygin—may he rest in peace—or Brezhnev or any of those guys give to go into an East European country and have a million people spontaneously turn out to cheer? It must blow their minds. About the Polish situation, I have no inside dope. I keep a shortwave radio next to my bed and I listen to Radio Warsaw a couple of times a week and to Radio Moscow almost every night—partly to hear the languages. I know that the real question is how far to push the resistance. I know that there are people who think that Russian occupation would be better than a pretense of a Polish government. I know that the Pope wants moderation. And I know something else: whatever the Russians do will be wrong. If they go in, it will be wrong. If they don't, it will be wrong. Whatever they do, they're going to lose, and I must say that the fact does not fill me with sorrow."



Experiment

A FRIEND writes:

Since it has always been my conviction that anyone who walks around New York with his head down will "see" the city in its entirety far better than someone who wastes precious moments glancing around, you can imagine my excitement when recent test results—a head-down, slow-shuffle examination of a twenty-foot section of sidewalk (north side of Eighty-first Street west of Columbus) —confirmed my hypothesis:

Return envelope for New York Dance Festival.

Report of checkup by Coast-Columbia Exterminating Corporation (illegible).

Blue ticket from Plato's Retreat.

Empty container of Goop Hand Cleaner.

Vol. 9, No. 3, of *Uniform Commercial Code Law Journal*.

Entenmann's cookie box.

Flyer for 11th Original Rock n Roll Flea Market.

Empty ten-dollar U.S. Department of Agriculture food-coupon booklet.

Empty can of Bumble Bee Chunk Light Tuna.

New York *Post* folded open to Aqueduct Charts.

Idea

THE other day, Robert Sparks gave a demonstration of an invention he has recently patented—the portable upright-sleeping device. This took place in his apartment, on East Fourteenth Street, near Union Square, where Mr. Sparks has no trouble making himself comfortable. He sat in a straight-backed chair with the prototype of the upright-sleeping device in his lap. The prototype was a Styrofoam box with a contoured base that fitted over his thighs. The top of the box almost reached Mr. Sparks' chin. He leaned on the top of the box, making a pillow with his forearms, and rested his head on the pillow. He closed his eyes and became very still, and created the impression that he was napping. The upright-sleeping device appeared to work fine. After about a minute, Mr. Sparks stretched his arms and yawned.

"If you were on a long bus ride—I've taken some long bus rides—you might want to store your valuables or some fresh food inside while you slept," said Mr. Sparks, removing the top of the box and revealing that it was hollow. He replaced the lid. "If you fell asleep in the waiting room of a hospital and you had this, your head wouldn't be rolling all over the place. This will make people more sociable. You can invite a friend over to spend the night even if you don't have an extra bed. Your friend can stay in your bed and you can sleep in a chair with one of these."

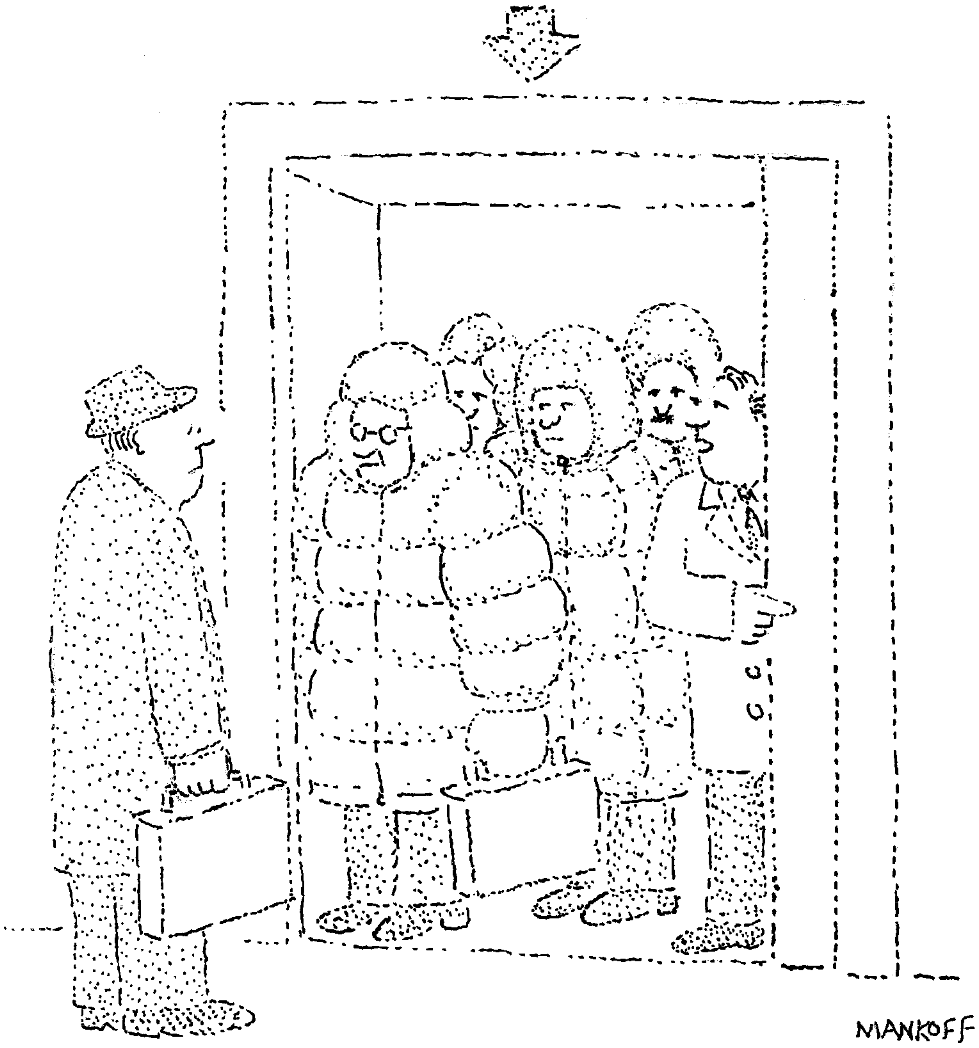
Mr. Sparks stood up and brushed away some Styrofoam crumbs that clung to his suit. It was a maroon polyester suit with tiny yellow dots. Underneath, he wore a blue plaid flannel shirt and a blue necktie with white dots. Mr. Sparks is a man in his early fifties who is modest by nature, except when he talks at length about the potential of the upright-sleeping device. In moments of high enthusiasm, he compares the upright-sleeping device to the wheel and the incandescent light bulb. When his attitude becomes more sober, he points out, accurately, that the upright-sleeping device shows greater promise than the self-wringing mop he thought up in 1948, in Chicago. The problem with the self-wringing mop, Mr. Sparks now believes, was that not everyone needed a mop, and most people who did already had one.

Some of Mr. Sparks' other creations are the draw-anything-you-can-see drawing board; a contemporary chessboard with built-in ashtrays and coasters (more a design achievement than an actual invention); and a perpetual calendar based upon the Book of Revelation. A couple of years ago, Mr. Sparks left his job as a statistical typist, and he now considers himself a more or less full-time inventor. Although he agrees that inventing is hard work, he believes that success depends a great deal upon inspiration. Music inspires him. A grand piano stands in one room of the apartment, near a bright-colored oil portrait of a clown. Much of Mr. Sparks' time has been devoted to generating an atmosphere in his apartment which might be conducive to inventing. He owns a pool table, some café booths and tables, curtains of hanging glass beads, a bust of George Washington, and dozens of artificial plants. Mr. Sparks mentioned that he prefers artificial plants to real ones, "because I'm sort of a plant murderer." A potted tree that died some time ago stands near the front door. The leaves that have not fallen off have been spray painted a bright green. They match a small grove of artificial Christmas trees which stands in one corner, near the contemporary-chessboard prototype.

"Those Christmas trees are like a broken clock," said Mr. Sparks. "Once a year, they're right."

An electric wall clock with a severed cord happens to be mounted not far from the Christmas trees. The clock, which is accurate whenever the time is five minutes past eleven, hangs on the outside of a wall surrounding Mr. Sparks' swimming pool. The pool is circular, about ten feet in diameter, lined with plastic, and bordered by siding material that makes it remarkably inconspicuous. It is deep enough to hold four feet of water, but Mr. Sparks said that when he uses it he puts in much less. "I get by with eighteen inches," he said. "Eighteen inches lets you float around and still have a nice time."

Mr. Sparks called the swimming pool his "think tank," but that is not really where he does his inventing. Most of his invention ideas come to him while he is asleep. He was sleeping in a bed but envisioning an uncomfortable bus ride when the details of the portable upright-sleeping device manifested themselves to him. The engineering drawings that accompany Mr. Sparks' patent for the upright-sleeping device show several possible modifications. An inflatable model, for which no prototype exists, would include a chin rest and pouches that the hands could fit inside, as in a fur muff. Mr. Sparks said that he looks forward to test-sleeping this. The final design will depend upon some marketing considerations that he has not yet worked out. "I'll get to them soon," he said. "Or else they'll come to me. In a dream, I imagine."



"Sorry. Full."

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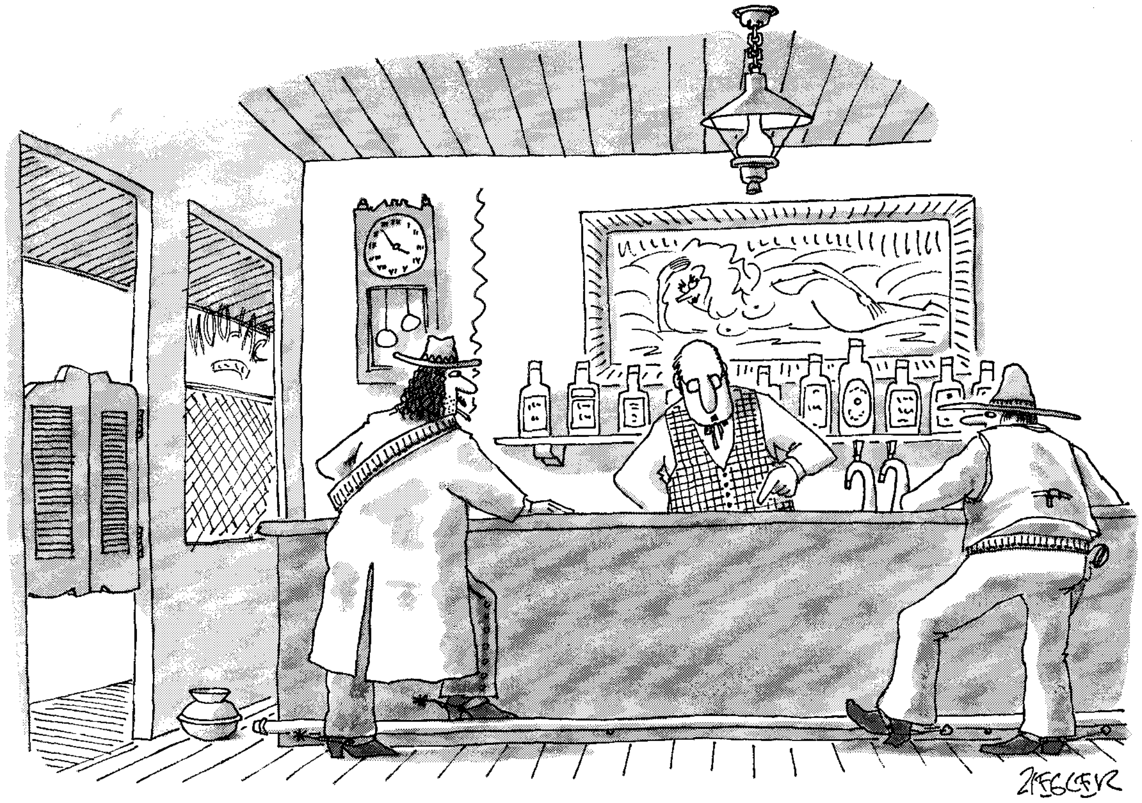
THE RETURN

THE light is stunning, being of the palest filtered gold, and the clouds are like vast confections made of spun sugar, ruminative orbs that seem to stand in the air, to dally, as if they were being held and willed by some invisible puppeteer. Streams of sunshine issue over the fields and the earth far below—fields that have been mown, others that have been harvested, and still others exuding a ravishing life-giving ochre color. Sometimes a range of mountains comes into view and the peaks covered with last year's snow shine with an awesome silver-white brightness. The little houses, the winding rivers, and the ordered fields seem detached from the currents of everyday life, like objects planted in an unpeopled world. All is suspended, and I think how harmonious a life can be. "I do not want to land," I say, and wonder if the force and fierceness of the airliner as it mows through the air has the same impact as the plow piercing the earth and slicing a passage through it. As I wend my way home, all sorts of thoughts come to mind, idle and drifting like thistledown. For no reason I think of a peculiar and timid woman who featured in my childhood and who used to sit at her piano and sing whenever visitors descended on her. Though they complained about her screeching voice, they were glad that she performed for them, that she allowed for no gaps in the conversation, and that she gave them something to mock. One year she acquired a pair of peacocks, of whom she was absurdly proud, even boastful. The female contracted an ailment by which she kept her eggs embedded inside her, and, though wanting to, she could not give lay. The mistress was childless, too, and this caused her to cry when she saw the girls decked out in their gauzy veils and the boys, like little men in new suits, in the chapel at their First Holy Communion. Suddenly I think of a peacock's feather and in its center an eye so blue, so riveting, that I am reminded of those china eyes that they sold on my holiday island, supposed to keep evil away. This blue is metallic and belongs to a zone in the bowels of the sea, where the spirits of the Nereids are said to dwell. The sea by which I sat and lulled myself on my holiday did not seem at all ominous. It was always inviting, and in the scorching town it was as soothing and beneficial as a baptismal font. Life there would have been intolerable without it. The town itself was seething with heat and the small houses were like white cubes that bristled in the heat. The only haven was inside the Byzantine church, whose dun-gold quiet suggested dusk—a dusk in which moths flew about and the faces of saints carved on burnished wood looked out at visitors with a resigned and temperate beauty.

A gnarled old beggar woman presided at the church door and upon receiving a coin she ranted in ecstasy, delivering a mixture of dirge and song. The narrow cobbled streets were free of automobiles, and in the square thin well-bred donkeys were tethered to the one tree, ready to cart the scalding visitors up the steep hill to the acropolis, and if necessary down again. Once I went there at evening time and it was as if its pillars, its spaces, and its buff stone fragments looking out to sea defied every other standard of beauty and composure. I did not do much sightseeing. It was the harbor to which I veered—the harbor with a life that varied with the hours, so that in the morning breeze its ripples were like minnows on the surface and, later on, its blue was so hard, so glittering, it resembled priceless jewelry. I used to love to watch the liners gliding in, suave and white in comparison with the ferry, which looked clumsy, like a two-decker bus. Then there were the pedal boats with their sedate passengers, and all of a sudden there would be the single sail of a surf boat, like the torn wing of a giant butterfly, dipping down as some embarrassed novice lost his bearings. Two rival groups of children made sand castles. Walking by them, I would suddenly think of my lover's children and wonder pointlessly what games they were playing on their summer vacation. I was trying to forget him, or at least to suspend the mixed memories of our times together. The two years I had known him had brought such an artful combination of pain and pleasure that I welcomed a rest, and while forbidding myself to think of him I settled for happy ruminations about his children. I imagined how I would woo them with boiled sweets and various small packets containing whistles and water pistols and other distractions. I wondered what they looked like and if they had his eyes—eyes that can be so piercing or so mild, depending on his mood, eyes that almost always contradict the cursoriness of his manner and lead one to believe that things are sweeter than he dares to admit. I shall not meet them. It is true that I have accepted all the rules and all the embargoes. Of course these rules have not been expressly stated, but one knows them, for they are in the air, like motes. It is the same with the future. He and I do not discuss it. It is as if we were prisoners—two cloistered people for whom each meeting is the only one they can count on. Once he raised the question of our past. He said we should have met when we were both younger, both fresher. I do not agree. I believe we should have met when we met, but I did not voice this, because I have acquired the habit of saying little—at least, little of any moment. Perhaps because there is so much to say. Or perhaps we do not venture, lest our frail edifice should topple. I cannot help but think of the sand castles the children make with such resolve and such pugnaciousness, and yet when they are called in at dusk they know that the sea in all its vehemence will wash their efforts away. And yet the next day they commence again with exactly the same hope and the same gusto.

WHILE I was on the island, I believed that I had become indifferent to him, but now as I head for home I am not nearly so confident. As we fly across Europe, I can feel the chill in the air, and from time to time I put my hand up to lower the draft through the ventilator. I say to myself, "This is the air of Yugoslavia," or "This is the air of Italy," or "Soon it will be the air of Belgium," and I think what a marvel to tread the air of several countries, to have one's body borne forward while one's mind harks back to another place. I did not want to leave my little villa. I felt such a pang, and I thought, Why abandon all this beauty and why jeopardize this hard-won harmony? The villa, though secluded, had a fine view of the bay, a terrace with splashes of bright bougainvillea in clay urns, and at night the smell of orange blossom was so strong and so heady that it was like



"In bottles we've got Heineken, Kirin, Beck's, and Tsing-Tao. On tap it's Molson and St. Pauli Girl."

another presence, pleasing and drugging the senses. Then, in the morning, the flutes of morning glory, so blue and so ethereal, were like heralding angels. Then, too, life in the harbor recommenced. The visitors would file down the dusty tracks and appoint themselves under the straw umbrellas, and soon there would be bodies, or, rather, heads, bobbing in the water alongside the pink buoys, as the sun became hotter and hotter and the sand began to glisten, then sizzle.

Down there, though I was among people, I had a sense of space, of aloofness. The sun shone with such a merciless dedication that even one chink in the straw umbrella could lead to a bad burn. It was a question of lathering oneself with cream, taking a dip, and then hurrying back to the shelter that seemed like a little ark redolent of straw. Across the harbor there were two mountains facing each other, and each in turn had the benefit of the sun. When one was bathed in gold, the other was gray and pitiful, like a widow gathering her weeds about her for the night. This contrast brought to mind his wife's situation and my own: one in a state of happiness at the other's expense, yet the happy one always knowing the precariousness of her situation, just as the mountains had to settle for alternations of light and dark. Still, I was able to banish those thoughts, to rout out those daggers and apply my eyes and thence my mind to nature. In the glaze of sunshine one could wrest one's mind from thought, and it was just like pulling a blind down and shading a room. It was a sparse island, with no crops and with stunted trees that teetered on the barren slopes. There were no dogs, and the cats were thin and ratlike.

When evening came, I would sit on my terrace admiring the stars, so clear and so particular, like flowers on an immense soft navy-blue down. Music from the two rival discothèques and the ceaseless mechanical creak of the cicadas were the only jarring sounds. The lights from the other houses and the bracelet of lights from the three restaurants reminded me of the life of the town—a life that I could partake of had I the inclination. But I did not stir. I used to sit there and think that I was free of him, and tell myself that I had arrived at that sane and happy state of detachment. Indeed, had he sent a telegram to say that he was arriving, I would have sent one back to say that it was impossible. I did not want him there—not then. But now, as I near home and I see precisely the soft spill of his brown hair or one hand in his trousers pocket as he enters my house abruptly, or a look that for all its prurience is also priestly, I know that I am being dragged back to a former state, and it is as if the reins have slipped from my grasp. These forgotten gestures start up a rush of other moments that I can scarcely call memories, since they are more palpable and more real than the passenger next to me. I see the moment when my lover looked at my new dress on its hanger, looked at it with such longing, then reached out almost to touch it, as if imagining or dreading the delight that it would give others to see me in it. For some reason I am reminded of dull suburban gardens and how from packets of spring seeds so randomly scattered the hollyhocks come up tall and defiant, parading their strength and causing one to think that nature is indeed sovereign. In my garden last spring it was a tulip, a red tulip with a black center, and when the petals opened and I saw its fiendish black face it was like seeing a caricature of a painted devil. "Oh, you little strange devil," I used to say to it, and wonder how it came to be there—if the birds had planted it or if its seed was in the bag belonging to the Breton hawker who sells onions. He knocks on my door three or four times a year, and, holding the bunches of onions aloft, he is like a bishop waving a censer. In the morning light the skins are a beautiful pink, like pearls that have been lightly tinted, whereas in contrast the garlic he carries is the color of raw dough. He always reeks of cognac, and out of embarrassment or pity I give him another, and then fret over his progress on his push bicycle. One time he asked me if he could leave an empty sack in the garden, and it is possible that as he shook it out the seed of the red tulip lodged there.

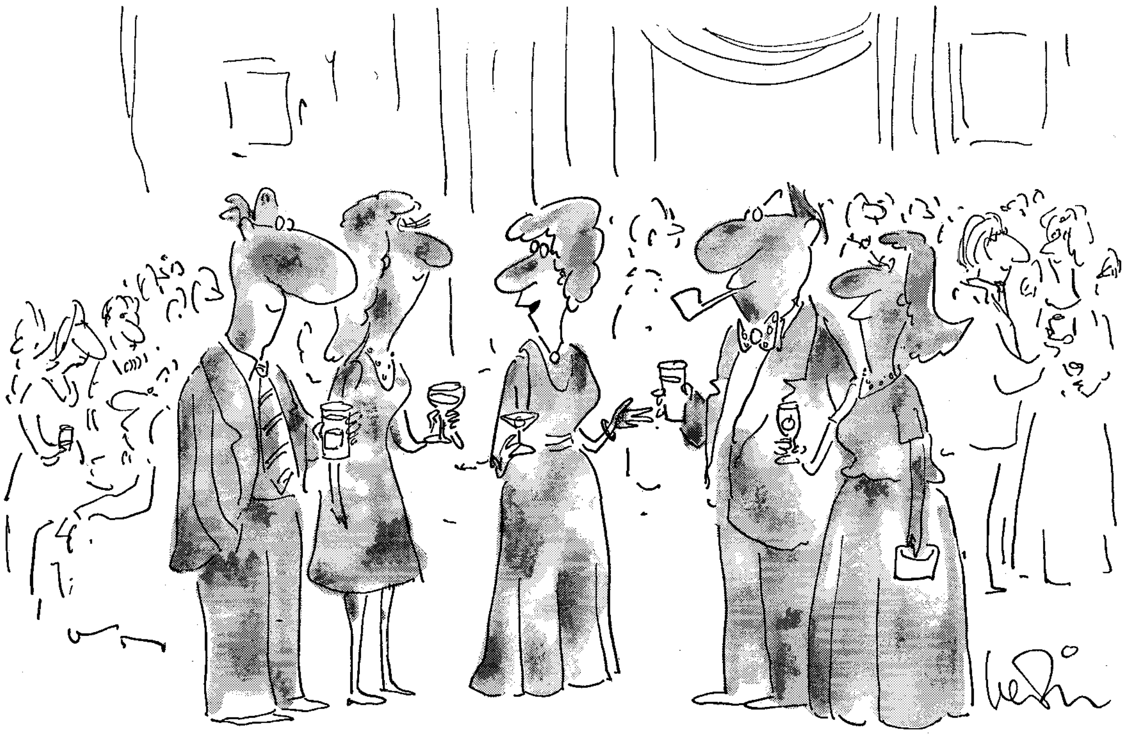
LAST night I was free. Last night I was certain that I had conquered rashness, and today I am proven wrong. Last night something happened to strengthen my conviction, to make me thankful for my independence. I wanted to buy some figs to bring home, so I went on an excursion to the town. You can't imagine how I avoided the town for the whole week. It was like a furnace down there, with people bumping into each other and more people spilling from coaches and clamoring for cold drinks and souvenirs and shade. I found a shop away from the main square, where there were all kinds of fruit, including the figs that I had hoped for. There were two kinds of figs, and, guessing my dilemma, the proprietor, who was pale and extremely gentle, told me to help myself. He touched my wrist as he gave me a paper bag, and the touch seemed to say, "Be generous. Take both kinds." After I had paid him, I dallied for a moment, though I do not know why. Perhaps I was a little lonely at not having spoken to anyone for a week, or perhaps I was rehearsing my reëmergence into the world. All of a sudden, he did a charming thing. He took a little liqueur bottle from a glass case and opened it with one wrench. It was a red liqueur, like a cordial, and we drank it in turn. As other customers came in, he weighed tomatoes or peaches or whatever, and spoke to them in English or German or Italian, then resumed his conversation with me. He spoke of the contrast between life on that island in the summer and in the winter. All or nothing, he said. In the summer he worked eighteen or twenty hours a day, and in the winter he did indoor tasks, such as painting or carpentry, and played cards with the men in the café. An old woman came into the shop, laughing and licking her lips. She was not the customary old woman in black, with a bony face and legs like spindles; rather, she was fat and lascivious. She turned her back to me and pointed to her open zipper, then gestured to me to do it up. I tried, but it was broken. She kept gesturing and laughing, and I think in reality she asked so that he and I could see her flesh. Her flesh was soft and brown, like a mousse. Some children came in and stepped behind the counter to help themselves to cold drinks from the refrigerator, and I assumed that they were his children or his nieces and nephews. He must have always avoided the sun to have a face so pale, and he had very beautiful smooth eyelids, which he kept lowered most of the time. He did not ask me to stay, but I felt that he did not want me to go just yet. I had already told him that I was leaving the following morning and that because of a bungle in my air ticket I had to go to another island, and he had smiled and said that with my coloring I would like the other island, as it was green and leafy. He liked it, he said. It was as if we had a bond, disposed as we were to a bit of shade, to tillage, and to fields. He pulled an airmail envelope from a new packet and started to draw on it in order to show me where the other island was. I had stepped behind the counter and was standing next to him, studying this funny little drawing, when a woman glided in and at once asked me sharply how the owner of my rented villa was. She was a small woman wearing canvas shoes, and everything about her was pinched and castigating.

"Your wife," I said.

"My wife," he said.

In an instant I saw their story; it was as if a seer had unfolded a scroll and told me how the man had come from the city, how he had married this thin woman, how the shop was in her name, and how he worked eighteen hours a day, had sired these lovely children, and was always watched. His wife gathered up a sheaf of the brown paper bags that were strewn all over the counter and started to put them in order, and by doing so she told him that he had no right to be slacking, that he had no right to be talking to foreign women. Then she sniffed the empty liqueur bottle and with a grunt tossed it toward the rubbish bin. Thinking that I would probably never see them again, I shook hands with them both and muttered something about the beauty of the island, as if to temper her spleen.

I went alone to the nearest restaurant, ordered a half bottle of white wine, and drank it slowly, and ordered grilled prawns, which I peeled and ate at my leisure, musing about this and that, thinking

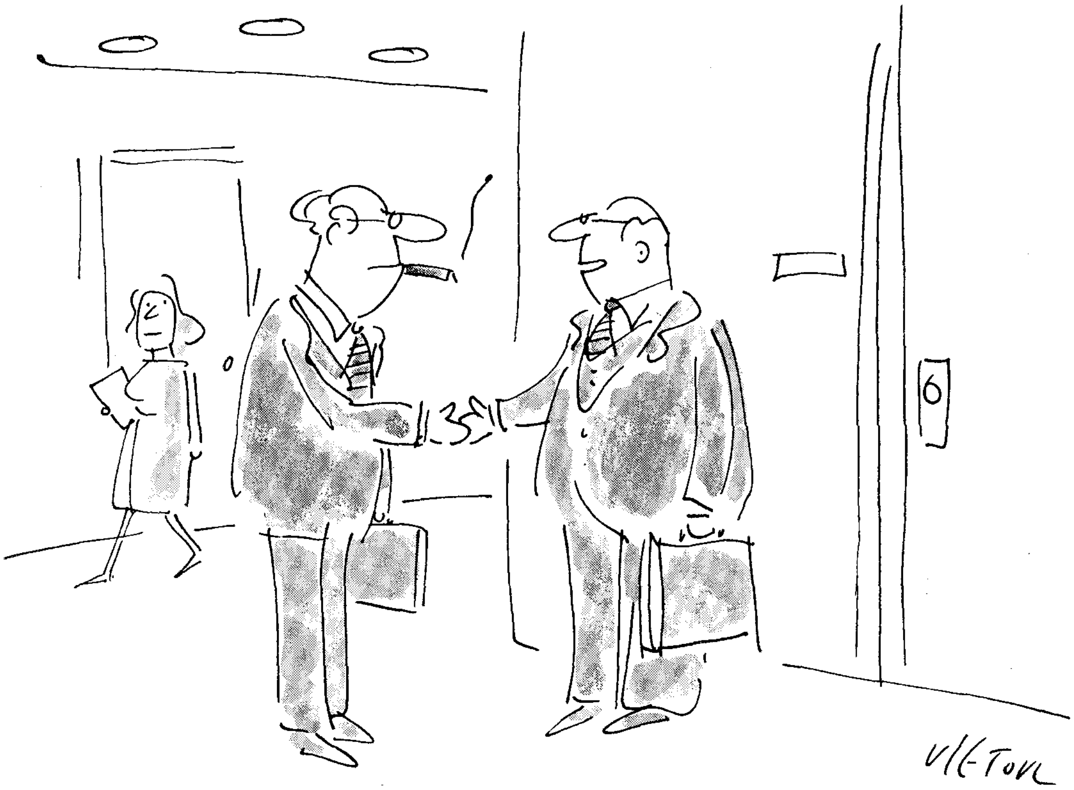


"The Thurmans are yet another couple who recently switched to coal."

how lucky I was to be my own mistress, to be saved the terrible inclination of wanting to possess while being possessed, of being separated from myself while being host to another. I so relished my freedom that I even remarked to myself how nice it was that no other fingers dabbled in the glass finger bowl. I thought, I have arrived at a new state, a height which is also a plateau. To drive the matter home, as I walked up the hill to my secluded house I overheard an English couple having a ghastly drunken row behind an open door. Four-letter words were hurled from one to the other with such vehemence and such virulence that at each utterance the selfsame word carried different and mounting degrees of hatred; I was afraid they would come to blows, and perhaps they did. I went and sat on my terrace, and found to my surprise that a liner had anchored for the night. Its tiny windows were like strips of gold, and all of a sudden I was reminded of the interior of the Byzantine church, and for some reason, alone in the hushed night, I genuflected and said a prayer. Never had the bay seemed so beautiful or so safe, with the pair of sable mountains enfolding it. Now at last they were identical, consumed yet distinctive, in the dark. I delayed going to bed, even though I knew I must be up at five.

WHEN I wakened this morning, the cocks had not yet begun to crow. The driver came to collect my luggage, and we went on tiptoe through the town, past all those tiny fortresses, with owners bound in sleep and countless dreams. Driving along, we witnessed the dawn, and at first sky and sea were merged, a pearled vista so pale and so fragile that one knew that it could—indeed, that it would—be vanquished. Its beauty brought to mind every intrepid, virginal thing. Even as one looked it was vanishing, or at least altering, becoming a vision or a passing dream. The little churches perched on the hilltops were like tiny beehives, and the earth gave off a breath of moisture and repose. But it was to the sky one looked, and looking at it the realization of my love came back to me in one unheralded burst of sadness. Beauty and sadness must be what love is founded on, I thought. Then the sky became rosier, the light seeming to flaunt itself, no longer tentative, as a river of red shot across the heavens, making a gash. The dawn itself was bleached and milky, with scarcely any light at all, and the sun rose, shy and timid, bringing that discharge of emotion inseparable from any birth. At the airport, the driver and I had coffee, and then he conveyed me to a small twin-engined airplane whereby I was whisked to that other island, which by comparison was tropical. There were white goats tethered in the fields next to the landing strip, and the sight of these and the little trees and shrubs reminded me of my native land. I had a four-hour wait, and so I sat outside on a step, and presently some young soldiers came to talk to me and tried to inveigle me to dance by putting on their transistor radio and performing some idiotic capers. They plied me with offers of coffee and cigarettes. They were dark, their dark eyes small and busy, and from the sun's constant glare they had wrinkled like raisins. Even then I did not believe that I was going home. I felt I would be detained there, and I did not in the least object.

IT is evening when our plane lands. It is not dark, but it seems so in comparison with that far-off scorching island. It is as if all the sun has been snatched from here, and involuntarily I think of autumn and the hexagonal street lights in my square which will go on a fraction earlier each evening. My fellow-passengers and I wait for our luggage, stare at the monitor to see which bay our bags will arrive at, and sometimes looking at each other involuntarily look away, as if we have done wrong. We are slipping back into our old lives. He is not here, nor did I expect him to be, but it has started up, not quite as pain or fret but as a sense of resumption. Already I feel the imminence of his next visit, and I think how it will appear as if he had vacated the place only minutes before. The future looms, mirroring the selfsame patterns of the past—his occasional visits, the painful vigils in between, the restraints we have imposed upon ourselves—and I wonder how much longer I shall be able to endure it. —EDNA O'BRIEN



"Have a Reaganesque day."

• •

CLEARING THE TITLE

(For DJ)

Because the wind has changed, because I guess
My poem (what to call it though?) is finished,
Because the golden genie chafes within
His smudged-glass bottle and, God help us, you
Have chosen, sight unseen, this tropic rendezvous
Where tourist, outcast, and in-groupie gather
Island by island, linked together,
Causeways bridging the vast shallowness—

Through the low ceiling motors rip.
Below me, twisting in the asphalt grip
Of mall and pancake house, boatel and bank,
What's left of Nature here? Those trees five
  thousand tin
Roofs, like little mirrors in distress,
Would flash up from if the sun were out . . .
Oh, for the lucid icebound book of winter
I gave up my rapt place in for this trip!

Such a mistake—past fifty and behaving
As if hope sprang eternal. At the baggage claim,
Armed with "The Power and the Glory" (Greene),
I notice, finger-drawn in a soaped pane,
One black sun only, spokes in air
Like feelers of a bug flipped on its back,
Above a clumsy WELLCOME TO THE KEYS
—Then see the open car. You in it, waving.

Couldn't one have gone into the matter
Before succumbing? Easier said than done,
What with this tough white coral skeleton
Beneath a crop of shanties built on blocks,
On air, on edge for, any day,
Water and wind to sweep them clean away.
Meanwhile I'm braced, capricious chatterbox,
Against your blasts of horn and flood of
  casual patter.

Sales patter? The appalling truth now bores
Into my brain: you've *bought* a house
And pass, en route to it, the peeling white
Five-story skyscraper in which "our" title
Is being cleared!—activity no more
Thinkable (you've parked, flung a green-painted door
Open onto a fresh white hall)
Than what the termites do, look! to these floors

Between the muddy varnish of whose lines
(But can you picture *living* here? Expect
Me to swelter, year by sunset year,
Beneath these ceilings?—which at least aren't low.
What about houses elsewhere, rooms already packed
With memories? That chiffonier
Would have to go, or else be painted white . . .)
More brightly with each word the daylight shines.

And fresh as paint the bare rooms, if you please,
Having consumed whatever came before,
Look up unblinking—will *we* bring
Their next meal: table, mirror, bed, lamp, chair?
Serve the ravenous interior
With real-life victuals, voices, vanities
Until it lolls back purring?—like our slum
Garden zonked by milk bombs from two old bent trees.

Presuming, then, tripod and pendulum
Tell truly, and the freckled county clerk
Completes, adds to the master file
A Gothic-lettered "title" with your name—
What happens next? Behind a latticework
Of deeds no one has time or patience to undo
We cultivate our little lot, meanwhile
Waiting companionably for kingdom come?

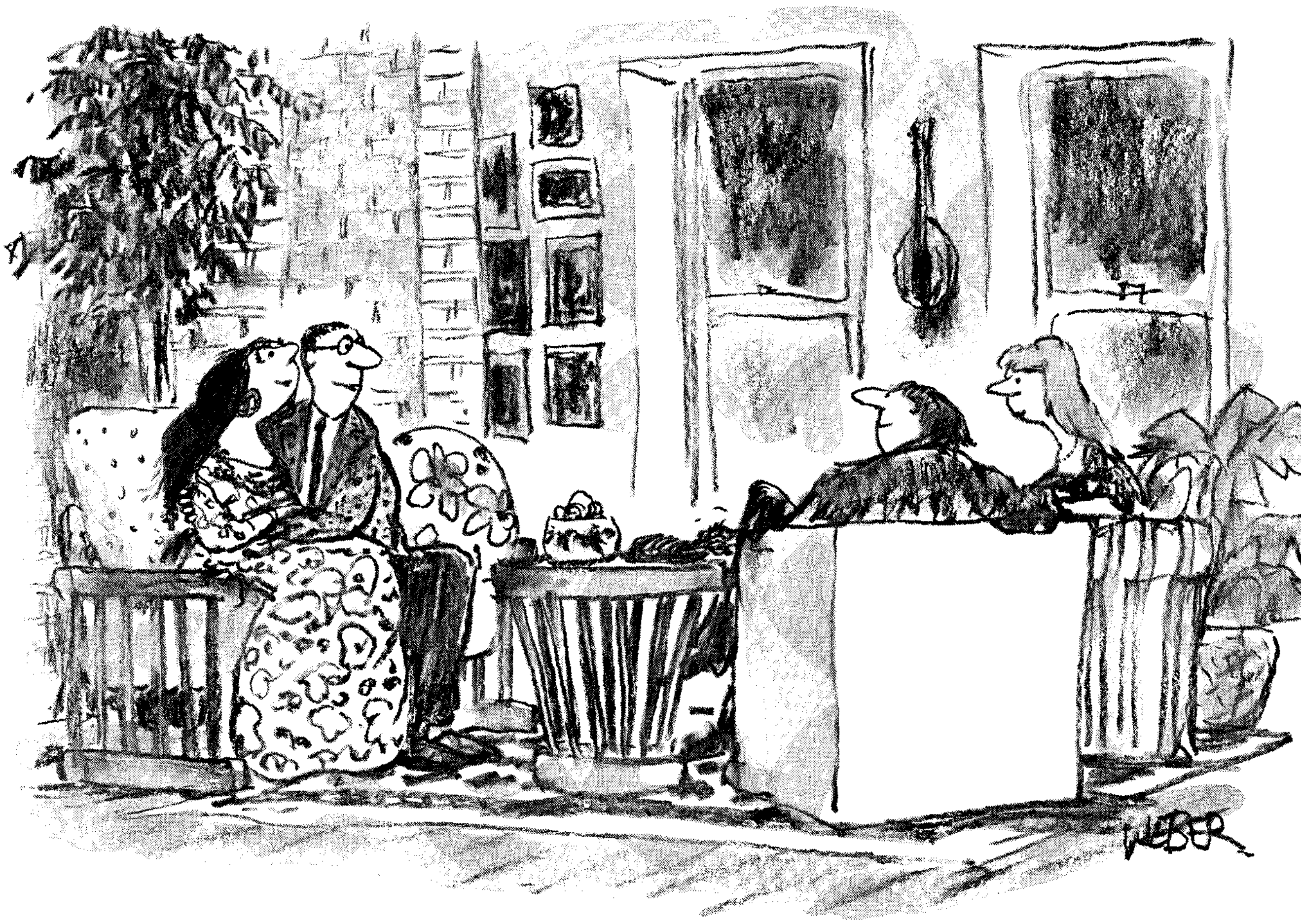
Closeups: Hibiscus broad as garden hats.
Large winged but nameless insect excavated
By slaves; the abdomen's deep strata
Primitive-intricate, like macramé.
Then, from beneath the house, fe fi fo fum!
Caller the color of good smoke blown through the years
Into this dumb scarred mug he lifts to say:
"Huh? Not want *me*? Man, the whole world
  wants *cats!*"

No. No, no, no. We can't just cast
Three decades' friendships and possessions out.
Who're our friends here? (In fact I recognize
Old ones everywhere I turn my eyes—
Trumpet vine, cracked pavement, that faint
  sulphur smell,
Those see-through lizards, quick as a heartbeat . . .)
But people? (Well, the Wilburs live downstreet . . .)
Of course, if shutting doors onto the past

Could damage *it* . . . Wherever that thought led,
Turning the loose knob onto better-late-
Than-never light, we breast its deepening stream
Along with others who've a date
With sunset. Each day's unspent zinc or red brass penny—
Here at land's end, not deposited
In winter palisades crowned by antennae,
Fuel for the all-night talk shows of the dead—

Inflates to moidore, melts toward an oblivion
Alone, its gravity unspecified,
The far-off mangrove islet saves
From being wholly formed of air and waves,
Of light and birdcry, as with each step less
Divides the passer-through from . . . what to call
Such radiance—creative? terminal?
Day's flush of pleasure, knowing its poem done?

Our poem, now. It's signed JM, but grew
From life together, grain by coral grain.
Building on it, we let the life cloud over . . .
Time to break through those clouds, for heaven's sake,
And look round. Any place will do
(Remember, later at the discothèque)
And what at first appall precisely are the changes
That everybody is entitled to.



"Cynthia's and my value systems are incompatible, which actually gives our relationship more energy."

• •

Here at the end's a landing stage swept clean
Of surplus "properties" and "characters."
Gone the thick banyan, the opaque old queen.
Only some flimsiest human veil
Woven of trickster and revivalist,
Musician and snake charmer (and, yes, us as well),
Pot- and patchouli-scented, floats between
The immense warm pink spotlight and the scene.

Here's the Iguana Man, from lands
"Beneath the world." Dragons, withered like him,
Unwinking drape his fishnet singlet. Here
Balloons are straining for release; we pick
A headstrong silver one. And here a clown
Cat-limber, white-lipped with a bright cerulean tear
On each rouged cheek, rides unicycle, hands
Nonchalantly juggling firebrands.

Circles round every act form, or to groans
Disperse. This portion of the dock's been cleared
By the Salvation Army. (They're
Nine strong, a family; beneath the same
Grim visor glowers, babe to grandmother,
The same grim love.) "Y'all give!" our deadpan clown
Yells brandishing a hammer fit for Thor.
"Give or Ah'll clobber yew!" And *grunt* go
  the trombones.
Though no one does, no thunder strikes. Because—
Say, because a black girl with shaved skull
Sways on the brink: flexed knee and ankle bell
And eyes that burn back at the fiery ball
Till it relenting tests with one big toe
Its bath, and Archimedean splendors overflow.
As the sun sets, "Let's hear it for the sun!"
Cry voices. Laughter. Bells. Applause.

(Think of the dead here, sleeping aboveground
—Simpler than to hack a tomb from coral—
In whitewashed hope chests under the palm fronds.
Or think of waking, whether to the quarrel
Of white cat and black crow, those unchanged friends,
Or to a dazzle from below:
Earth visible through floor cracks, miles—
  or inches—down,
And spun by a gold key chain round and round . . .)

Whereupon on high, where all is bright
Day still, blue turning to key lime, to steel
A clear flame-dusted crimson bars,
Sky puts on the face of the young clown
As the balloons, mere hueless dots now, stars
Or periods—although tonight we trust no real
Conclusions will be reached—float higher yet,
Juggled slowly by the changing light.

—JAMES MERRILL

SMART MONEY

"WHAT the hell are you doing on a bus, with your dough?"

It was a small, husky young fellow with a short haircut and a new business suit who wanted to know; he had been daydreaming over an automotive magazine until he saw who was sitting next to him. That was all it took to charge him up.

Undaunted by Zuckerman's unobliging reply—on a bus to be transported through space—he happily offered his advice. These days everybody did, if they could find him. "You should buy a helicopter. That's how I'd do it. Rent the landing rights up on apartment buildings and fly straight over the dog-poop. Hey, see this guy?" This second question was to a man standing in the aisle reading his *Times*.

The bus was travelling south on Fifth Avenue, downtown from Zuckerman's new upper-East Side address. He was off to see an investment specialist on Fifty-second Street, a meeting arranged by his agent, André Schevitz, to get him to diversify his capital. Gone were the days when Zuckerman had only to worry about Zuckerman making money: henceforth he would have to worry about his money making money. "Where do you have it right now?" the investment specialist had asked when Zuckerman finally phoned. "In my shoe," Zuckerman told him. The investment specialist laughed. "You intend to keep it there?" Though the answer was yes, it was easier for the moment to say no. Zuckerman had privately declared a one-year moratorium on all serious decisions arising out of his smashing success. When he could think straight again, he would act again. All this, this luck—what did it mean? Coming so suddenly, and on such a scale, it was as baffling as a misfortune.

Because Zuckerman was not ordinarily going anywhere at the morning rush hour—except into his study with his coffee cup to reread the paragraphs from the day before—he hadn't realized until too late that it was a bad time to be taking a bus. But then he still refused to believe that he was any less free than he'd been six weeks before to come and go as he liked, when he liked, without having to remember beforehand who he was. Ordinary everyday thoughts on the subject of who one was were lavish enough without an extra hump of narcissism to carry around.

"Hey. *Hey*." Zuckerman's excited neighbor was trying again to distract the man in the aisle from his *Times*. "See this guy next to me?"

"I do now," came the stern, affronted reply.

"He's the guy who wrote 'Carnovsky.' Didn't you read about it in the papers? He just made a million bucks and he's taking a bus."

Upon hearing that a millionaire was on board, two girls in identical gray uniforms—two frail, sweet-looking children, undoubtedly well-bred little sisters on their way to convent school—turned to look at him.

"Veronica," said the smaller of the two, "it's the man who wrote the book that Mummy's reading. It's Carnovsky."

The children kneeled on their seats so as to face him. A middle-aged couple in the row across from the children also turned to get a look.

"Go on, girls," said Zuckerman lightly. "Back to your homework."

"Our mother," said the older child, taking charge, "is reading your book, Mr. Carnovsky."

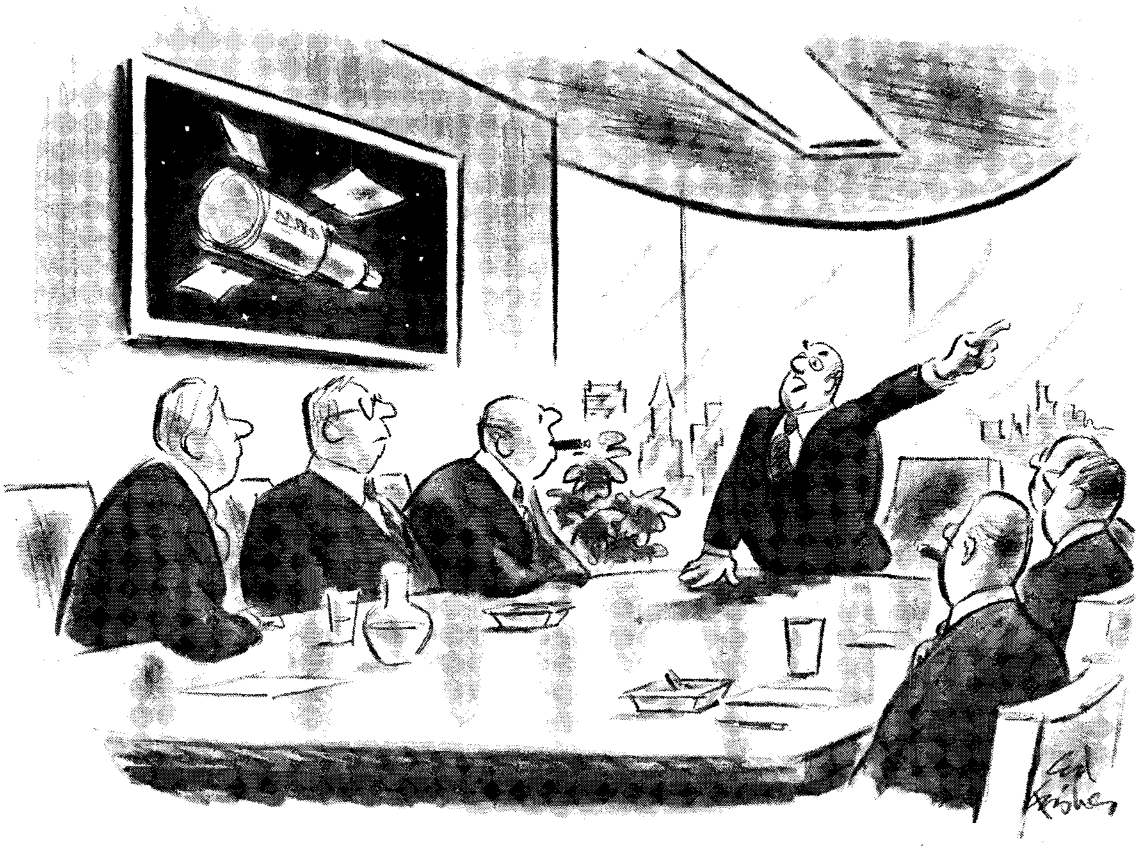
"Fine. But Mummy wouldn't want you to stare on the bus."

No luck. Must be phrenology they were studying at St. Mary's.

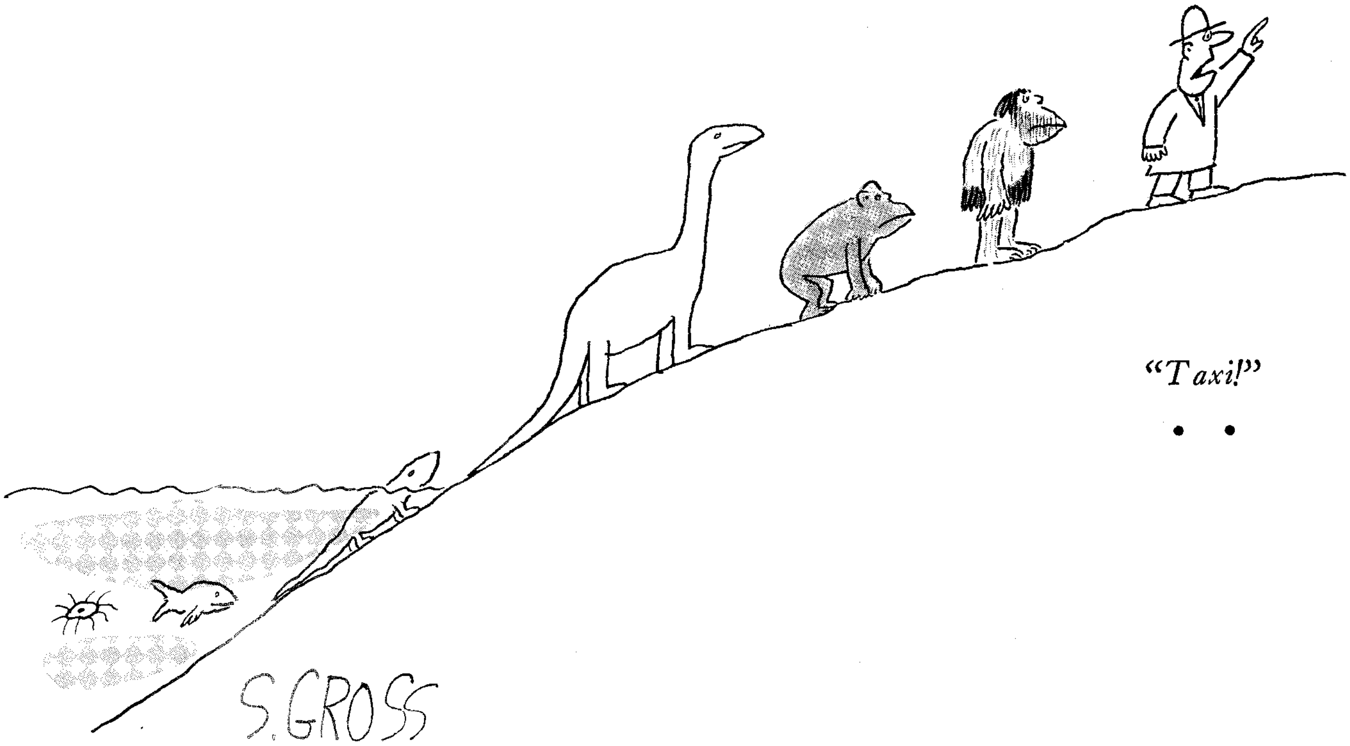
Zuckerman's companion had meanwhile turned to the seat directly behind to explain to the woman there the big goings on. Make her a part of it. The family of man. "I'm sitting next to a guy who just made a million bucks. Probably two."

"Well," said a gentle, ladylike voice, "I hope all that money doesn't change him."

Fifteen blocks north of the investment specialist's office, Zuckerman pulled the cord and got off. Surely here, in the garden spot of anomie, it was still possible to be nobody on the rush-hour streets. If not, try a mustache. This may be far from life as you feel, see, know, and wish to know it, but if all it takes is a mustache, then for Christ's sake grow one.



"Gentlemen, our Business Satellite has been up there since December, yet business is ***still*** *lousy!"*



"*Taxi!*"

• •

You are not Paul Newman, but you're no longer who you used to be, either. A mustache. Contact lenses. Maybe a colorful costume would help. Try looking the way everybody does today instead of the way everybody looked twenty years ago in Humanities 2. Less like Albert Einstein, more like Jimi Hendrix, and you won't stick out so much. And what about your gait while you're at it? He was always meaning to work on that anyway. Zuckerman moved with his knees too close together and at a much too hurried pace. A man six feet tall should *amble* more. But he could never remember about ambling after the first dozen steps—twenty, thirty paces and he was lost in his thoughts instead of thinking about his stride. Well, now was the time to get on with it, especially with his sex credentials coming under scrutiny in the press. As aggressive in the walk as in the work. You're a millionaire, walk like one. People are watching.

The joke was on him. Someone was—the woman who'd had to be told on the bus why everyone else was agog. A tall, thin, elderly woman, her face heavily powdered . . . only why was she running after him? And undoing the latch on her purse? Suddenly his adrenaline advised Zuckerman to run too.

You see, not everybody was delighted by this book that was making Zuckerman a fortune. Plenty of people had already written to tell him off. "For depicting Jews in a peep-show atmosphere of total perversion, for depicting Jews in acts of adultery, exhibitionism, masturbation, sodomy, fetishism, and whoremongery," somebody with letterhead stationery as impressive as the President's had even suggested that he "ought to be shot." And in the spring of 1969 this was no longer just an expression. Vietnam was a slaughterhouse, and, off the battlefield as well as on, many Americans had gone berserk. Just about a year before, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy had been gunned down by assassins. Closer to home, a former teacher of Zuckerman's was still hiding out because a rifle had been fired at him through his kitchen window as he was sitting at his table one night with a glass of warm milk and a Wodehouse novel. The retired bachelor had taught Middle English at the University of Chicago for thirty-five years. The course had been hard, though not that hard. But a bloody nose wasn't enough anymore. Blowing people apart seemed to have replaced the roundhouse punch in the daydreams of the aggrieved: only annihilation gave satisfaction that lasted. At the Democratic Convention the year before, hundreds had been beaten with clubs and trampled by horses and thrown through plate-glass windows for offenses against order and decency less grave than Zuckerman's were thought to be by any number of his correspondents. It didn't strike Zuckerman as at all unlikely that in a seedy room somewhere the *Life* cover featuring his face (unmustached) had been tacked up within dart-throwing distance of the bed of some "loner." Those cover stories were enough of a trial for a writer's writer friends, let alone for a semi-literate psychopath who might not know about all the good deeds he did at the PEN Club. Oh, Madam, if only you knew the real me! Don't shoot! I am a serious writer as well as one of the boys!

But it was too late to plead his cause. Behind her rimless spectacles, the powdered zealot's pale-green eyes were glazed with conviction; at point-blank range she had hold of his arm. "Don't"—she was not young, and it was a struggle for her to catch her breath—"don't let all that money change you, whoever you may be. Money never made anybody happy. Only He can do that." And from her Luger-sized purse she removed a picture postcard of Jesus and pressed it into his hand. " 'There is not a just man upon earth,' " she reminded him, " 'that doeth good and sinneth not. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' "

HE was sipping coffee later that morning at a counter around the corner from the office of the investment specialist—studying, for the first time in his life, the business page of the morning paper—when a smiling middle-aged woman came up to tell him that from reading about his sexual liberation in "Carnovsky" she was less "uptight" now herself. In the bank at Rockefeller Plaza where he went to cash a check, the long-haired guard asked in a whisper if he could touch Mr. Zuckerman's coat: he wanted to tell his wife about it when he got home that night. While he was walking through the Park, a nicely dressed young East Side mother out with her baby and her dog stepped into his path and said, "You need love, and you need it all the time. I feel sorry for you." In the periodical room of the Public Library an elderly gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and in heavily accented English—Zuckerman's grandfather's English—told him how sorry he felt for his parents. "You didn't put in your whole life," he said sadly. "There's much more to your life than that. But you just leave it out. To get even." And then, at last, at home, a large jovial black man from Con Ed who was waiting in the hall to read his meter. "Hey, you do all that stuff in that book? With all those chicks? You are something else, man." The meter reader. But people didn't just read meters anymore, they also read that book.

Zuckerman was tall, but not as tall as Wilt Chamberlain. He was thin, but not as thin as Mahatma Gandhi. In his customary getup of tan corduroy coat, gray turtleneck sweater, and cotton khaki trousers he was neatly attired, but hardly Rubirosa. Nor was dark hair and a prominent nose the distinguishing mark in New York that it would have been in Reykjavík or Helsinki. But two, three, four times a week they spotted him anyway. "It's Carnovsky!" "Hey, careful, Carnovsky, they arrest people for that!" "Hey, want to see my underwear, Gil?" In the beginning, when he heard someone call after him out on the street, he would wave hello to show what a good sport he was. It was the easiest thing to do, so he did it. Then the easiest thing was to pretend not to hear and keep going. Then the easiest thing was to pretend that he was hearing things, to realize that it was happening in a world that didn't exist. They had mistaken impersonation for confession and were calling out to a character who lived in a book. Zuckerman tried taking it as praise—he had made real people believe Carnovsky real too—but in the end he pretended he was only himself, and with his quick, small steps hurried on.

At the end of the day he walked out of his new neighborhood and over to Yorkville, and on Second Avenue found the haven he was looking for. Just the place to be left to himself with the evening paper, or so he thought when he peered between the salamis strung up in the window: a sixty-year-old waitress in runny eyeshadow and crumbling house slippers, and behind the sandwich counter, wearing an apron about as fresh as a Manhattan snowdrift, a colossus with a carving knife. It was a few minutes after six. He could grab a sandwich and be off the streets by seven.

"Never mind the 'Howdy, Ma'am.' Where the hell have you been?"

"Pardon me."

Zuckerman looked up from the fraying menu at a man in a dark raincoat who was standing beside his table. The dozen or so other tables were empty. The stranger was carrying a hat in his hands in a way that restored to that expression its original metaphorical lustre.

"Pardon me. I only want to say thank you."

He was a large man, chesty, with big sloping shoulders and a heavy neck. A single strand of hair looped over his bald head, but otherwise his face was a boy's: shining smooth cheeks, emotional brown eyes, an impudent, owlish little beak.

"Thank me? For what?" The first time in the six weeks that it had occurred to Zuckerman to pretend that he was another person entirely. He was learning.

His admirer took it for humility. The lively, lachrymose eyes deepened with feeling. "God! For everything. The humor. The compassion. The understanding of our deepest drives. For all you have reminded us about the human comedy."

Compassion? Understanding? Only hours earlier the old man in the library had told him how sorry he felt for his family. They had him coming and going today.

"Well," said Zuckerman, "that's very kind."

The stranger pointed to the menu in Zuckerman's hand. "Please, order. I didn't mean to obtrude. I was in the washroom, and when I came out I couldn't believe my eyes. To see you in a place like this. I just had to come up and say thanks before I left."

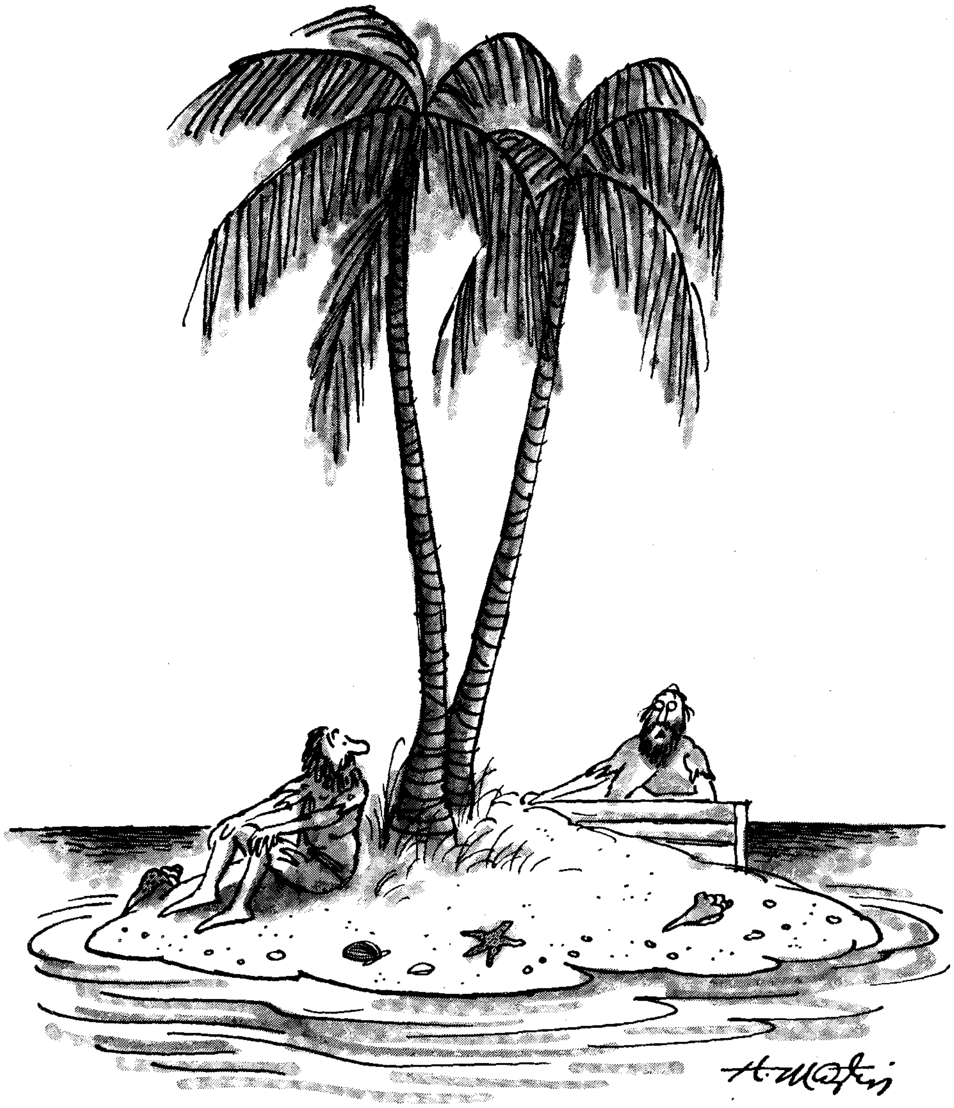
"Quite all right."

"What makes it unbelievable is that I'm a Newarker myself."

"Are you?"

"Born and bred. You got out in '49, right? Well, it's a different city today. You wouldn't recognize it. You wouldn't want to."

"So I hear."



"Did you get my memo on conchs?"

"Me, I'm still over there, pounding away."

Zuckerman nodded, and signalled for the waitress.

"I don't think people can appreciate what you're doing for the old Newark unless they're from there themselves."

Zuckerman ordered his sandwich and some tea. How does he know I left in '49? I suppose from *Life*.

He smiled and waited for the fellow to be on his way back across the river.

"You're our Marcel Proust, Mr. Zuckerman."

Zuckerman laughed. It wasn't exactly how he saw it.

"I mean it. It's not a put-on. God forbid. In my estimation you are up there with Stephen Crane. You are the two great Newark writers."

"Well, that's kind of you."

"There's Mary Mapes Dodge, but however much you may admire 'Hans Brinker,' it's still only a book for children. I would have to place her third. Then there is LeRoi Jones, but him I have no trouble placing fourth. I say this without racial prejudice, and not as a result of the tragedy that has happened to the city in recent years, but what he writes is not literature. In my estimation it is black propaganda. No, in literature we have got you and Stephen Crane, in acting we have got Rod Steiger and Vivian Blaine, in playwrighting we have got Dore Schary, in singing we have got Sarah Vaughan, and in sports we have got Gene Hermanski and Herb Krautblatt. Not that you can mention sports and what you have accomplished in the same breath. In years to come I honestly see schoolchildren visiting the city of Newark—"

"Oh," said Zuckerman, amused again, but uncertain as to what might be feeding such effusiveness, "oh, I think it's going to take more than me to bring the schoolchildren in. Especially with the Empire shut down." The Empire was the Washington Street burlesque house, long defunct, where many a New Jersey boy had in the half-light seen his first G-string. Zuckerman was one, Gilbert Carnovsky another.

The fellow raised his arms—and his hat: gesture of helpless surrender. "Well, you have got the great sense of humor in life too. No comeback from me could equal that. But you'll see. It'll be you they turn to in the future when they want to remember what it was like in the old days. In 'Carnovsky' you have pinned down for all time growing up in that town as a Jew."

"Well, thanks again. Thank you, really, for all the kind remarks."

The waitress appeared with his sandwich. That should end it. On a pleasant note, actually. Behind the effusiveness lay nothing but somebody who had enjoyed a book. Fine. "Thank you," said Zuckerman—the fourth time—and ceremoniously lifted half of his sandwich.

"I went to South Side. Class of '43."

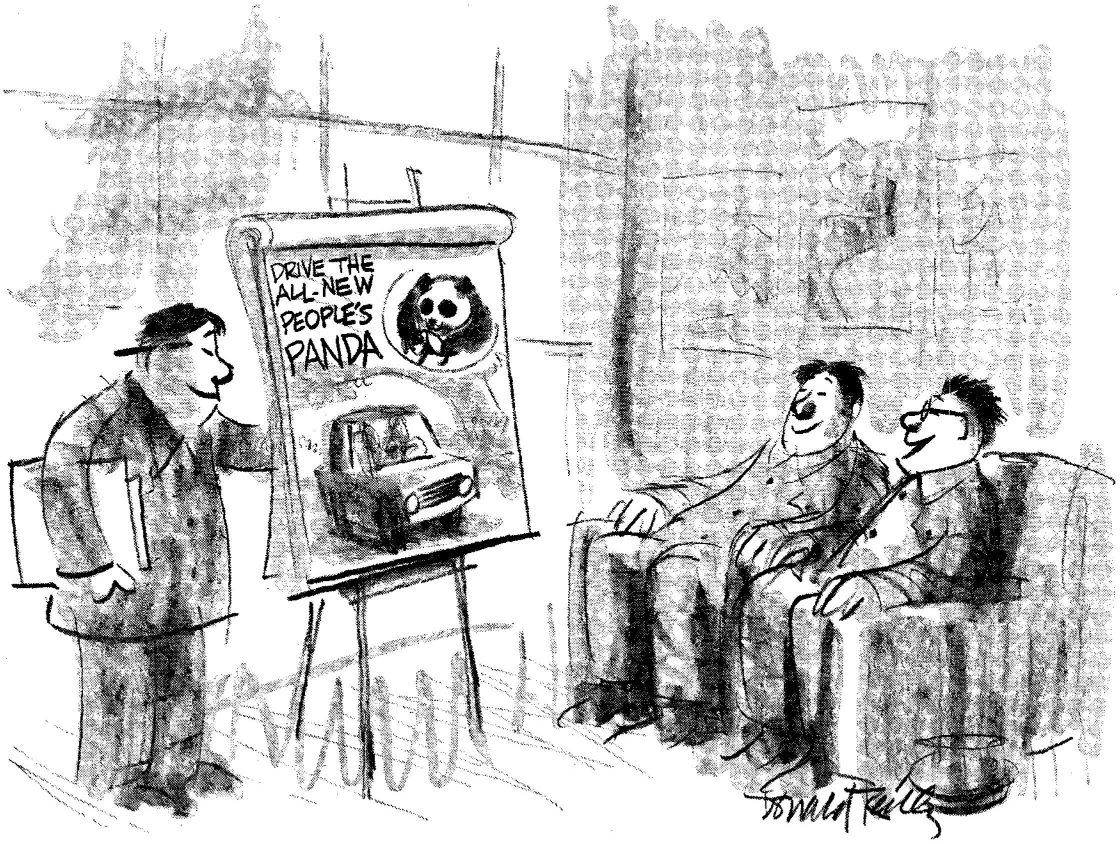
South Side High, at the decaying heart of the old industrial city, had been almost half black even in Zuckerman's day, when Newark was still mostly white. His own school district, at the far edge of a newer residential Newark, had been populated in the twenties and thirties by Jews leaving the run-down immigrant enclaves in the central wards to rear children bound for college and the professions and, in time, for the Orange suburbs, where Zuckerman's own brother, Henry, now owned a big house.

"You're Weequahic '49."

"Look," said Zuckerman apologetically, "I have to eat and run. I'm sorry."

"Forgive me, please. I only wanted to say—well, I said it, didn't I?" He smiled regretfully at his own insistence. "Thank you, thank you again. For everything. It's been a pleasure. It's been a thrill. I didn't mean to bug you, God knows."

Zuckerman watched him move off to the register to pay for his meal. Younger than he seemed from the dark clothes and the beefy build and the vanquished air, but more ungainly


DRIVE THE ALL-NEW PEOPLE'S PANDA

"We like it, Loo Fon. Let's fly it by the Central Committee."

• •

and, with his heavy splayfooted walk, more pathetic than Zuckerman had realized.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry."

Hat in hand again. Zuckerman was sure he had seen him go out the door with it on his head.

"Yes?"

"This is probably going to make you laugh. But I'm trying to write myself. You don't have to worry about the competition, I assure you. When you try your hand at it, then you really admire the stupendous accomplishment of somebody like yourself. The patience alone is phenomenal. Day in and day out facing that white piece of paper."

Zuckerman had been thinking that he should have had the good grace to ask him to sit and chat, if only for a moment. He had even begun to feel a sentimental connection, remembering him standing beside the table announcing, "I'm a Newarker myself." He was feeling less sentimental with the Newarker standing back beside the table announcing that he was a writer too.

"I was wondering if you could recommend an editor or an agent who might be able to help someone like me."

"No."

"O.K. Fine. No problem. Just asking. I already have a producer, you see, who wants to make a musical out of my life. My own feeling is that it should come out first in public as a serious book. With all the facts."

Silence.

"That sounds preposterous to you, I know, even if you're too polite to say so. But it's true. It has nothing to do with me being anybody who matters. I ain't and I don't. One look and you know that. It's what happened to me that'll make the musical."

Silence.

"I'm Alvin Pepler."

Well, he wasn't Houdini. For a moment, that had seemed in the cards.

Alvin Pepler waited to hear what Nathan Zuckerman made of meeting Alvin Pepler. When he heard nothing, he quickly came to Zuckerman's aid. And his own. "Of course to people like you the name can't mean a thing. You have better things to do with your time than waste it on TV. But I thought, as we're *landsmen*, that maybe your family might have mentioned me to you. I didn't say this earlier, I didn't think it was in order, but your father's cousin, Essie Slifer, happened to go to Central with my mother's sister Lottie way back when. They were one year apart. I don't know if this helps, but I'm the one they called in the papers 'Pepler the Man of the People.' I'm 'Alvin the Jewish Marine.' "

"Why, then," said Zuckerman, relieved at last to have something to say, "you're the quiz contestant, no? You were on one of those shows."

Oh, there was more to it than that. The syrupy brown eyes went mournful and angry, filling up not with tears but what was worse, with *truth*. "Mr. Zuckerman, for three consecutive weeks I was the winner on the biggest of them all. Bigger than 'Twenty-One.' In terms of dollars given away, bigger than 'The $64,000 Question.' I was the winner on 'Smart Money.' "

Zuckerman couldn't remember ever seeing any of those quiz shows back in the late fifties, and didn't know one from another; he and his first wife, Betsy, hadn't even owned a television set. Still, he thought he could remember somebody in his family—more than likely Cousin Essie—once mentioning a Pepler family from Newark and their oddball son, the quiz contestant and ex-Marine.

"It was Alvin Pepler they cut down to make way for the great Hewlett Lincoln. That is the subject of my book. The fraud perpetrated on the American public. The manipulation of the trust of tens of millions of innocent people. And how for admitting it I have been turned into a pariah until this day. They made me and then they destroyed me, and, Mr. Zuckerman, they haven't finished with me yet. The others involved have all gone on, onward and upward in corporate America, and nobody cares a good

God damn what thieves and liars they were. But because I wouldn't lie for those miserable crooks, I have spent ten years as a marked man. A McCarthy victim is better off than I am. The whole country rose up against that bastard, and vindicated the innocent and so on, till at least some justice was restored. But Alvin Pepler, to this day, is a dirty name throughout the American broadcasting industry."

Zuckerman was remembering more clearly now the stir those quiz shows had made, remembering not so much Pepler but Hewlett Lincoln, the philosophical young country newspaperman and son of the Republican governor of Maine, and, while he was a contestant, the most famous television celebrity in America, admired by schoolchildren, their teachers, their parents, their grandparents—until the scandal broke, and the schoolchildren learned that the answers that came trippingly off the tongue of Hewlett Lincoln in the contestants' isolation booth had been slipped to him days earlier by the show's producers. There were front-page stories in the papers, and as Zuckerman recalled, the ludicrous finale had been a congressional investigation.

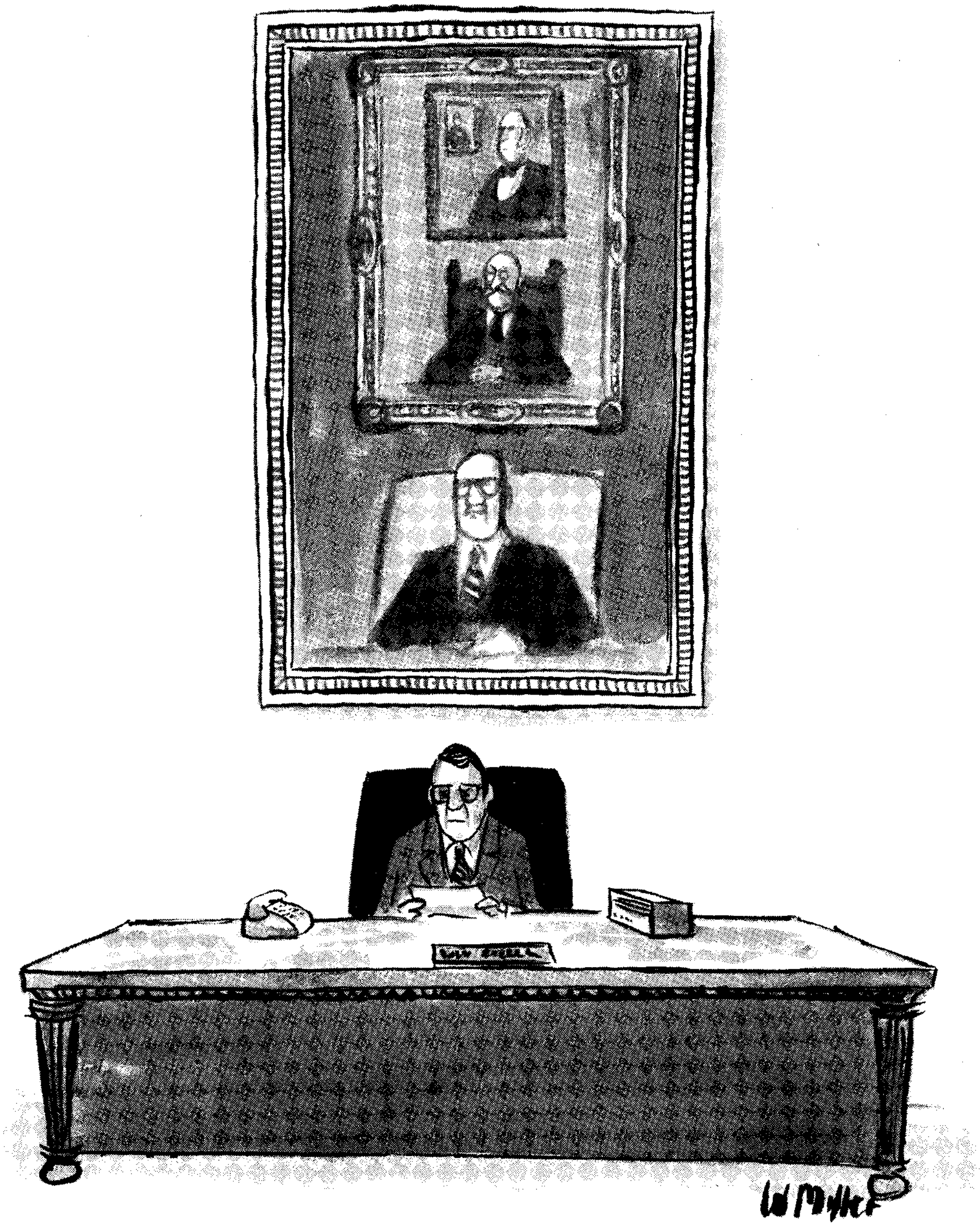
"I wouldn't dream," Pepler was saying, "of comparing the two of us. An educated artist like yourself and a person who happens to be born with a photographic memory are two different things entirely. But while I was on 'Smart Money,' deservedly or not I had the respect of the entire nation. If I have to say so myself, I don't think it did the Jewish people any harm having a Marine veteran of two wars representing them on prime-time national television for three consecutive weeks. You may have contempt for quiz programs, even the honest ones. You have a right to—you more than anybody. But the average person didn't see it that way in those days. That's why when I was on top for those three great weeks, I made no bones about my religion. I said it right out. I wanted the country to know that a Jew in the Marine Corps could be as tough on the battlefield as anyone. I never claimed I was a war hero. Far from it. I shook like the next guy in a foxhole, but I never ran, even under fire. Of course there were a lot of Jews in combat, and braver men than me. But I was the one who got that point across to the great mass of the American people, and if I did it by way of a quiz show—well, that was the way that was given to me. Then, of course, *Variety* started calling me names, calling me 'quizling' and so on, and that was the beginning of the end. Quizling, with a 'z.' When I was the only one who didn't want their answers to begin with! When all I wanted was for them to give me the subject, to let me study and memorize, and then to fight it out fair and square! I could fill volumes about those people and what they did to me. That's why running into you, coming upon Newark's great writer out of the blue—well, it strikes me as practically a miracle at this point in my life. Because if I could write a publishable book, I honestly think that people would read it and that they would believe it. My name would be restored to what it was. That little bit of good I did would not be wiped away forever, as it is now. Whoever innocent I harmed and left besmirched, all the millions I let down, Jews particularly—well, they would finally understand the truth of what happened. They would forgive me."

His own aria had not left him unmoved. The deep-brown irises were cups of ore fresh from the furnace—as though a drop of Pepler's eyes could burn a hole right through you.

"Well, if that's the case," said Zuckerman, "you should work at it."

"I have." Pepler smiled the best he could. "Ten years of my life. May I?" He pointed to the empty chair across the table.

"Why not?" said Zuckerman, and



"Well, you two! How was the big, wide world?"

tried not to think of all the reasons.

"I've worked at nothing else," said Pepler, plunging excitedly onto the seat. "I've worked at nothing else every night *for ten years*. But I don't have the gift. That's what they tell me anyway. I have sent my book to twenty-two publishers. I have rewritten it five times. I pay a young teacher from Columbia High in South Orange, which is still an A-rated school—I pay her by the hour to correct my grammar and punctuation wherever it's wrong. I wouldn't dream of submitting a single page of this book without her going over it beforehand for my errors. It's all too important for that. But if in their estimation you don't have the great gift—well, that's it. You may chalk this up to bitterness. I would too in your shoes. But Miss Diamond, this teacher working with me, she agrees: by now all they have to see is that Alvin Pepler is the author and they throw it in the pile marked trash. I don't think they read past my name. By now I'm one big laugh, even to the lowliest editor on Publishers' Row." The speech was fervent, yet the gaze, now that he was at the level of the table, seemed drawn to what was uneaten on Zuckerman's plate. "That's why I asked you about an agent, an editor—somebody fresh who wouldn't be prejudiced right off. Who would understand that this is *serious*."

Zuckerman, sucker though he was for seriousness, was still not going to be drawn into a discussion about agents and editors. If ever there was a reason for an American writer to seek asylum in Red China, it would be to put ten thousand miles between himself and those discussions.

"There's still the musical," Zuckerman reminded him.

"A serious book is one thing, and a Broadway musical is something else."

Another discussion Zuckerman would as soon avoid. Sounded like the premise for a course at the New School.

"If," said Pepler weakly, "it even gets made."

Optimistic Zuckerman: "Well, if you've got a producer . . ."

"Yes, but so far it's only a gentlemen's agreement. No money has changed hands, nobody's signed anything. The work is supposed to start when he gets back. That's when we make the real deal."

"Well, *that's* something."

"It's why I'm in New York. I'm living over at his place, talking into a tape machine. That's all I'm supposed to do. He doesn't want to read what I wrote any more than the moguls on Publishers' Row. Just talk into the machine till he gets back. And leave out the thoughts. Just the stories. Well, beggars can't be choosers."

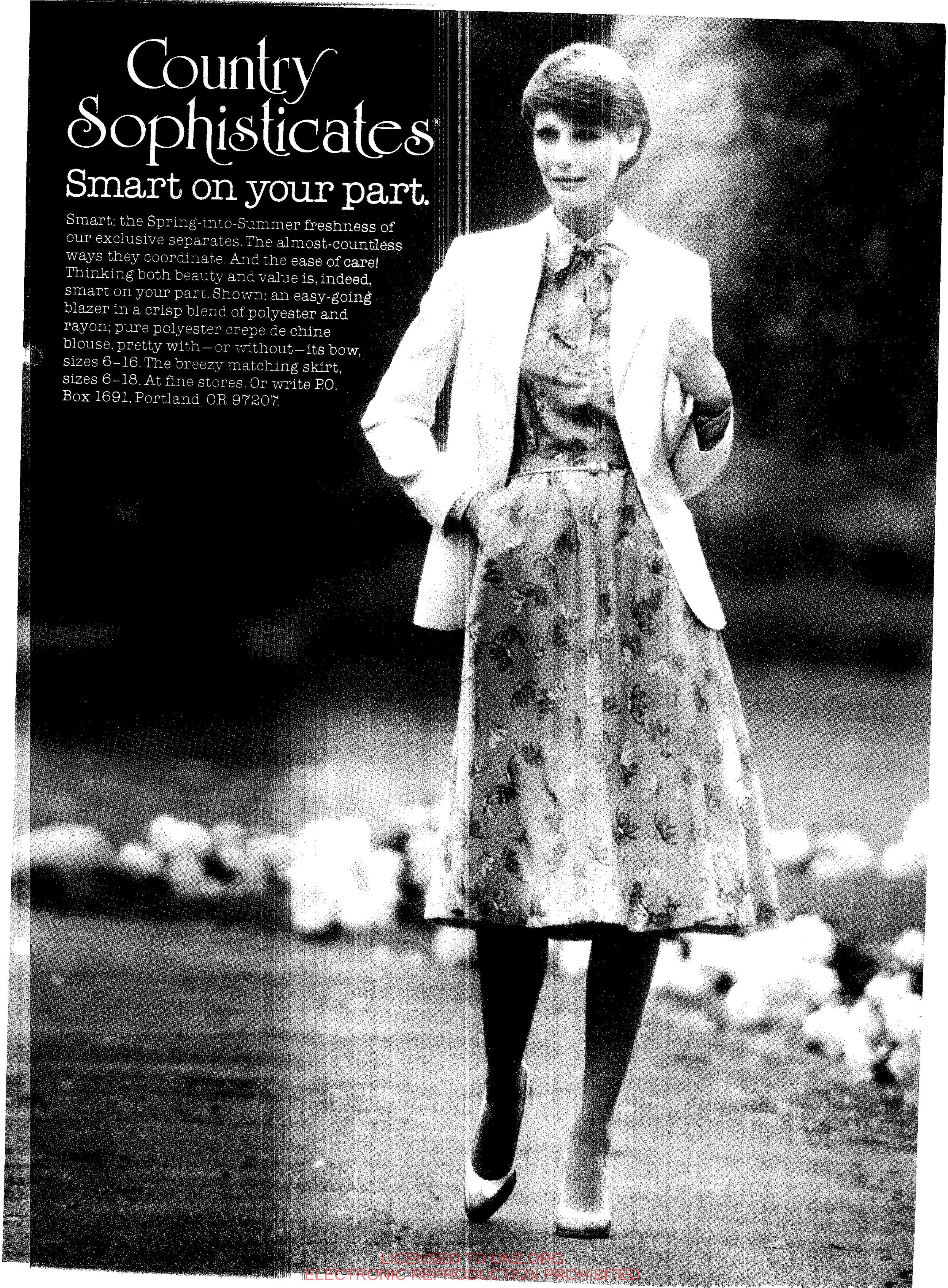
As good a note as any to leave on.

"But," said Pepler, when he saw Zuckerman get to his feet, "but you've eaten only half a sandwich!"

"Can't." He indicated the hour on his watch. "Someone waiting. Meeting."

"Oh, forgive me, Mr. Zuckerman, I'm sorry."

"Good luck with the musical." He reached down and shook Pepler's hand. "Good luck all around." Pepler was unable to hide the disappointment. Pepler was unable to hide *anything*. Or was that hiding everything? Im-



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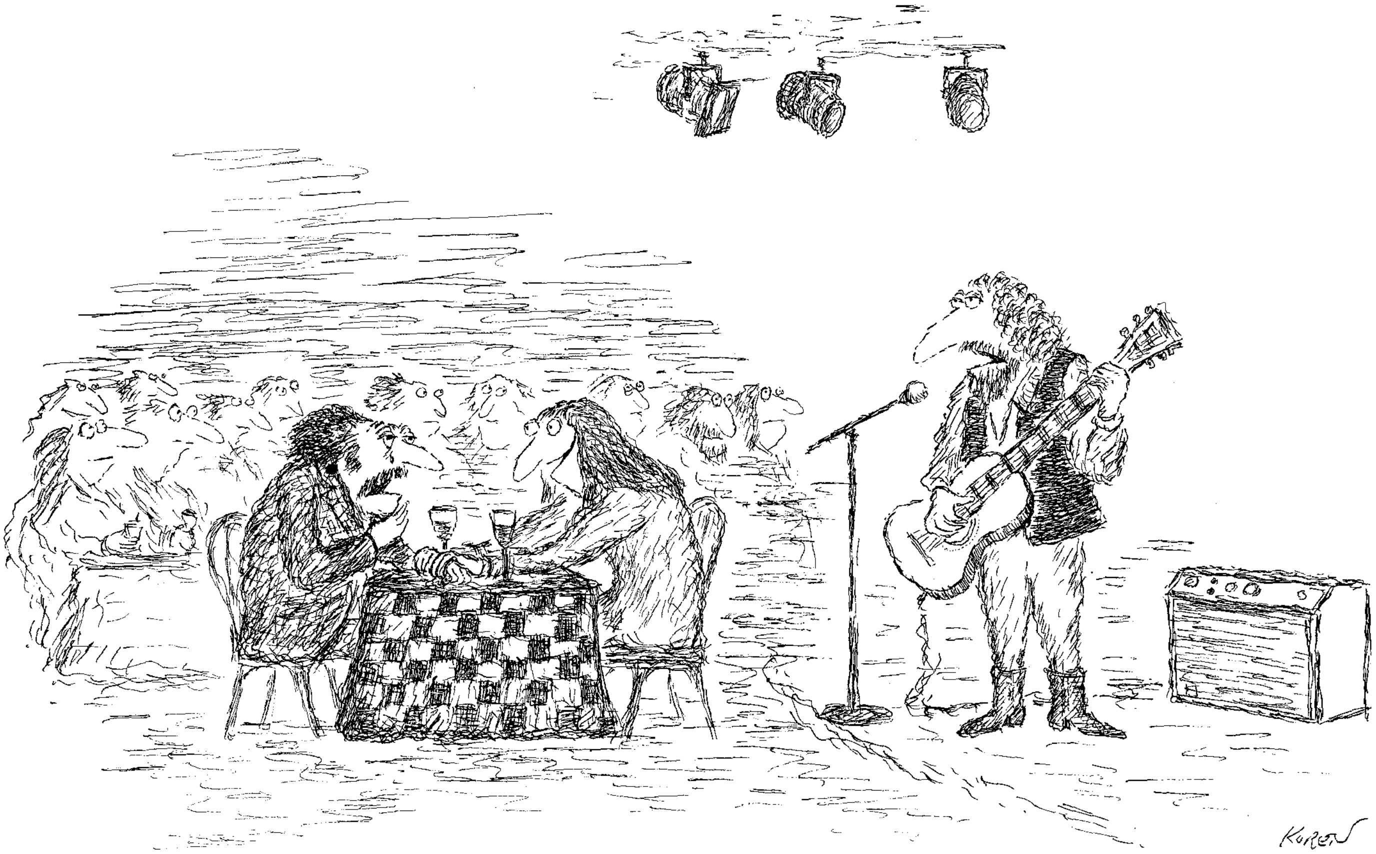


"Do you know how masculine it is to risk crying?"

• •

possible to tell, and another reason to go.

"Thanks a million." Then, with resignation, "Look, to switch from the sublime . . ."

What now?

"You don't mind, do you, if I eat your pickle?"

Was this a joke? Was this satire?

"I can't stay away from this stuff," he explained. "Childhood hangup."

"Please," said Zuckerman, "go right ahead."

"Sure you don't—"

"No, no."

He was also eying the uneaten half of Zuckerman's sandwich. And it was no joke. Too driven for that. "While I'm at it . . ." he said, with a self-deprecating smile.

"Sure, why not."

"See, there's no food in their refrigerator. I talk into that tape machine with all those stories and I get starved. I wake up in the night with something I forgot for the machine, and there's nothing to eat." He began wrapping the half sandwich in a napkin from the dispenser on the table. "Everything is send-out."

But Zuckerman was well on his way. At the register he put down a five and kept going.

Pepler popped up two blocks to the west, while Zuckerman waited for a light on Lexington. "One last thing—"

"Look—"

"Don't worry," said Pepler, "I'm not going to ask you to read my book. Nuts I am"—the admission registered in Zuckerman's chest with a light thud—"but not that nuts. You don't ask Einstein to check your bank statements."

The novelist's apprehension was hardly mitigated by the flattery. "Mr. Pepler, what do you want from me?"

"I just wonder if you think this project is right for a producer like Marty Paté. Because that's who's after it. I didn't want to bandy names around, but, O.K., that's who it is. My worry isn't even the money. I don't intend to get screwed—not again—but the hell with the money for now. What I'm wondering to myself is if I can trust him to do justice to my life, to what I have been put through in this country *all my life*."

Scorn, betrayal, humiliation—the eyes disclosed for Zuckerman everything Pepler had been put through, and without "thoughts."

Zuckerman looked for a taxi. "Couldn't say."

"But you know Paté."

"Never heard of him."

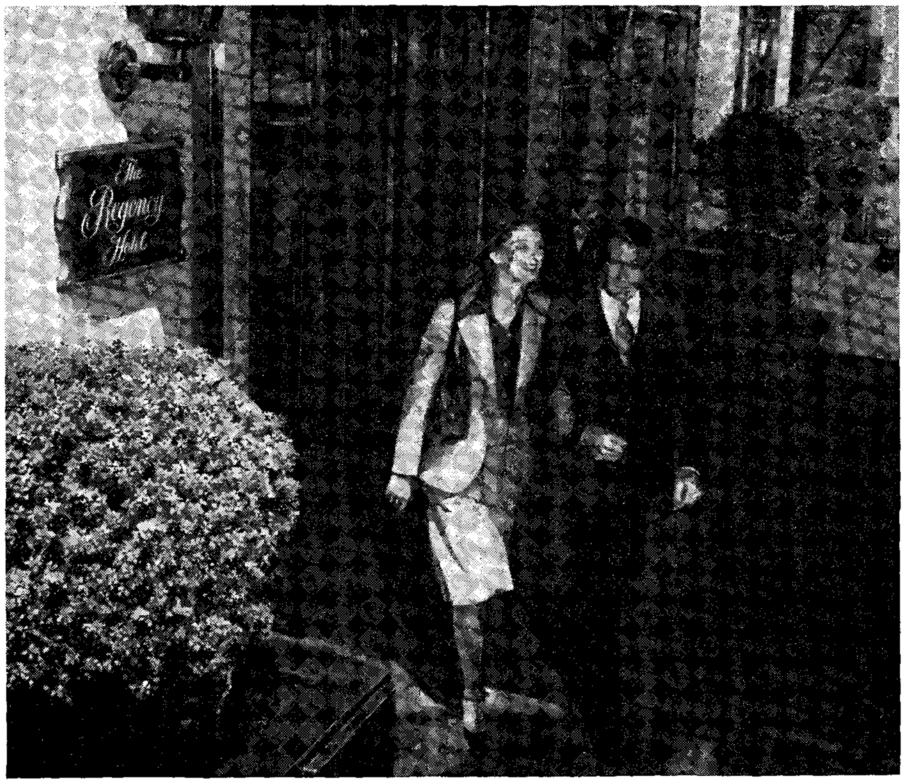
"Marty Paté. The Broadway producer."

"Nope."

"But—" He looked like some large animal just batted on the head at the abattoir, badly stunned but not quite out. He looked in agony. "But—he knows *you*. He met you—through Miss O'Shea. When you were all in Ireland. For her birthday."

According to the columnists, the movie star Caesara O'Shea and the novelist Nathan Zuckerman were an "item." Actually, off the screen, Zuckerman had met with her but once in his life, as her dinner partner at the Schevitzes' some ten days before.

"Hey, how is Miss O'Shea, by the way? I wish," said Pepler, now suddenly wistful, "I could tell her—I wish you could tell her *for* me—what a great lady she is. To the public. To my mind she is the only real lady left in the movies today. Nothing they say



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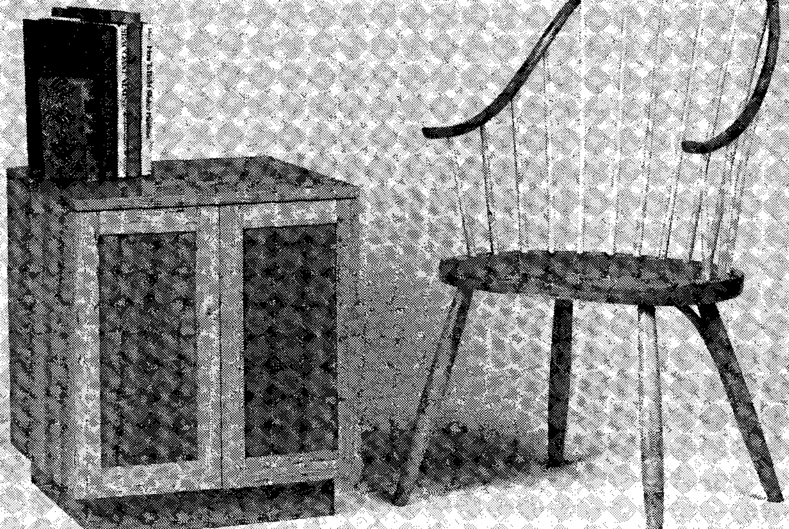

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could besmirch Miss O'Shea. I mean that."

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"I stayed up Tuesday to watch her—she was on the Late Show. 'Divine Mission.' Another incredible coincidence. Watching that and then meeting you. I watched with Paté's father. You remember Marty's old man? From Ireland? Mr. Perlmutter?"

"Vaguely." Why not, if it brought this fellow's fever down?

By now the light had changed several times. When Zuckerman crossed, Pepler did too.

"He lives with Paté. In the town house. You ought to get a load of the layout over there," Pepler said. "Offices downstairs on the main floor. Autographed photos all along the hallway coming in. You should see of who. Victor Hugo, Sarah Bernhardt, Enrico Caruso. Marty has a dealer who gets them for him. Names like that, and by the yard. There's a fourteen-carat chandelier, there's an oil painting of Napoleon, there's velvet drapes right to the floor. And this is only the office. There's a harp in the hallway, just sitting there. Mr. Perlmutter says Marty directed all the decoration himself. From pictures of Versailles. He has a valuable collection from the Napoleonic era. The drinking glasses even have gold rims, like Napoleon had. Then upstairs, where Marty actually lives, resides, completely done up in modern design. Red leather, recessed lights, pitch-black walls. Plants like in an oasis. You should see the bathroom. Cut flowers *in the bathroom.* The floral bill is a thousand a month. Toilets like dolphins and the handles on everything gold plate. And the food is all send-out, down to salt and pepper. Nobody prepares anything. Nobody washes a dish. He's got a million-dollar kitchen in there and I don't think anybody's ever used it except to get water for an aspirin. A line on the phone direct to the restaurant next door. The old man calls down, and the next thing—shish kebab. In flames. You know who else is living there right now? Of course she comes and she goes, but she was the one who let me in with my suitcase when I got here Monday. She showed me to my room. She found me my towels. Gayle Gibraltar."

The name meant nothing to Zuckerman. All he could think was that if he kept walking, he was going to have Pepler with him all the way home, and

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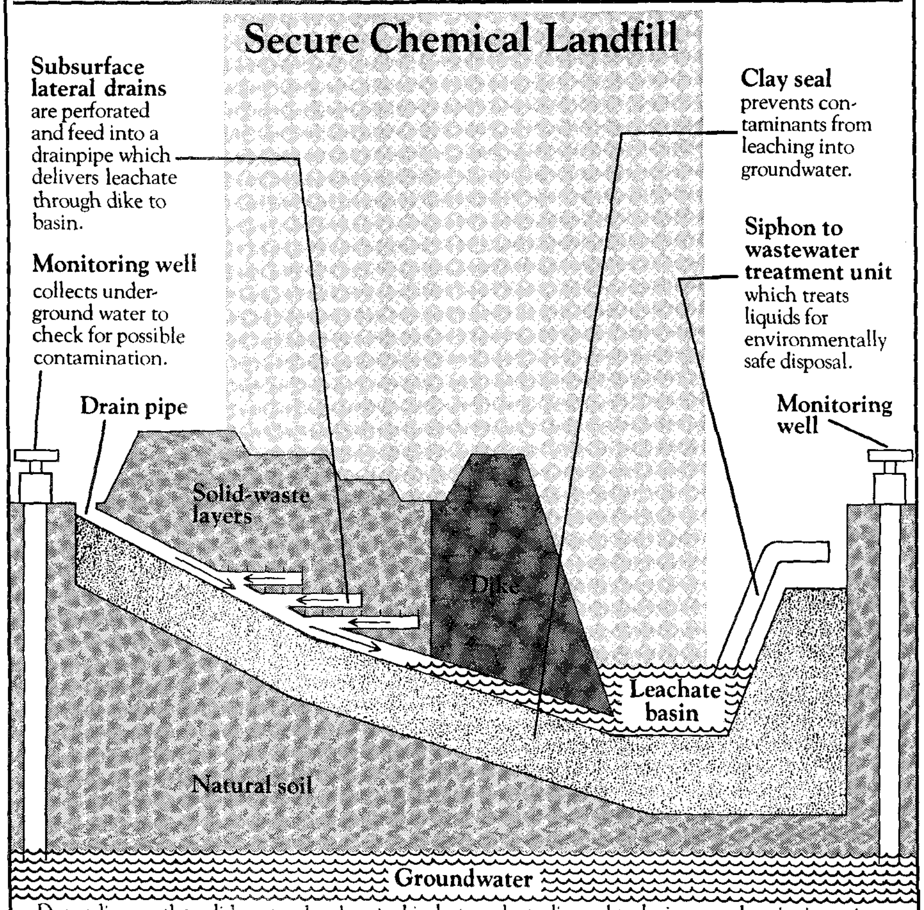
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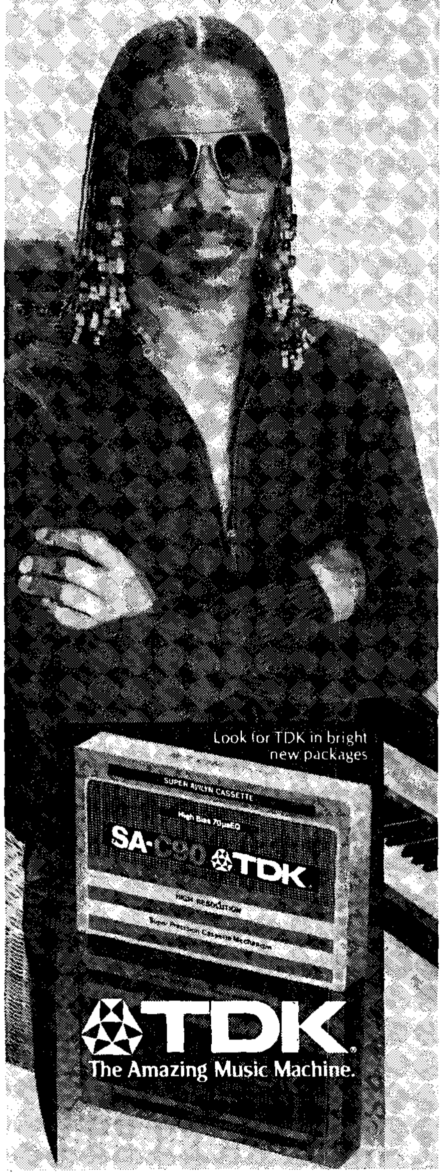
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if he hailed a cab, Pepler would hop in.

"I wouldn't want to take you out of your way," Zuckerman said.

"No problem. Paté's on Sixty-second and Madison. We're almost neighbors."

How did he know that?

"You're a very approachable guy, really, aren't you? I was terrified even to come up to you. My heart was pounding. I didn't think I had the nerve. I read in the *Star-Ledger* where fans bugged you so much you went around in a limousine with drawn shutters and two gorillas for bodyguards." The *Star-Ledger* was Newark's morning paper.

"That's Sinatra."

Pepler enjoyed that one. "Well, it's like the critics say, nobody can top you with the one-liner. Of course, Sinatra's from Jersey too. Hoboken's own. He still comes back to see his mother. People don't realize how many of us there are."

"Us?"

"Boys from Jersey who became household words. You wouldn't be offended, would you, if I eat the sandwich now? It can get pretty greasy carrying around."

"Suit yourself."

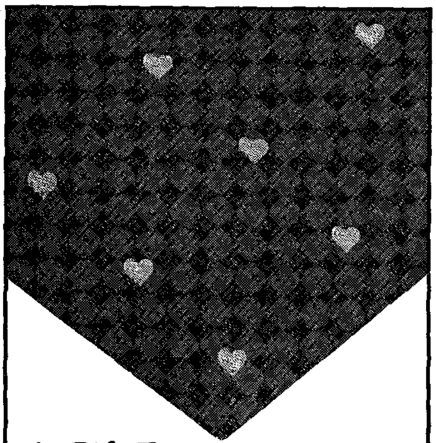
"I don't want to embarrass you. The hick from home. This is your town, and you being you—"

"Mr. Pepler, it means nothing to me either way."

Gently undoing the paper napkin like a surgical dressing, leaning forward so as not to soil himself, Pepler prepared for the first bite. "I shouldn't eat this stuff," he told Zuckerman. "Not anymore. In the service I was the guy who could eat anything. I was a joke. Pepler the human garbage can. I was famous for it. Under fire in Korea I survived on stuff you wouldn't feed a dog. Washed down with snow. You wouldn't believe what I had to eat. But then those bastards made me lose to Lincoln on only my third week—a three-part question on Americana I could have answered in my sleep—and my stomach trouble dates from that night. *All* my trouble dates from that night. That's a fact. That was the night that did me in. I can document it with doctors' reports. It's all in the book." That said, he bit into the sandwich. A quick second bite. A third. Gone. No sense prolonging the agony.

Zuckerman offered his handkerchief.

"Thanks," said Pepler. "My God,



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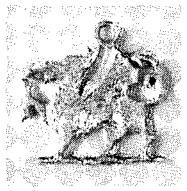

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look at me, wiping my mouth with Nathan Zuckerman's hankie."

Zuckerman raised a hand to indicate that he should take it in stride. Pepler laughed uproariously.

"But," he said, carefully cleaning his fingers, "getting back to Paté, what you're saying, Nathan—"

Nathan.

"—is that by and large I shouldn't have much worry with a producer of his calibre, and the kind of outfit he runs."

"I didn't say anything of the sort."

"But"—alarmed! again the abattoir!—"you know him, you met him in Ireland. You said so!"

"Briefly."

"Ah, but that's how Marty meets everybody. He wouldn't get everything in otherwise. The phone rings and you hear the secretary over the intercom telling the old man to pick up, and you can't believe your ears."

"Victor Hugo on the line."

Pepler's laughter was uncontrollable. "Not far from it, Nathan." He was having an awfully good time now. And, Zuckerman had to admit it, so was he. Once you relaxed with this guy, he wasn't unentertaining. You could pick up worse on the way home from the delicatessen.

Except how does he know we're almost neighbors? And how do you shake him off?

"It's a Who's Who of International Entertainment, the calls coming into that place. I tell you what gives me the greatest faith in this project getting off the ground, and that's where Marty happens to be right now. On business. Take a guess."

"No idea."

"Take a guess. You especially will be impressed."

"I especially."

"Absolutely."

"You've got me, Alvin." Alvin.

"Israel," announced Pepler. "With Moshe Dayan."

"Well, well."

"He's got an option on the Six-Day War, for a musical. Yul Brynner is already as good as signed to star as Dayan. With Brynner it could be something for the Jews."

"And for Paté too, no?"

"Christ, how can he miss? He'll rake it in. They're all but sold out the first year on theatre parties alone. This is without even a script. Mr. Perlmutter has sounded them out. They're ecstatic from just the idea. I tell you something else. Highly classified. When he gets back next week from

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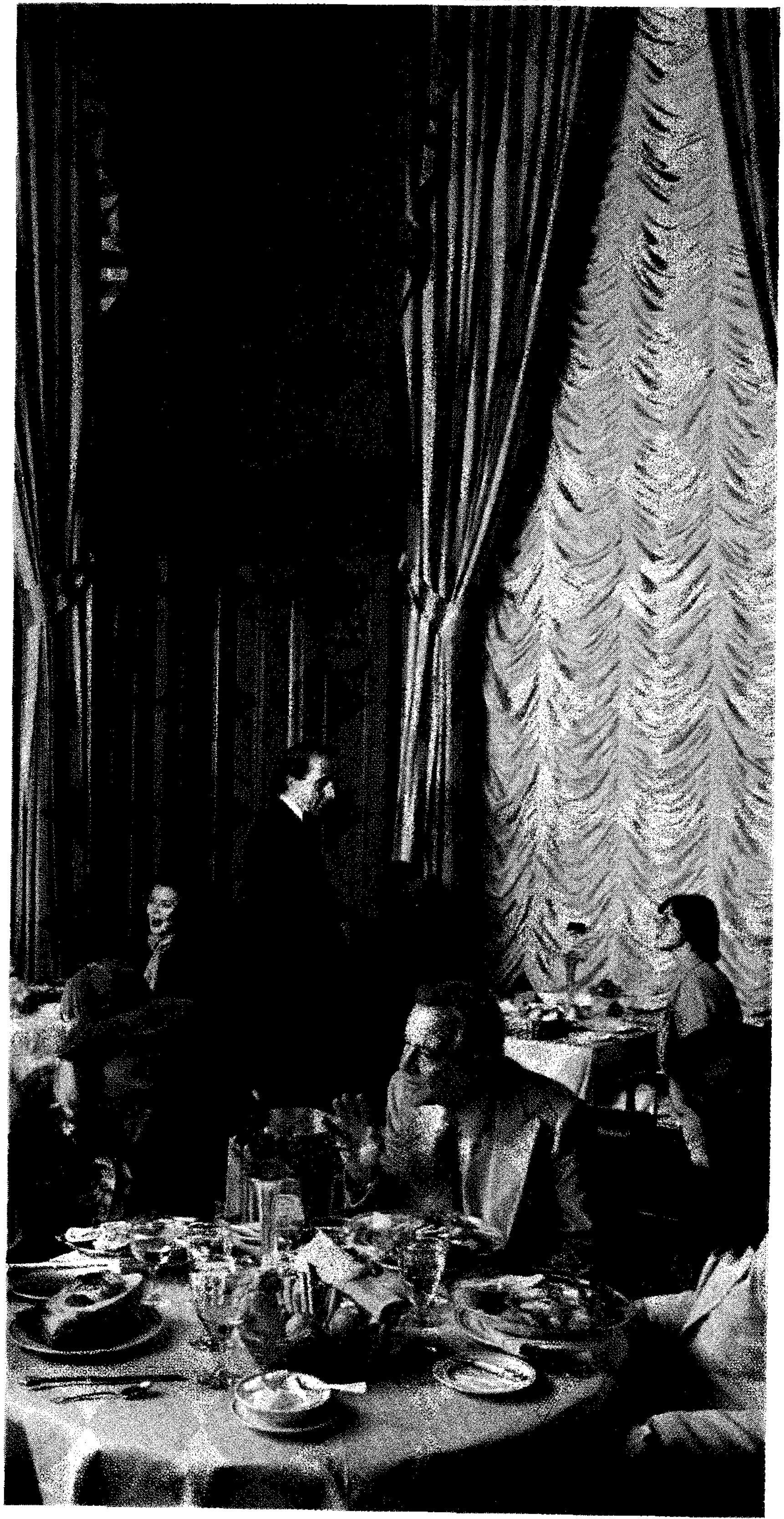

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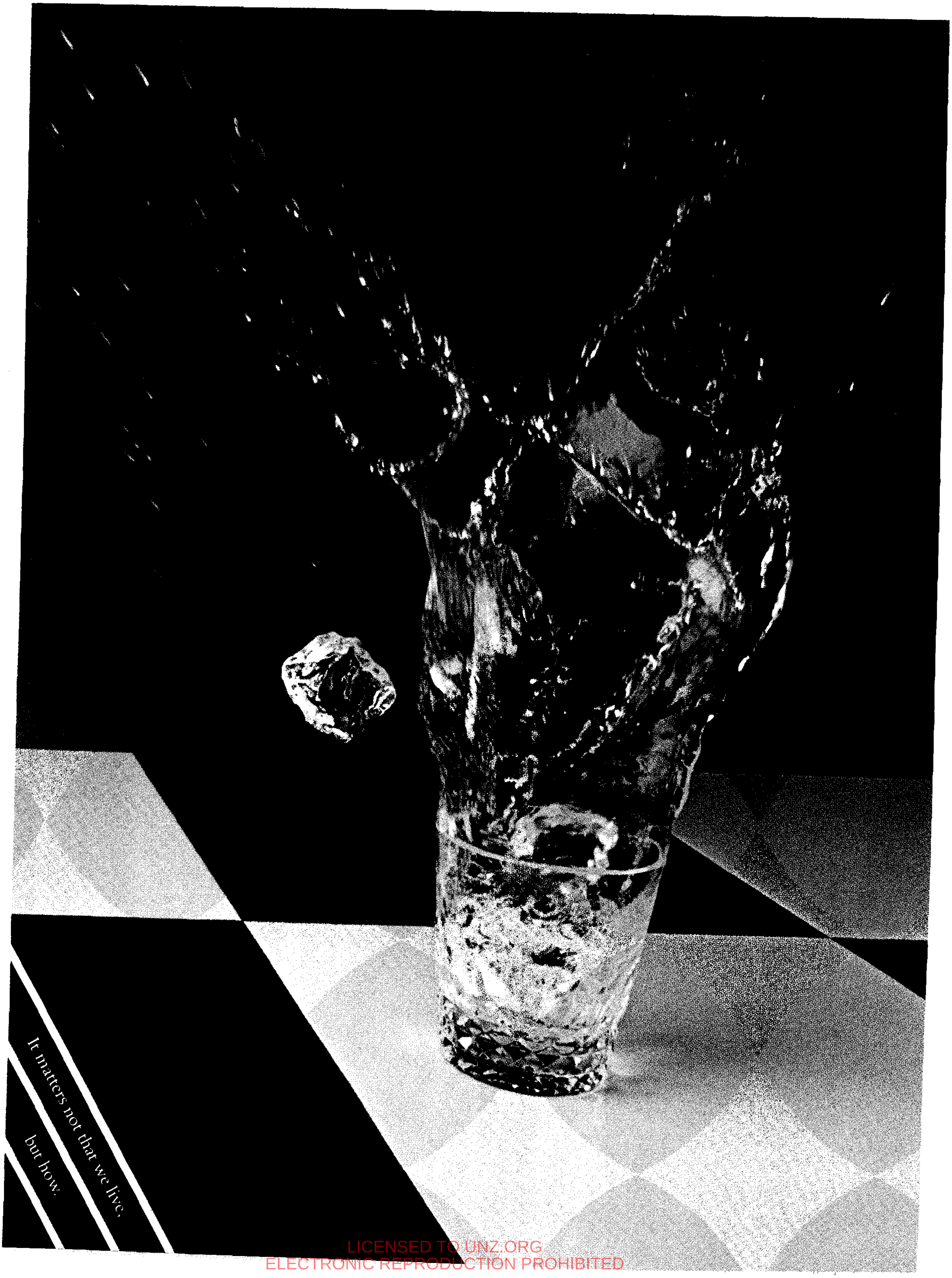
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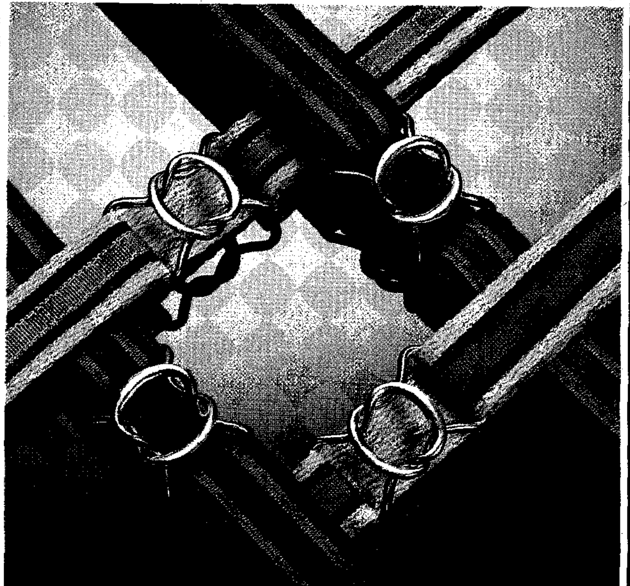

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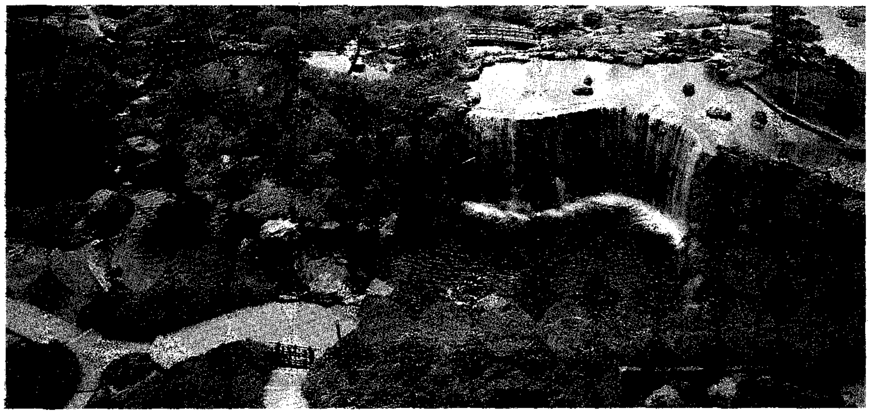

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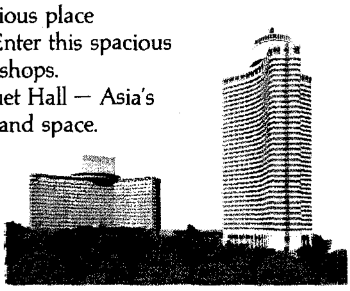

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Israel, I wouldn't be surprised if he approaches Nathan Zuckerman to do the adaptation of the war for the stage."

"They're thinking of me."

"You, Herman Wouk, and Harold Pinter. Those are the three names they're kicking around."

"Mr. Pepler."

" 'Alvin' is fine."

"Alvin, who told you all this?"

"Gayle. Gibraltar."

"How does she come by such classified information?"

"Oh, well, God. For one thing, she's a terrific business brain. People don't realize, because the beauty is all they see. But before she became a Playmate, she used to work as a guide at the United Nations. She speaks four languages. It was Playmate of the Month that launched her, of course."

"Into?"

"You name it. She and Paté literally don't stop. Those two are the secret of perpetual motion. Marty found out before he left that it was Dayan's son's birthday and so Gayle went out and got him a present: a solid-chocolate chess set. And the boy loved it. Last night she went up to Massachusetts to jump from an airplane today for UNESCO. It was a benefit. And in the Sardinian film they just finished, she did her own stunts on the horse."

"So she's an actress too. In Sardinian films."

"Well, it was a Sardinian corporation. The film was international. Look"—suddenly shyness overcame him—"she's not Miss O'Shea, not by a long shot. Miss O'Shea has style. Miss O'Shea has class. Gayle is somebody . . . without hangups. That's what she projects, you see. When you're with her."

Pepler turned a bright red speaking about what was projected by Gayle Gibraltar when you were with her.

"Which are her four languages?" asked Zuckerman.

"I'm not sure. English, of course, is one. I haven't had a chance to check out the others."

"I would, in your shoes."

"Well, O.K., I will. Good idea. Latvian must be another. That's where she was born."

"And Paté's father. Which four languages does he speak?"

Pepler saw he was being needled. But then, not by just anybody; he took it, *after a moment, with another* hearty, appreciative laugh. "Oh, don't worry. It's all straight from the shoulder with that guy. You couldn't meet a finer old-timer. Shakes your hand whenever you come in. Beautifully turned out, but in a sedate manner, always. Always with this nice, respectful, soft-spoken air. No, the one who gives me the confidence, frankly, is this lovely, dignified old gentleman. He keeps the books, he signs the checks, and when the decisions are made, I tell you, in his own quiet, respectful way, he makes them. He hasn't got Marty's go-go razzle-dazzle, but this is the rock, the foundation."

"I hope so."

"Please, don't worry about me. I learned my lesson. They wiped me out worse than you can begin to imagine back when they wiped me out. I haven't been the same person since. I start back after the war, and then there's Korea. I start back again after that, fight my way to the absolute top, and whammo. This actually is the best week I have had in ten years, being here in New York City with finally, *finally*, some kind of door to the future opening up. My good name, my robust health, my Marine record, and then my lovely, loyal fiancée, who took to the hills. I never saw her again. I became a walking disgrace because of those crooked bastards, and I'm not about to lay myself open like that ever again. I understand what you're trying to warn me about in your own humorous way. Well, don't worry, the one-liners aren't wasted on me. I'm warned. I'm not the wide-eyed little yokel I was back in '59. I don't think I'm with a great man anymore just because a guy has got a hundred pairs of shoes in the closet and a Jacuzzi bathtub ten feet long. They were going to make me a sportscaster on the Sunday-night news, did you know that? I was supposed to be Stan Lomax by now. I was supposed to be Bill Stern."

"But they didn't do it," said Zuckerman.

"May I speak frankly, Nathan? I would give anything to sit down with you for one evening, any night you wanted, and tell you what was going on in this country in the reign of Ike the Great. In my opinion the beginning of the end of what's good in this country were those quiz shows and the crooks that ran them and the public that swallowed it like so many dopes. There is where it began, and where it has ended is with another war again, and one this time that makes you want to scream. And a liar like Nixon as President of the United

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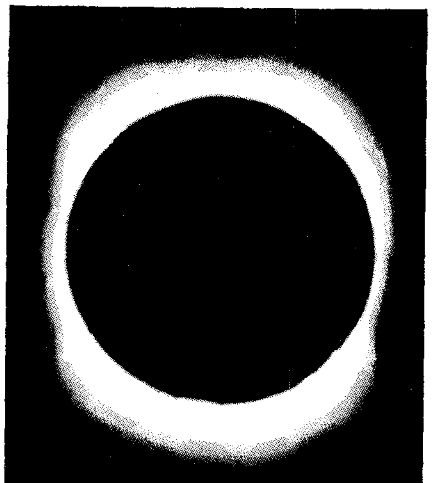

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States. Eisenhower's gift to America. That schmegeggy in his golf shoes—this is what he leaves for posterity. But this is all in my book, spelled out in detail, step by step, the decline of every decent American thing into liars and lies. You can well understand why I have my own reasons for being nervous about throwing my lot in with anybody, Marty Paté included. After all, mine is not the kind of criticism of a country that you are used to finding in a Broadway musical. Do you agree? Can such a thing even be made into a musical without watering down the condemnation I make of the system?"

"I don't know."

"They promised me a job as a sportscaster if I didn't admit to the D.A. about how the thing was rigged from the day it started, how even that little girl they had on, age eleven and in pigtails, they gave her the answers and didn't even tell her mother. They were going to put me on TV every Sunday night with the sports results. It was all arranged. So they told me. 'Al Pepler and the Weekend Roundup.' And from there to broadcasting the Yankee home games. What it came down to was that they couldn't *afford to let a Jew be a big winner too* long on 'Smart Money.' Especially a Jew who made no bones about it. They were afraid about the ratings. They were terrified they would rub the country the wrong way. Bateman and Schachtman, the producers, would *have meetings* about things like this and talk about it together till all hours. They would talk about whether to have an armed guard come on the stage with the questions, or the president of a bank. They would talk about whether the isolation booth should be *waiting* on the stage at the beginning or whether it should be rolled out by a squad of Eagle Scouts. They would talk all night long, two grown men, about what kind of tie I should wear. This is all true, Nathan. But my point is that if you study the programs the way I have, you'll see that my theory about the Jews is borne out. There were twenty quiz shows on three networks, seven of them in action five days a week. On an average week they gave away half a million bucks. I'm talking about true quiz shows, exclusive of panel shows and stunt shows and those do-good shows, where you could only get on if you had palsy or no feet. Half a million bucks a week, and yet over the bonanza period, from '55 till '58, you won't find a single Jew who won over a hundred thou-

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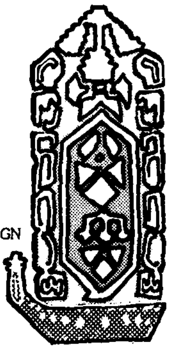

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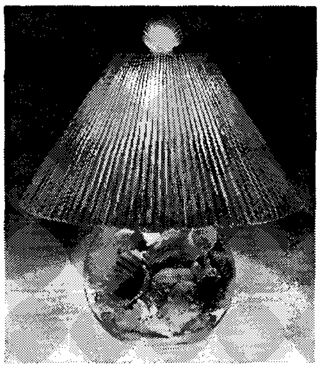

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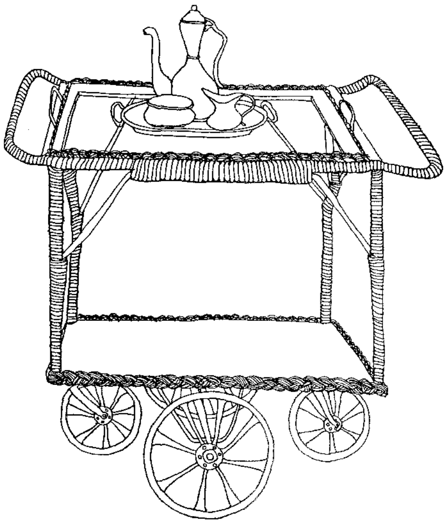
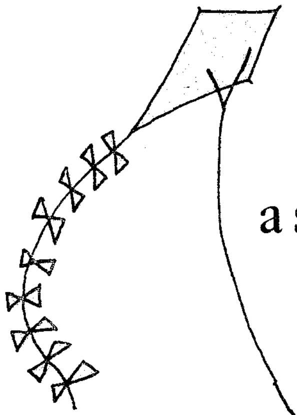
sand. That was the limit for a Jew to win, and this is on programs where the producers, nearly every single one, were Jews themselves. To break the bank you had to be a goy like Hewlett. The bigger the goy, the bigger the haul. This is on programs *run* by Jews. This is what still drives me crazy. 'I will study and get ready, and maybe the chance will come.' You know who said that? Abraham Lincoln. The real Lincoln. That was who I quoted from on nationwide TV my first night on the show, before I got into the booth. Little did I know that because my father wasn't governor of Maine and I didn't go to Dartmouth College, my chance wasn't going to be the same as the next guy's, that three weeks later I'd be as good as dead. Because I didn't commune with nature, you see, up there in the Maine woods. Because while Hewlett was sitting on his ass studying to lie at Dartmouth College, I was serving this country in *two* wars. Two years in World War II and then I get called back for Korea! But this is all in my book. Whether it's all going to get in the musical—well, how could it? Face facts. You know this country better than anybody. There are people that, as soon as word gets out that I'm working on what I'm working on with Marty Paté, who are going to put the pressure on him to drop me like a hot potato. I wouldn't even rule out payoffs from the networks. I wouldn't rule out the F.C.C. taking him aside. I can see Nixon himself getting involved to quash it. I'm supposed to be a disturbed and unstable person, you see. That's what they'll tell Marty to scare him off. That's what they told everybody, including me, including the parents of my stupid fiancée, including finally a





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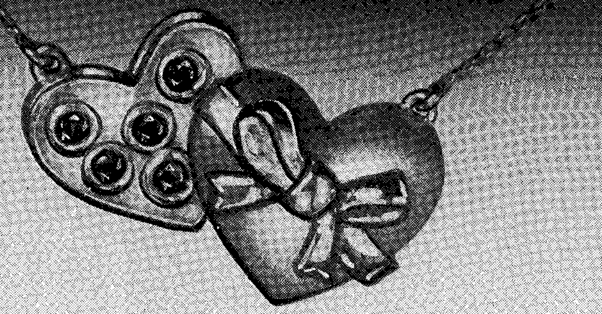

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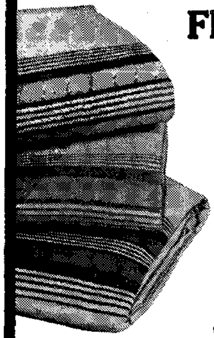

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special subcommittee from the United States House of Representatives. That was the story when I refused to go along with being dethroned for no reason after only three weeks. Bateman was practically in tears from worrying about my mental stability. 'If you knew the discussions we have had about your character, Alvin. If you knew the surprise it has been to us, that you have not turned out to be the trustworthy fellow we all so believed in. We're so worried about you,' he tells me, 'we've decided to pay for a psychiatrist for you. We want you to see him until you have gotten over your neurosis and are yourself again.' 'Absolutely,' Schachtman says. 'I want Alvin to see Dr. Eisenberg. I see Dr. Eisenberg, why shouldn't Alvin see Dr. Eisenberg? This organization is not going to save a few lousy dollars at the expense of Alvin's mental stability.' This is how they were going to discredit me, by setting me up as a nut. Well, that tune changed fast. Because one, I wasn't going in for any psychiatric treatment, and two, what I wanted was a written agreement from them guaranteeing that first Hewlett and I fight to a draw for three consecutive weeks and *then* I leave. And one month later, by popular request, a rematch, which he would win by a hair in the last second. But not on the subject of Americana. I was not going to let a goy beat a Jew again on that, not while the entire country was watching. Let him beat me on a subject like Trees, I said, which is their specialty and doesn't mean anything to anybody anyway. But I refuse to let the Jewish people go down on prime-time TV as not knowing their Americana. Either I had all that in writing, I said, or I would go to the press with the truth, including the stuff about the little girl with the braids and how they set her up too, first with the answers and then to take a dive. You should have heard Bateman then, and how much he was worried about my mental condition. 'Do you want to destroy my career, Alvin? Why? Why me? Why Schachtman and Bateman, after all we've done for you? Didn't we get your teeth cleaned? Sharp new suits? A dermatologist? Is this the way you plan to pay us back, by going up to people in the street and telling them Hewlett is a fake? Alvin, all these threats, all this blackmail. Alvin, we are not hardened criminals—we are in show business. You cannot ask random questions of people and have a show. We want "Smart Money" to be something

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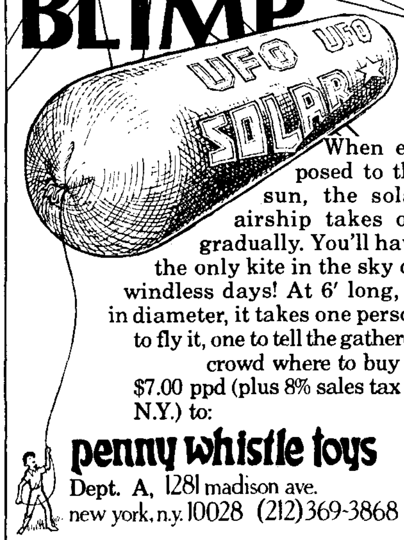

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the people of America can look forward to every week with excitement. But if you just ask random questions, you know you would have nobody knowing the answer two times in a row. You would have just failure, and failure does not make entertainment. You have to have a plot, like in "Hamlet" or anything else first-class. To the audience, Alvin, maybe you are only contestants. But to us you are far more. You are performers. You are artists. Artists making art for America, just the way Shakespeare made it in his day for England. And that is with a plot, and conflict, and suspense, and a resolution. And the resolution is that you should lose to Hewlett, and we have a new face on the show. Does Hamlet get up from the stage and say I don't want to die at the end of the play? No, his part is over and he lies there. That is the difference, in point of fact, between schlock and art. Schlock goes every which way and couldn't care less about anything but the buck, and art is *controlled*, art is *managed*, art is *always* rigged. That is how it takes hold of the human heart.' And this is where Schachtman pipes up and tells me that they are going to make a sportscaster out of me, as a reward, if I keep my mouth shut and go down for the count. So I did. But did they, *did they*, after telling me that *I* wasn't the one to be trusted?"

"No," said Zuckerman.

"You can say that again. Three weeks, and that was it. They cleaned my teeth and they kissed my ass, and for three weeks I was their hero. The mayor had me into his office. Did I tell you that? 'You have placed the name of the city of Newark before the whole country.' He said this to me in front of the City Council, who clapped. I went to Lindy's and signed a picture of myself for their wall. Milton Berle came up to my table and asked me some questions, as a gag. One week they're taking me for cheesecake to Lindy's and the next week they tell me I'm washed up. And call me names into the bargain. 'Alvin,' Schachtman says to me, 'is this what you're going to turn out to be, you who have done so much good for Newark and your family and the Marines and the Jews? Just another exhibitionist who has no motive but greed?' I was furious. 'What is your motive, Schachtman? What is Bateman's motive? What is the sponsor's motive? What is the network's motive?' And the truth is that greed had

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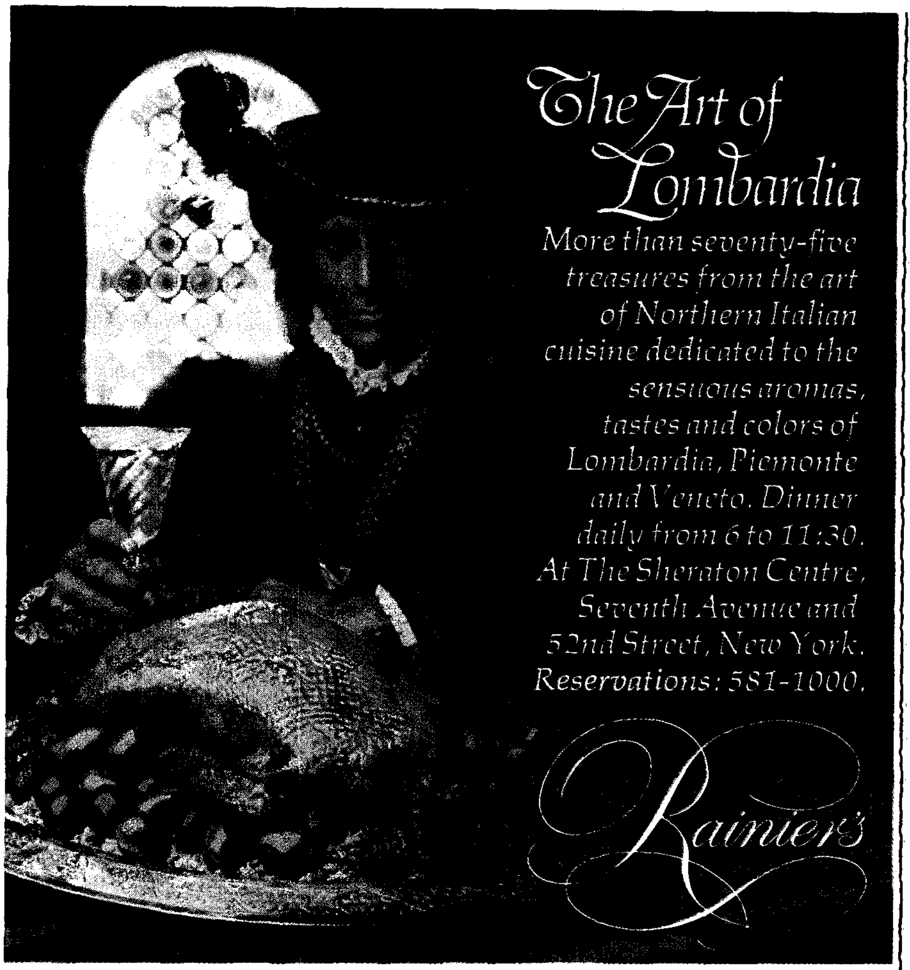
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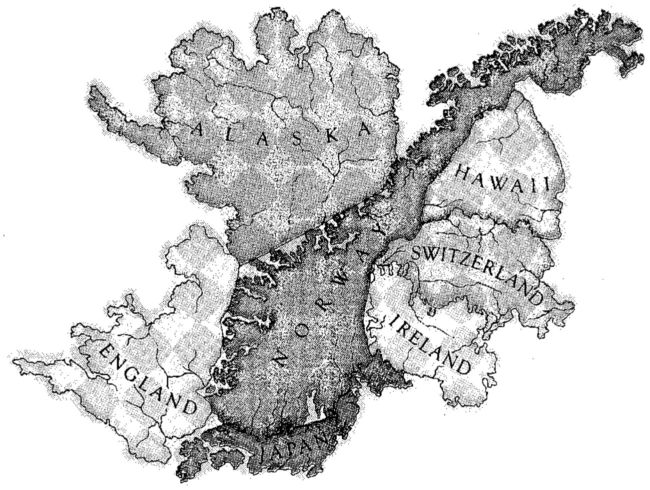

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nothing to do with it. It was by this time my self-respect. As a *man*! As a war veteran! As a war veteran twice over! As a Newarker! As a Jew! What they were saying, you understand, was that all these things that made up Alvin Pepler and his pride in himself were unadulterated crap next to a Hewlett Lincoln. One hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars, that's what he wound up with, that fake. Thirty thousand fan letters. Interviewed by more than five hundred newsmen from around the world. Another face? Another *religion*, that's the ugly truth of it! This hurt me, Nathan. I am hurt still, and it isn't just egotistically either, I swear to you. This is why I'm fighting them, why I'll fight them right to the end, until my true story is before the American public. If Paté is my chance, then don't you see, I *have* to jump for it. If it has to be a musical first and *then* the book, then that's the way it has to be until my name is cleared!"

Perspiration streamed from beneath his dark rain hat, and with the handkerchief Zuckerman had given him earlier he reached up to wipe it off—enabling Zuckerman to step away from the street-corner mailbox where Pepler had him pinned. In fifteen minutes, the two Newarkers had travelled one block.

Across the street from where they stood was a Baskin-Robbins ice-cream parlor. The evening was cool, yet customers walked in and out as though it were already summertime. Inside the lighted store there was a small crowd waiting at the counter to be served.

Because he didn't know how to begin to reply, and probably because Pepler was perspiring so, Zuckerman heard himself ask, "What about an ice cream?" Of course, what Pepler would have preferred from Zuckerman was this: *You were robbed, ruined, brutally betrayed—"Carnovsky" 's author commits his strength to the redress of Pepler's grievance.* But the best Zuckerman could do was to offer an ice-cream snack. He doubted if anyone could do better.

"Oh, forgive me," said Pepler. "I'm sorry for this. Of course you've got to be starving, with me talking your ear off and then eating half your dinner in the bargain. Forgive me, please, if I got carried away on this subject. Meeting you has just thrown me for a loop. I don't usually go off half cocked like this, telling everybody my troubles out on the street. I'm so quiet with people, their first impression is I'm death warmed over. Someone like Miss Gibraltar," he said, reddening, "thinks I'm practically a deaf-mute. Hey, let *me* buy *you*."

"No, no, not necessary."

But as they crossed the street, Pepler insisted. "After the pleasure you've given to me as a reader? After the earful I just gave you?" Refusing even to let Zuckerman enter the store with his money, Pepler cried, "Yes, yes, my treat, absolutely. For our great Newark writer who has cast his spell over the entire country! For that great magician who has pulled a living, breathing Carnovsky out of his artistic hat! Who has hypnotized the U.S.A.! Here's to the author of that wonderful best-selling book!" And then, suddenly, he was looking at Zuckerman as tenderly as a father on an outing with his darling baby boy. "Do you want jimmies on top, Nathan?"

"Sure."

"And flavor?"

"Chocolate is fine."

"Both dips?"

"Fine."

Comically tapping at his skull to indicate that the order was tucked safely away in the photographic memory that was once the pride of Newark, the nation, and the Jews, Pepler hurried into the store. Zuckerman waited out on the pavement alone.

But for what?

Would Mary Mapes Dodge wait like this for an ice-cream cone?

Would Frank Sinatra?

Would a ten-year-old child with any brains?

As though passing the time on a pleasant evening, he practiced ambling toward the corner. Then he ran. Down the side street, unpursued.

—PHILIP ROTH

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*Rate schedule of the Brandon Inn, Brandon, Vt.*]

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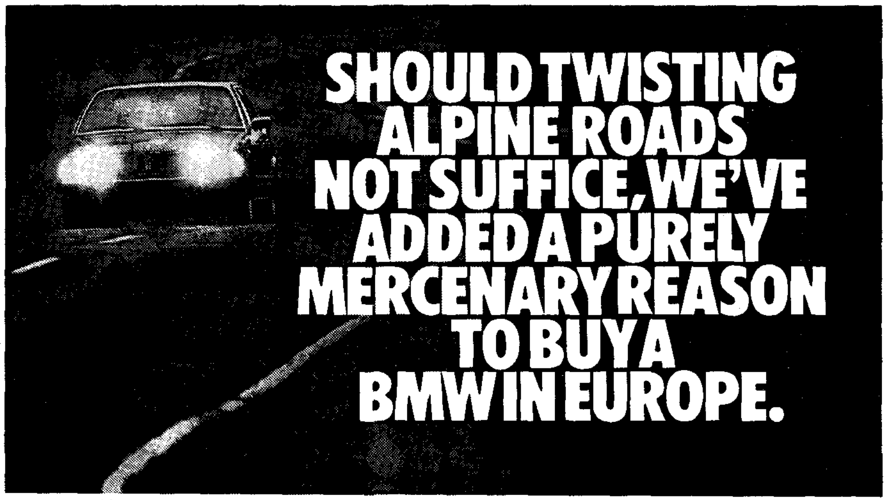
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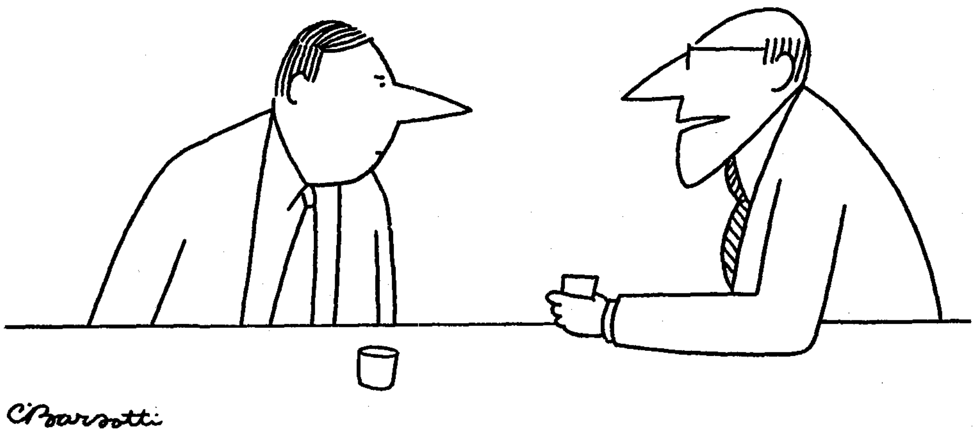
THE THEATRE

Supping on Horrors

“Macbeth” is a gory thriller written in exquisite verse. Blood gushes up at every turn of the plot, and so does poetry. The disparity between the barbaric story and the lyricism of the language in which it is told provides a series of pleasing shocks to the ear. During the course of the play, we may be only half conscious of the commingling of vile deeds and melodious imagery, but as an aesthetic device the commingling is always poignantly, thrillingly at work, at once concentrating and magnifying our attention and causing us to feel an unexpected sympathy for the most contemptible of murderers—one who murders not out of jealousy or spite, or to avenge some grave social wrong, but simply in order to gain greater personal importance. At first, the villainous Macbeth and his wife appear to have little more on their minds than that they are Smiths and would like not only to keep up with the Joneses but to surpass them as well. Macbeth’s ambitions are as loutish as they are commonplace, and yet in seeking to attain them he speaks some of the most ravishing lines ever written in English. Even Lady Macbeth, that notably hard-bitten and tactless scold, enchants us with her eloquent simplicities. Returning from the murdered Duncan’s bedchamber, Macbeth says, “I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?” Lady Macbeth answers, “I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.” Think of making such a reply at such a moment! No wonder Macbeth—I was on the verge of writing “poor” Macbeth—was always losing his nerve and striving to regain it; he had Lady Macbeth to come home to.

Like any proper thriller, “Macbeth” is a short work (according to the textbooks, one of the shortest of all Shakespeare’s plays), and it moves at an exceedingly rapid pace, with much use of what to our movie-trained eyes amount to quick crosscuts and dissolves. The combination of beauty of language and fast pace implies to me the need for a minimum of what are called “production values.” If Shakespeare himself was able to make do with two or three doors opening off a practically bare stage, why shouldn’t a similar austerity of means prove ideal for us as well? The production of “Macbeth” that has just opened at the Vivian Beaumont is far more complex than it has any reason to be, and is, to tell the sad truth as concisely as possible, something of a disaster. It was directed by Sarah Caldwell, who is celebrated for her skill at directing operas but has never before directed a play; I suspect that a good deal of the blame for the shortcomings of this “Macbeth” must fall upon her and upon her opera colleagues Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, who designed the settings. In what may have been a desperate attempt to fill up the big and hollow-seeming Beaumont stage, Senn and Pond have erected a metal bridge at a considerable height above the stage, and Miss Caldwell has arranged for much of the action of the play to occur there. (I hurry past the point that a metal bridge does little to evoke the stone castles and green countryside of eleventh-century Scotland.) On opening night, the actors speaking from the bridge—and sometimes speaking sideways into a scrim instead of to the audience—were scarcely audible; so much for Shakespeare’s prosody. The lighting, by John Gleason, must have been tailored to suit Miss Caldwell’s demands; Mr. Gleason knows all about how to light the Beaumont, but on opening night the stage was often in semi-darkness. Philip Anglim, who plays Macbeth, has been sharply criticized for lacking facial expression; from where I sat, I could rarely see his face, so in respect to that criticism I am inclined to extend him my sympathy. It is true that he is an unsatisfactory Macbeth, but the role is by no means beyond him. Surely someday, under happier auspices, he will try it again. As Lady Macbeth, Maureen Anderman somehow managed to be nearly always better lighted and more audible than anyone else; a number of the other members of the cast played their parts with verve and conviction, but the weird sisters (one of them, for no apparent reason, a man) were silly instead of portentous, and far too much was made of them in terms of their being good theatre. It is safe to say that in 1981 three bizarrely got-up old harridans stirring a caldron of dry ice are not capable of making our hair stand on end. Carrie Robbins is credited with designing the apparitions as well as the costumes; she deserves praise in both categories. The program lists B. H. Barry as “fight director.” I have seen more strenuous battles fought by pigeons on West Forty-third Street.



“The law, Williamson, is a jealous mistress, and that’s something wives just have to understand.”

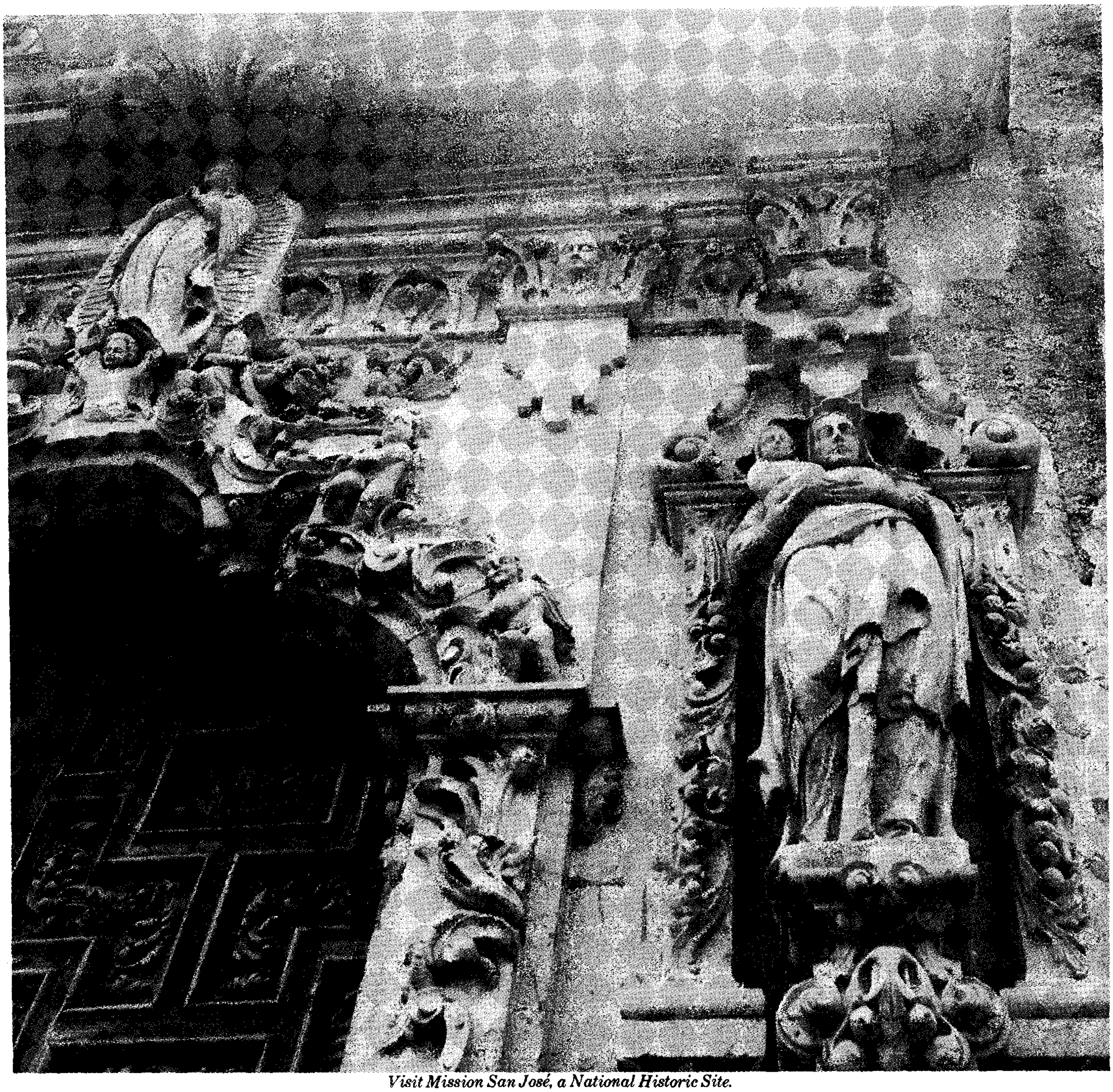
A HARD week for the Bard. At the Bijou is a curious undertaking called “Shakespeare’s Cabaret,” consisting of songs with lyrics by Shakespeare and music by Lance Mulcahy. The lyrics are at the mercy of the music and do not always survive; the cast consists of six eager singers, but eagerness is a state of mind and not a talent. Perhaps Mayor Koch could proclaim next week “No Shakespeare Week,” and let everyone go off and lick his wounds in private.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

The Queen’s Shilling

George Farquhar’s “The Recruiting Officer,” at the Brooklyn Academy, is passable right now—though no more than that—but it should get better as time goes by. At the moment (or, more precisely, on



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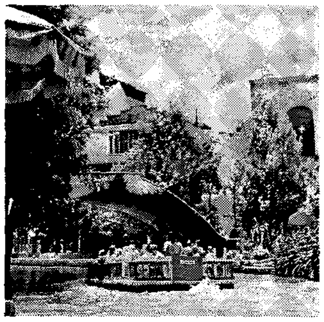

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opening night last week), it seems underrehearsed, but the good news is that the BAM company has partly recovered from that bad “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” It is not yet truly a company, though, and the Farquhar comedy, so blithe and lucid and funny, which should almost play itself, does not come off as a whole. Even so, some of this production works. “The Recruiting Officer,” which opened in London in 1706, is made up of Restoration leftovers and Queen Anne sentiment. It is a comedy of sexual and narrative confusions, masquerades of one kind or another, ruses and mischief, love sidetracked and fulfilled; and we are fortunate indeed to have Brian Murray—combining, in a sense, the roles of hero and pilot—to steer us through its complexities. His Captain Plume is a dashing beau who comes to the town of Shrewsbury to pick up some recruits for his regiment (presumably depleted after the Battle of Blenheim) and to resume his courtship of the young gentlewoman who adores him and whom he loves for her “manly” qualities. This heroine, by the way, is delightfully played by Laurie Kennedy as a transatlantic Jo March; she sprawls on the floor and leaps over a stile, and eventually, for reasons made clear by Farquhar (but detoured by me), disguises herself as a young man planning to join the regiment. Captain Plume, of course, finds himself unaccountably attracted to him/her, and the scene in which he tells the new candidate that if he seriously misbehaves he will dismiss him but that he could never punish him becomes an unwitting love scene. Much of the action is given over to the business of recruiting, and much of that is in the hands of Plume’s Sergeant Kite, a scheming, devious, bullying fellow who works the public square and the local tavern, ensnaring the credulous bumpkins of the town. In one comic scene, he appears as a fortune-teller (turban, false beard, brightly lighted globe, fake German accent), roping in the peasants and, on the side, straightening out a subsidiary love affair. Joe Morton, once launched, gives a spirited performance in a part that requires much more than spirit.

There are twenty-eight roles in “The Recruiting Officer,” each of them a plum, large or small, and a few of them are well done at the Academy. MichaelJohn McGann’s clowning as a fat, comic country boy with a brogue is perfect, and Beth McDonald is charming as his sister, who hopes to go to bed with the Captain and ends up, baffled, in bed with the Captain’s lady. In the subsidiary love affair, Laura Esterman does pretty well as a rich, troublemaking woman who gives a hard time (not without reason) to her worthy suitor, named Worthy (Frank Maraden). As Captain Brazen, a fop—a leftover from the Restoration, and an especially juicy plum—Richard Jamieson is merely foolish. I kept imagining Olivier, who played the part in London. What a marvel that must have been! Of the locals, some recruited and some not, I enjoyed Gerry Bamman, Ben Halley, Jr., Sam Gray, and Randle Mell. As for the play, scene by scene and line by witty line it is indeed a comic classic. The beautiful settings and costumes were by Robert Blackman and Dunya Ramicova; John McKinney composed the appropriate music for Farquhar’s songs, which are scattered through the text. Laird Williamson directed.

IN “Oh Me, Oh My, Oh Youmans,” at the tiny Wonderhorse through January 31st, four engaging and adept performers—Jo Ann Cunningham, Ronald Young, Sally Woodson, and Todd Taylor—sing and dance their way through Vincent Youmans’ show music, most of it from the nineteen-twenties. Youmans was a gifted composer, to be sure, but what a falling off was there once he left town for the movies! Imagine writing “Tea for Two” and “Time on My Hands” and then ending up with that damn “Carioca.” At any rate, the evening ends, or almost ends, with “Carioca;” maybe Youmans didn’t. Sand Lawn, the musical arranger, accompanies the actors at the piano. Darwin Knight directed, after a fashion, and the attractive sets and lighting were by Bob Phillips and Eric Cornwell.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Mailing from the Seattle Art Museum*]

We’d like to invite you to join us on Wednesday, November 19, between 10am and 2pm for a press preview of the Cartier-Bresson exhibition at the Pavilion in Seattle Center.

The enclosed kit contains materials on the exhibition and the photographer himself. Additional copy prints of works in the exhibition will be available that morning, or by calling this office.

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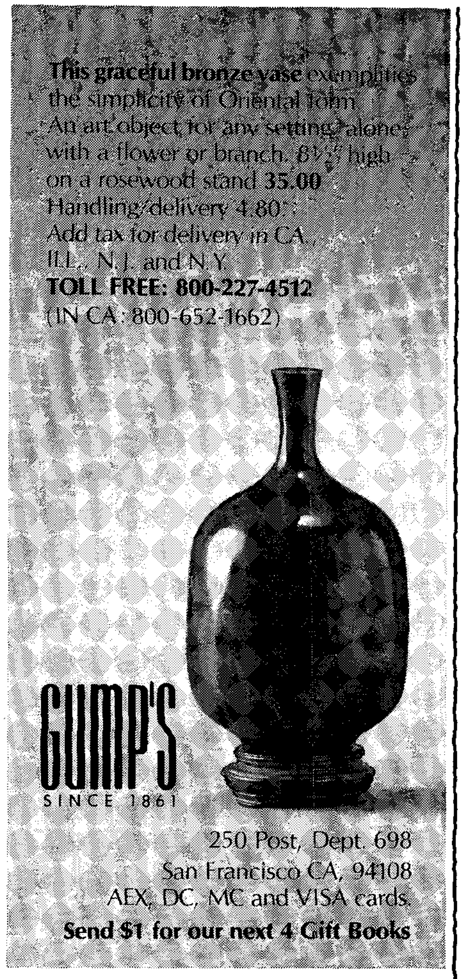
U.S. JOURNAL: SAVANNAH, GA.

AMONG FRIENDS

PUBLICLY, George Mercer IV was reported missing on February 7, 1980. His picture ran above a small item in both the Savannah *Morning News* and *Evening Press*. The item said he had been missing since January 29th. It described him as being twenty-two years old, five feet eight inches tall, about a hundred and fifty-five pounds. It asked anyone having information about him to telephone the Savannah Police Department. The picture showed a young man with the sort of thick mustache and blow-dried hair that make a lot of twenty-two-year-olds seen at racquet-ball clubs or singles bars or pleasure-boat marinas look pretty much alike to the unpracticed eye. The item in the two papers said little about George Mercer IV beyond giving his physical description, but not many people in Savannah needed to be told who he was. The Mercers have long been a prominent family in Savannah—a city particularly conscious of prominent families. In Atlanta, a successful businessman who wants to upgrade his background beyond simply awarding posthumous commissions to a few Civil War ancestors may allow his neighbors to infer that his family was originally from Savannah, Georgia's first settlement. The Mercers are the sort of family he would be trying to suggest—the sort of family whose discussions of military forebears tend to focus not on the Civil War but on the American Revolution. The Mercers are among the families that people in Savannah sometimes allow themselves to refer to as "the bluebloods"—a phrase that would be difficult to utter without a smile in Atlanta, one of the Southern cities where the most powerful citizens in town used to be known as "the big mules." In Savannah, the bluebloods still have the sort of power that big mules might have in another city—partly because Savannah has been the sort of place that respects their credentials, partly because Savannah has not been the kind of place that attracts a lot of ambitious newcomers who might shoulder them aside. Until their family company, which manufactured Great Dane truck trailers, was bought up by a conglomerate several years ago, the Mercers were one of Savannah's major industrial employers. George Mercer III, who did not remain with Great Dane after the purchase, is the chairman of the board of Savannah's Memorial Hospital and a former member of the Chatham County Commission. Although no one named Mercer is a force in the business life of Savannah these days, the Mercers remain the Mercers—stalwarts of the Oglethorpe Club, the kind of family that can ordinarily sort out any difficulty with a telephone call. It could be assumed by readers of the Savannah *Morning News* and *Evening Press* that the police would spare no effort in trying to find George Mercer IV. As it happened, there was another agency interested in the search for George Mercer IV—the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The F.B.I. had reason to believe that he had been kidnapped.

On River Street, where bars and restaurants have opened in restored warehouses in the past several years, F.B.I. agents were already showing bartenders a photograph of George Mercer IV. The people George Mercer IV went around with often ended up on River Street late in the evening—sometimes early in the evening. "They have a lot of time on their hands," someone who knows them said recently. Some of Mercer's friends were from his childhood—people who had gone to the same private schools and the same débutante parties—and some were just the people a single young man might meet over a pitcher of beer on River Street or at a party after a rugby match or during the quiet exchange of marijuana that young men with time on their hands think of as routine these days. The time they put in on River Street—or in similar bars near Armstrong State College, on the south side of Savannah—was not a matter of respite from working their way up in their chosen fields. Most of them had not got around to choosing a field. They tended to be young men who had put in a semester of college

"Mr. Hinkelmayer comes to us from old, old Vienna."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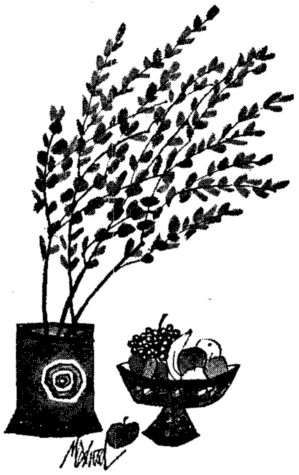
here and a semester of college there, but not enough semesters to have reached the point of selecting a major. Even those who still had recourse to the family's refrigerator or its speedboats needed spending money, but the jobs they took to get it tended to be temporary or seasonal or part time. Their ambitions for the future often seemed to settle on schemes for getting rich rather quickly, perhaps through being on the ground floor of some technological breakthrough in communications. For a while, George Mercer IV and a childhood friend talked of opening a video-disc outlet in Atlanta. They also talked about obtaining the Southeast regional franchise for a new electronic method of producing advertising spots.

George Mercer IV had a lot of enthusiasm for the schemes. His friends thought of him as rather gullible. He had been slow in school, with learning problems that included dyslexia. Once, when he was putting in a semester or so at LaGrange College, someone matched up the information that he liked to compose songs on the guitar with the information that his great-uncle was the songwriter Johnny Mercer, and the publicity resulted in the scheduling of a couple of public appearances. At the last minute, though, Mercer withdrew. He had decided he wasn't ready. His father diagnosed the problem as the sort of pre-performance nervousness he calls "buck fever." After LaGrange, Mercer tended to play the guitar in public only when there were just four or five people left at the party. He spent some time at Armstrong State and at the night school of the University of Georgia, in Athens. Toward the end of 1979, while back in Savannah living with his parents, he got a job selling vacuum cleaners. It may not have appeared to be an appropriate job for a Mercer, but, as it happened, George Mercer IV seemed to enjoy selling vacuum cleaners. Some of his friends thought that the job had done a lot for George's self-confidence. His father agreed. He was hoping that sooner or later George Mercer IV might move from selling vacuum cleaners to selling Great Dane trailers. Then George Mercer IV disappeared.



Demands for ransom came almost immediately. There were notes. There were telephone calls. The instructions tended to be complicated, even bizarre. George Mercer III was instructed to draw a circle in orange spray paint at a certain intersection to indicate his cooperation. There were instructions to take the ransom—forty-two thousand dollars—in a small motorboat down the Ogeechee River, flying a flag with a yellow triangle sewn onto a field of green. At one point, the ransom was actually left in a wooded area, but nobody picked it up. When the item reporting George Mercer IV missing appeared in the Savannah *Morning News* and *Evening Press*, F.B.I. agents did not even know whether he was dead or alive—but they did have a pretty good hunch about who might have written the extortion notes. When they walked up and down River Street showing George Mercer's picture, they also carried with them a picture of Michael Harper.

Nobody has ever described Michael Harper as slow or gullible. "He could put anything over on anybody he wanted to," someone who knew him told the investigators. A slim, bearded young man about the age of George Mercer IV, Harper had grown up in a suburb of Savannah, the son of a certified public accountant. He didn't have as many semesters of college as Mercer had, but people he came in contact with regularly described him as brilliant and accomplished—a wizard with electronics and math and computers, an expert at scuba diving and flying airplanes, a talker so glib that he had worked as a disc jockey when barely out of high school. They also described him as somewhat mysterious. No one seemed to know precisely where he lived. The jobs he mentioned holding ran from assistant manager of a fast-food chicken outlet to operator of what he described as a hush-hush project at Hunter Army Air Field called Quest Laboratories. The get-rich-quick schemes he discussed with friends were more complicated than opening a video-disc outlet—shadowy mail-order deals, for instance, and a plan to use a Savannah Police Department badge to hoodwink a couple of dope dealers out of some marijuana. One of Harper's schemes landed him in jail. In 1974, when he was only seventeen, he had been sentenced to fourteen months for trying to extort forty-five hundred dollars from a former neighbor by threatening to kill the man and his entire family. Later, in Augusta, he was convicted of theft by deception and given a probated sentence. Roger McLaughlin, one of the F.B.I. agents assigned to the Mercer kidnapping, had worked on the 1974 extortion case, and he thought he recognized Harper's style. Within a couple of days, the F.B.I. had ascertained that Harper had moved back to Savannah from Augusta and that he knew George Mercer IV. They had met at a rugby match.

ONE of the people who happened to be sitting at the bar of Spanky's, on River Street, when the F.B.I. showed the bartender pictures of George Mercer IV and Michael Harper was Richard Sommers, an ebullient young man who constitutes the photography staff of a weekly Savannah newspaper called the *Georgia Gazette*. The *Gazette* was founded two and a half years ago by a young man named Albert Scardino and his wife, Marjorie, a lawyer who serves as publisher and occasional typesetter. Albert Scardino, who has a graduate degree in journalism from the University of California, had tried free-lance writing for a while, and had worked for the Associated Press in West Virginia, and had produced a film on the coastal islands of Georgia which was shown on the Public Broadcasting System. For a while, he had tried to raise money—from George Mercer III, among others—for a series of films on wilderness areas around the world. Aside from the journalistic experience he had picked up, Scardino had another qualification for being the founding editor of a weekly newspaper in Savannah—serious Savannah credentials. His father—a urologist named Peter Scardino, who came to Savannah soon after the Second World War—is not merely a prominent doctor but someone widely respected as a leading force in improving the medical standards of the community. Dr. Scardino is not interested in Colonial genealogy—he is quick to say that the only revolution his ancestors might have fought in was the one led by Garibaldi—and he is not the sort of man who would spend much time at any club not organized around the subject of urology. Still, his

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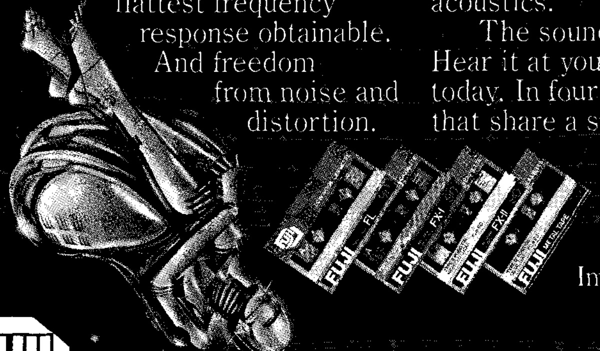

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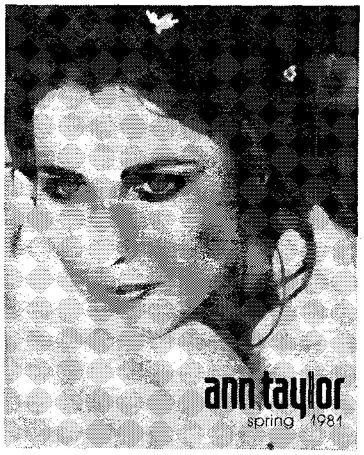

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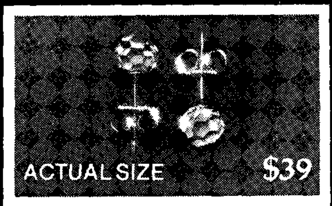

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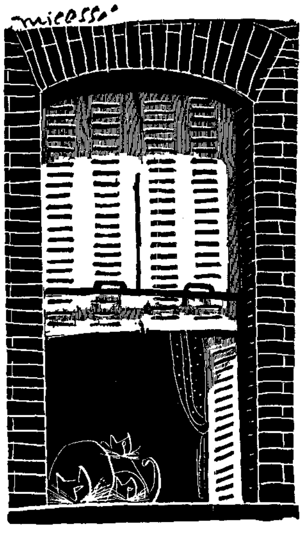
badges of acceptance in Savannah include membership in the Oglethorpe Club. For years, he and his wife have served on some of the same committees the Mercers serve on and have attended some of the same parties the Mercers attended. One of Albert Scardino's younger brothers grew up with George Mercer IV.

Although a lot of the weekly newspapers that have sprung up in the past decade seem designed specifically for the editors' contemporaries—or for some mythical twenty-nine-year-old purchaser of stereo equipment—the *Georgia Gazette* was founded to appeal to a general readership basically defined by its dissatisfaction with the commonly owned Savannah *Morning News* and *Evening Press*. In Savannah, the *News-Press* is widely described as innocuous or undistinguished; a contemporary of Albert Scardino is more likely to refer to it as "a Mickey Mouse operation." Albert and Marjorie Scardino hoped that after a few years of weekly publication the *Gazette* might gradually increase its frequency until it became a daily alternative to the *News-Press*. From the start, the *Gazette* did not grow at the pace the Scardinos had envisioned. Capital was a problem. They did manage one business coup, though, which promised to buy them some time for building advertising and circulation: in January, 1979, the *Gazette* replaced the *Evening Press* as what is known in Georgia as the sheriff's gazette—the newspaper designated to carry the advertisements that lawyers in the county place to satisfy requirements of public notice. The sheriff, one of the three county officials empowered to decide which paper is designated, had persuaded a probate judge to go along with a switch to the *Gazette*—either because the sheriff was impressed by Albert Scardino's arguments about the benefits of encouraging competition or because, as people around the courthouse say, he was irritated at the *Evening Press*. The designation meant thousands of dollars a year in automatic advertising, and the advertising meant a subscription from every lawyer in the county, and the readership of lawyers meant one more sales point to potential advertisers. The *Georgia Gazette* is not the sort of alternative weekly in which official advertisements seem incongruous. It carries conventional business and social news, as well as some pieces that might offend potential advertisers and investors. It has never been known for sensationalism or scatology. Albert Scardino comes to work in a coat and tie. The *Gazette* had obviously taken some care to recognize the value that Savannah places on being respectable—which is why people in Savannah were astounded when Albert Scardino, against the wishes of the Mercer family, published a front-page story on February 11th revealing that George Mercer IV was not merely missing but presumed kidnapped, and that Michael Harper was the chief suspect.



Although the F.B.I. agent at Spanky's had not said why he wanted to know if anybody had seen George Mercer IV or Michael Harper, Richard Sommers could think of only two reasons for the F.B.I. to be involved—a large drug bust or a kidnapping. Sommers had started questioning some of Mercer's friends, and Scardino had bluffed a lot of the rest of the story out of a local police official. Although George Mercer III would not admit that his son had been kidnapped, it was clear that he did not want a story printed. "In the tried-and-true Savannah tradition, he called one of our stockholders," Scardino said later. It was argued, by the stockholder and others, that a story might endanger George Mercer IV if he really had been kidnapped. Albert Scardino was not persuaded. Mercer had been missing for ten days. The F.B.I. was openly looking for him. When Scardino pressed an agent at the Savannah F.B.I. office to say whether a story might be harmful, the agent would only repeat F.B.I. policy about not commenting on a case in progress. Scardino says he could not see the sort of clear and present danger that would have caused him to go along with, say, the embargo on stories about the American Embassy employees hiding in the Canadian Embassy in Teheran. He telephoned George Mercer III to inform him that the story would be printed and to suggest that the Mercers make some preparation for the press interest that would follow—preparations such as designating a spokesman. The man Albert Scardino was dealing with, after all, was practically a friend of the family. George Mercer III said, as Scardino recalls it, "You'd better quit worrying about a couple of little birds and streams and start worrying about the value of human life."

A lot of people in Savannah thought that Albert Scardino made a mistake in printing the story. They thought that whatever he had learned in journalism school about the people's right to know simply did not apply. Some people thought that Scardino was just trying to make a splash. Some people thought the story might endanger young George Mercer's life. Some people were pretty certain it would endanger Albert Scardino's newspaper. They were amazed that Scardino, whose background had obviously enabled him to understand how the city worked, could have suddenly chosen a course that was so patently self-destructive. The Mercers and those close to them were furious. The Trust Company of Georgia, where people like the Mercers have always done their banking, cancelled a large advertising campaign that was about to begin in the *Gazette*. Twenty people wrote angry letters to the editor cancelling their subscriptions. Some people pointedly snubbed Albert Scardino on the street. One aunt of George Mercer IV ended an angry telephone conversation with Marjorie Scardino late one night by saying that she hoped the Scardino children would be kidnapped. Albert Scardino heard that a regular subject of conversation at one luncheon table at the Oglethorpe Club was how to put the *Georgia Gazette* out of business.

Some people claimed that the *Gazette* story, aside from any danger it might pose for George Mercer IV, would warn Michael Harper to get out of town, and they may have been right: on the day the story was published, Harper left Savannah. He had the bad luck, though, to hitch a ride with a van that was stopped for speeding. Within a day, he was back in jail—held for a probation violation—and the F.B.I. started amassing enough evidence to charge him with trying to extort forty-two thousand dollars from George Mercer III. Harper admitted nothing. He did say that if the police would let him out of

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jail he would help look for Mercer—probably in Greenville, South Carolina. Finally, toward the end of April, the police found Mercer themselves—buried in a shallow grave in the woods on the grounds of Armstrong State. He had been shot twice. Michael Harper was charged with murder.

THE coroner said that George Mercer IV had probably been killed the first day he was missing. The implication that the *Gazette* story had appeared well after Mercer's death did not do much to reduce animosity toward Albert Scardino. "The real improper thing," Scardino has said, "was not that we endangered his life but that an upstanding, powerful, rich member of the community asked us to do something and we ignored his request." A lot of people in Savannah would probably agree that there was something in the Mercers' anger beyond the genuine concern that any family would have for the safety of a son. Albert Scardino believes that people close to the Mercers were furious not simply because they had been defied but because they had been defied by someone whose family had been accepted into the group of people in Savannah accustomed to sorting out any difficulty with a telephone call. "That was the special betrayal that caused the special animosity," he says. Richard Sommers, who did not grow up with the Mercers and the Scardinos, has a different way of explaining the special animosity. "They didn't consider the crime a crime against society but a crime against them," he said recently. "They wanted it handled their way. We treated it as a crime against society. We made them common."

In July, Albert Scardino learned that at the end of 1980 the legal advertising that had been given to the *Gazette* a year and a half before would revert to the *Evening Press*—cutting the *Gazette's* annual income by some thirty per cent. The official who pushed for the reversion was the same sheriff who had been the *Gazette's* champion. For a year and a half, of course, the *Evening Press* had been trying to win back the advertising, using every form of pressure at its disposal; the officials in charge of the designation were even lobbied by *News-Press* reporters assigned to cover their activities. Last spring, though, the officials began to receive telephone calls from what one of them has called "surprisingly high places." George Mercer III says he had no part in a campaign to deprive the *Gazette* of legal advertising, but he also acknowledges that he had heard about the telephone calls—made, perhaps, by people he describes as "misguidedly thinking they were representing me." There are, as Mercer suggests, a number of other ways that the reversion can be explained. For a while, Scardino himself had an ornate theory involving the Georgia senatorial election. It may even be, of course, that the sheriff simply changed his mind for sound reasons of public policy—although that interpretation is not bolstered by his refusal to discuss the matter. Albert Scardino now believes that the change was brought about by a combination of factors, but he has become convinced that one of them was a decision made over lunch at the Oglethorpe Club.

THIS winter, Michael Harper finally went on trial. Just before the trial started, he pleaded guilty to extortion, but he still contended that George Mercer IV had been alive the last time he saw him. According to his defense on the murder charge—revealed by the *Georgia Gazette* just before the trial got under way—everything had flowed from an attempt that he and George Mercer IV made to raise capital for a business they wanted to launch: a custom-stereo-speaker concern called Quest Labs. Harper said that he and Mercer and two other people, whom he refused to name, had tried to raise the capital by buying more than forty thousand dollars' worth of marijuana for resale. They had bought the marijuana on credit, Harper said, but it had been stolen before they could resell it. Under threat of death from the people who wanted their forty-two thousand, the four partners had decided to extort the money from George Mercer's father—with young George himself as a full participant. When the extortion scheme fell apart, Harper said, the four had fled in different directions. Harper calmly, sometimes brilliantly, defended his story on the witness stand. The jury took four hours to convict him of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Maintaining his innocence to the end, Harper said he could only offer his condolences to the Mercer family on George's death. "He was a friend of mine," Harper said.

Not many people in Savannah believed Harper's story. It sounded like a knock-off of the defense in the Bronfman kidnapping. Still, there are a lot of people who don't believe that, as the prosecution maintained, Michael Harper simply kidnapped George Mercer IV and shot him in cold blood to avoid having a prisoner to guard while negotiating the ransom. The *Gazette* coverage has constantly pointed out loose ends in that version of what happened. There are other stories floating around Savannah to explain what might have happened between George Mercer IV, the gullible son of a rich family, and the brilliant but twisted Michael Harper. A lot of them, like a lot of stories that try to explain mysteries these days, have to do with drugs. What makes some people in Savannah feel vulnerable is that George Mercer IV and Michael Harper knew each other at all. George Mercer III still finds it astonishing that the young people Michael Harper came in contact with didn't know or didn't care about his criminal record. Thinking about it recently, a resident of Savannah in his sixties said, "What this business with drugs and the new life style and all that has changed is this: We didn't use to have to worry about our kids' mingling with someone like that."

AFTER a short period of coolness, people close to the Mercers began to treat Dr. Peter Scardino and his wife the way they had treated them before George Mercer IV disappeared. George Mercer III is quick to express his respect for Dr. Scardino. The Scardinos were quick to express their sympathy to the Mercers. Whatever might have been done by relatives of the Mercers, Dr. Scardino has never thought of the Mercers themselves as the sort of people who could tell a mother that they hoped her children would be kidnapped. A few days after the trial, George Mercer III said, "I'm too drained spiritually and mentally and physically to have any animosity toward anybody," but he couldn't speak of Albert Scardino without the animosity's coming to the surface. The family's bitterness toward Scardino had been increased, in fact, by the *Gazette's* coverage of the trial, which Mercer considered a matter of "gross callousness and insensitivity." Despite prosecution testimony to the contrary, the *Gazette* wrote, investigators had been told that George Mercer IV did some minor dealing in marijuana and perhaps cocaine. Even the *News-Press*, whose coverage of the case had been dominated by politesse (a February feature

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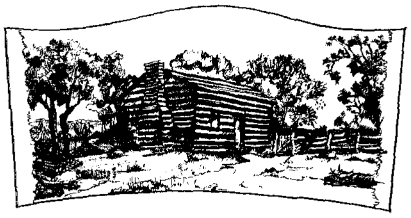

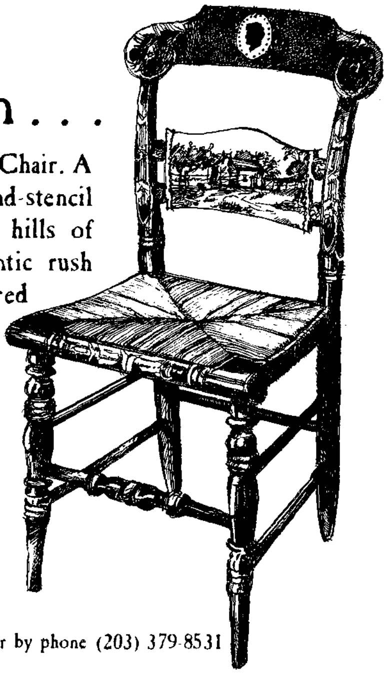

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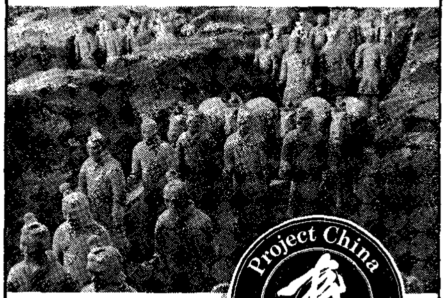

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about George Mercer IV and his friends had been headlined "MERCER CALLED 'TYPICAL' YOUNG MAN"), had been forced to bring up the subject of drugs in covering Michael Harper's defense. A day after the sentencing, the Mercers, who had been dealing with the press through a family spokesman, asked a local television reporter they knew to come to their house with a film crew. Mrs. Mercer read a statement saying that their son had not been involved in drugs and could not have been involved in any schemes with Michael Harper. After she had read the statement, Mrs. Mercer added, "I would like to say that George was not a friend of this man."

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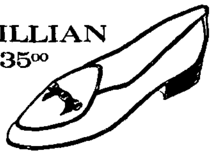

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MUSICAL EVENTS

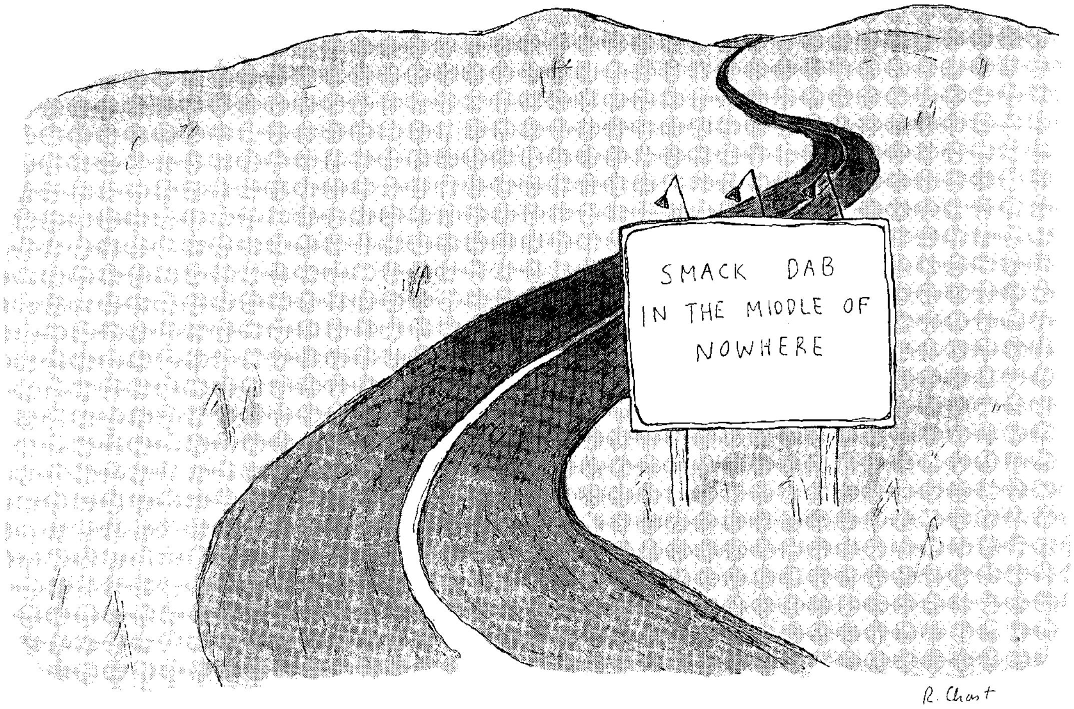
Votaries

DURING December, the School of Music at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, sponsored a four-day symposium on Handel's "Messiah." Handel scholars discussed the work, its origins, its history, and its place in musical life, and two performances were given. The first was sponsored by the University Musical Society; Donald Bryant conducted the University Choral Union, of about two hundred and fifty voices, with American soloists and an orchestra of modern instruments, drawn from players in the University Symphony Orchestra. The second was given by the small original-instrument ensemble Ars Musica, which is based in Ann Arbor; it was joined by the Collegium Chorus, of twenty-three voices, and by soloists from England, Belgium, and Holland; the conductor was Edward Parmentier. In these pages a year ago, I criticized the almost exclusive association of "Messiah" with Christmas. (Handel usually performed it around Easter.) But the prospect of a full-scale investigation of the work, and of two performances that—to put it mildly—would be strongly contrasted in their forces and their approach, took me to Ann Arbor.

Charles Jennens, who compiled the collection of scriptural extracts which forms the libretto, called "Messiah" an entertainment. Handel surely intended it to make money, though he soon found that it was really successful only when he performed it in aid of charity. He described it as a "sacred oratorio," but it was not intended as a liturgical piece or as an act of worship. Yet within a century "Messiah" had become a symbol of traditional religious observance and deep communal feeling; it was treated with respect and awe, and was performed in a manner that Handel could not have foreseen. In a fascinating group of papers at the Ann Arbor conference, scholars surveyed the growth of "Messiah" traditions in different countries. Charles Hamm, of Dartmouth, noted that at the World's Peace Jubilee and International Festival, in Boston, in June, 1872, "All we like sheep" and the "Hallelujah" Chorus were performed by eighteen thousand voices and two thousand instruments. Howard Smither, of the University of North Carolina, quoted press reports of nineteenth-century English performances to establish the conception of Handel's work which lay behind its inflation for large forces: "Who ever heard of a choir too large for Handel?" asked the *Musical Examiner* in 1843. "Not though nations should be formed into choirs and the genius of thunder were to swell the harmony till it shook the very spheres, would the true votary of Handel cry 'Hold! enough!' "

But for some years now musicians who have thought of themselves as Handel's true votaries have been crying "Hold! enough!" The massive performances of "Messiah" with orchestras using "additional accompaniments" have been complemented by much smaller accounts, which have attempted to return to at least some of the practices of "Messiah"'s heard during Handel's lifetime. From details preserved by the Foundling Hospital, in London, we can establish what forces Handel used during the seventeen-fifties. In 1754, the orchestra consisted of twenty-five strings, with four oboes, four bassoons, two trumpets, two horns, and timpani and organ. The choir was made up of four or six boy sopranos and thirteen men from the Chapel Royal; the soloists probably joined them in the choruses. Few recent performances have met all these specifications. One can draw up a sliding scale of possible changes in nineteenth-century practices: first, the renunciation of instrumental parts that Handel never wrote and instruments that he never wrote for; then a reduction in numbers of choral singers to provide a truer balance between voices and orchestra; then, perhaps, an attempt to familiarize soloists with features of Baroque performance practice; then the replacement of modern orchestral instruments with their eighteenth-century predecessors; and, finally, the replacement of choral forces with those that more nearly approximate Handel's usage—for example, boy sopranos and men altos in place of women.

For an oratorio that Victorians regarded as inviolate, "Messiah" exists in a remarkable number of versions—versions that Handel made for the different forces (particularly for the different soloists) that were available at different times. He began to revise the autograph of the work even before its première, in Dublin, in 1742; he removed, for instance, the opening of the recitative "Thus saith the Lord," and probably cancelled the repeated trills in the ritornello of "Ev'ry valley." (These first thoughts may be heard on the recording of "Messiah" by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under Neville Marriner, issued by Argo.) The changes appear in



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Handel's score, which was published in facsimile as long ago as 1868. Most subsequent revisions appear in his conducting score, which was published in facsimile in 1974. The most important contribution of the Ann Arbor conference was its insistence that the developing story of "Messiah" does not end with Handel's death—that we should treat with equal respect the many versions of the oratorio which were developed by his followers. In a witty address, David Fuller, of the State University of New York at Buffalo, placed himself as a Handelian Buck Rogers far in the future; he surveyed the myriad "Messiah" traditions from the past and provided a perspective against which *to judge the foolishness of attempting* to establish which "Messiah" was "right."

Today's performers, however, cannot place themselves so diplomatically in the future; they have to make decisions now. My suggestion last year that the continuing number of large-scale accounts of the work in New York, unbalanced by smaller accounts, did a disservice to Handel's intentions was roundly attacked in the opening session of the conference by Nicholas Temperley, of the University of Illinois. He suggested that since Handel was dead we should not be guided by his intentions, and that the nineteenth-century "Messiah" tradition was a valuable part of our religious and cultural heritage, which should not be jettisoned in the quest for an "authenticity" that could be only imperfectly achieved. After this firm drawing of battle lines, the two Ann Arbor accounts of "Messiah" might have provided ammunition for a sharp conflict between "traditional" and "authentic" views of the work. But what was interesting about the large-scale performance was the extent to which it adopted a new kind of traditionalism, and what was interesting about the small-scale performance was how modern seemed its re-creation of a Handelian style.

The "traditional" account raised few passions. The discipline and precision of the choral singing were splendid; the altos were especially good. The soloists sang conventionally but well, and one—Bejun Mehta, a boy soprano—was outstanding in the recitative "There were shepherds" and the aria "But Thou didst not leave." The forces were predominantly young, and that insured many lively moments. But an odd impression of "Messiah" was given. The second and third parts were heavily cut, to make a continuous section, which balanced Part One. The second section began with an aria instead of a chorus. The two final choruses moved jarringly from E-flat major into D major. Mr. Bryant's ideas of expressiveness were curious: the slow sections of the sinfonia moved glassily, without articulation; the choral acclamation at the end of "And the glory" was sung pianissimo, as was the great passage "And the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" even the jagged fury of the orchestral accompaniment to "Why do the nations" emerged smooth and mellow. The audience stood and joined in the "Hallelujah" Chorus. (Music was provided.) There was a harpsichord. There were no additional accompaniments, no clarinets—not even *any* horns such as Handel sometimes used. The balance between the huge chorus and the small orchestra was constantly awry, and the change of volume between the choral numbers and the solo parts demanded constant aural readjustment. Except, perhaps, for the use of the boy soprano, this was a modern traditional version of "Messiah."

Ars Musica's performance, in the small Church of St. Andrew, in Ann Arbor, did rouse passions among the Handel scholars. The oratorio was done with exemplary completeness—even including the full da capo of "The trumpet shall sound" and the long version of the duet "O death, where is thy sting?" The very small original-instrument ensemble—six violins, two violas, single cello and bass, two oboes, bassoon, two trumpets, and timpani—produced some distinctive sounds: a wiry, gentle lyricism in "He shall feed his flock," crisp dotted rhythms in "Surely he has borne our griefs," and exciting, clear sixteenth-note figurations in the chorus accompaniments. But it could not quite do justice to the full textures of the music; it made the oratorio sound like chamber music. In the choruses adapted from Italian chamber cantatas, the orchestra sounded good until the great climaxes, which Handel added ("Wonderful, Counsellor," in "For unto us;" "That they may offer," in "And He shall purify"). The twenty-three singers of the accomplished and brilliant choir dominated the evening, dispatching the music with a power and attack that left one breathless. But in the process—and this was what roused passion—they decimated the text, splitting syllables with pauses, never holding suspensions across bar lines, and attaching consonants to the wrong words ("de-ligh-tin him"). Each chord faded quickly, so that final consonants were rarely heard. I would not be inclined to criticize the choral singing for its unintelligibility; everyone was aware of what words were being sung (and an "authentic" audience would have been provided with wordbooks). But the fierce, jerky style showed little responsiveness to the gentle and penetrating sound of the original instruments. The soloists, however, cultivated long, legato lines, lightly sustained, so as to carry both the pulse of the music and the sense of the words. Max van Egmond, bass, was direct and thrillingly precise; Marius van Altena, tenor, made his arioso "Behold and see" a moving, understated Passion scene. The alto René Jacobs (who had given an illuminating paper on the rhetorical nature of the da-capo aria) was subdued but effective in "He was despised." The soprano Emma Kirkby was brilliant in "Rejoice greatly" and serene in "He shall feed His flock," and managed to make the final "If God be for us" a celebratory aria. Much of the thrusting, dynamic quality of the performance came from the conductor. In a symposium, Mr. Parmentier had declared his belief that dance movements should inspire many of the tempi, and the oratorio certainly bubbled; there was not a dull moment in the three-hour span. But it was at its best when the tension relaxed: when the distinctively modern hardness of the choral singing softened and mingled with the instrumental sound; and in the soloists' recitatives, which were ideally simple and communicative.

IN December, I heard two further "Messiah"s designed along roughly "traditional" and "authentic" lines, one in New York and the other in Washington, D.C. The New York version, by the Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, under David Randolph, was given seven performances, at Avery Fisher and Carnegie Halls, and was advertised, in a neo-traditional manner, as "complete, with Handel's original instrumentation." But that meant using a conventional modern chamber orchestra; as in both

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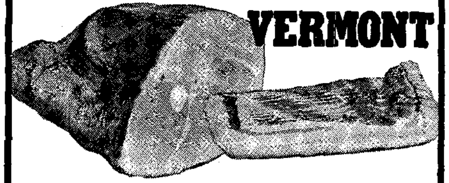

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Ann Arbor accounts, there were not enough oboes and bassoons to make an impression on the orchestral sound. The da capo of "The trumpet shall sound" was cut, though the trumpet soloist seemed in his ritornello to be working up to some fine ornamentation. The choir was huge and woolly, and appeared to have less to do with Handel's music than with a desire to accommodate as many people as possible in an act of celebration: a distinctively nineteenth-century approach. Mr. Randolph, whose direction of Puccini and Mendelssohn with the St. Cecilia Choir I enjoyed last year, set strange tempi and did unmusical things. The exciting outburst "Great was the company" was suddenly hushed to a sotto voce; "For as in Adam" had a sforzando in the middle; and "Blessing and honor" was almost brought to a halt by a violent allargando. Soloists stood in a bright spotlight; the continuo player had to rush from harpsichord to organ. The orchestral playing was not precise. The performance was sprightly, eager, but loose.

In Washington, at the National Presbyterian Church, the Smithsonian Institution presented a performance with original instruments which, although it included some of Ars Musica's players, could scarcely have been more different from the Ann Arbor version. The church was large and resonant. A choir of boys and men was used. The orchestra was of a size Handel used; it included four oboes and four bassoons, which made a delicious buzzing sound on the bass line. The forces closely matched those on the recent recording of "Messiah" by the Academy of Ancient Music and the Cathedral Choir of Christ Church, Oxford, directed by Christopher Hogwood (L'Oiseau-Lyre). But, perhaps because the Smithsonian performance was itself being recorded, to be issued on disc, the account seemed cautious. Few unusual or even striking sounds emerged from the orchestra. The choir sang with a lightness and grace that made the choruses airy and transparent. But there was little sense of communication between its style and that of the orchestra, and not even a rudimentary matching of phrasing and articulation. For reasons of recording balance, the choir was placed not in the central area of the church but to the left; most of the audience could not see it. The orchestra was crowded to the right of center. Soloists were to the left. James Weaver directed. The soloists were Carole Bogard, Elvira

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Green, Jeffrey Gall, Charles Bressler, and Leslie Guinn—fine singers all, and experienced in the Baroque repertory. But they created a sound world distinct from that of the choir and that of the orchestra; only Mr. Gall's nasal but effective countertenor (he was not afraid to use the baritone register in his arias) complemented the more incisive moments of string playing. The performance was highly professional; there were no squeaks and scratches from the old instruments, and everything would have been acceptable to an open-minded listener. But, as on Mr. Hogwood's recording, there was a pervasive feeling of blandness. Little was risked. If the use of original instruments and performing forces implies anything, it implies taking chances—to see if the unfamiliar resources tell us anything new about the piece. It is too easy to use those resources to create a "Messiah" that is reassuringly familiar.

THAT the problems of recapturing a truly Handelian style are varied and cannot be solved merely by choice of forces or of performing versions is supported by the two recordings of "Messiah" on original instruments which have so far appeared—Mr. Hogwood's, and one by the French conductor Jean-Claude Malgoire, on CBS (not yet released in this country). Neither of these begins to approach the success of the best recordings with modern instrumental forces and mixed choral forces, of which Colin Davis's (Philips) and Charles Mackerras's (Angel) remain the leaders. But I continue to believe that the more we learn about Handel's own performances—what his musical notation really means, why he chose certain singers, what the techniques of his orchestral players were, how he directed his forces, and so on—the more likely it is that "Messiah" will continue to refresh and delight us.

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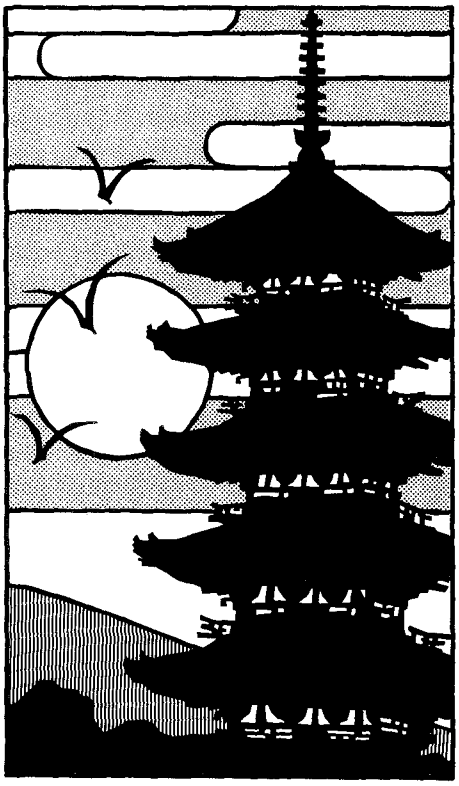

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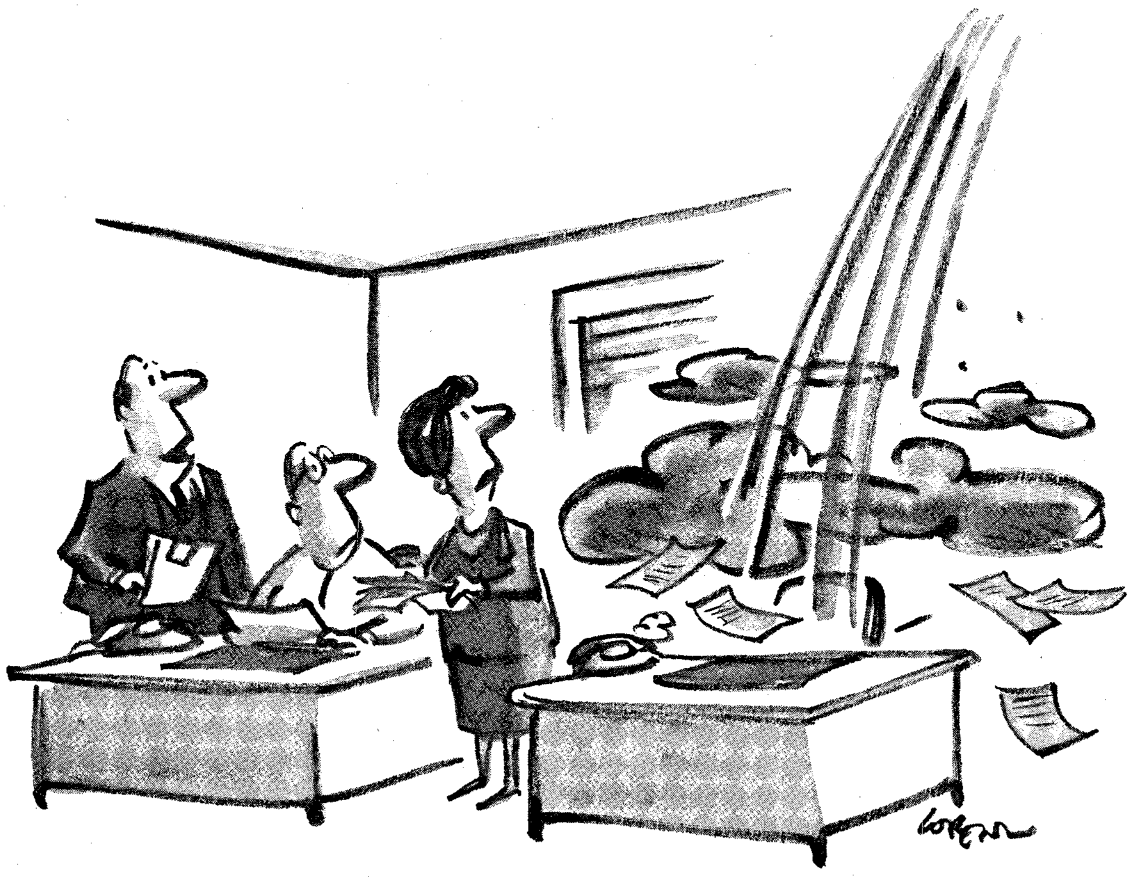
IN his recently published book "City People: The Rise of Modern City Culture in Nineteenth-Century America," Gunther Barth, a professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley, generally avoids the polysyllabic abstractions that overcome many scholarly sorts at the sound of the words "urban" and "municipal." He takes the original and rather antic approach of seeing the rise of a distinctive American-big-city style of life in the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth (the era he deals with ends, essentially, with the proliferation of the automobile, which encouraged the movement to the suburbs after the First World War) as the consequence of five new elements that changed the way city people lived and enjoyed themselves in those decades. One was the apartment house. In densely settled blocks where land values put the single-family home out of reach of most city dwellers, this innovation offered them space that, like the former alternative, the boarding house, kept them close to their neighbors and was at the same time private. Another element was the metropolitan press, whose growth, made possible by nineteenth-century technology, gave newcomers to the cities a sense of community and filled the need for enlightenment and gossip that they had known among friends and relatives in the small towns of this country and Europe which many of them had recently left. There was the department store, which for the first time drew women of all classes out of their kitchens and parlors and into the downtown centers, previously given over to men going about their business. There was the vaudeville palace, which also brought all kinds of people together downtown and, in Barth's view, while entertaining them, helped them adjust to the abrasiveness and diversity of their new urban existence. And the fifth element—another prime influence that Barth will probably surprise many readers by citing—was the development of organized baseball: "the first urban spectator sport," as he calls it, which "introduced urbanites unfamiliar with the rules of their seemingly erratic world to the importance of restraints within countless activities of a free society" and at the same time delivered the exhilarating message that, within a framework of strict rules, marvellous things could happen. Necessary to most of these influences on big-city culture, the author stresses, was the development during the last century of various forms of mass transit, which allowed all residents to move easily from place to place in cities, as in earlier days only the affluent had been free to do.

Barth touches on a few events in San Francisco, but most of his space is given over to the evolving ways of life in St. Louis and Chicago, in the Midwest, and in the Northeastern cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and, particularly, New York. About half of his book is concerned with events in New York, the place of origin of many of the big-city developments that he believes made the difference. It was on the cramped island of Manhattan that most of the earliest American apartment houses were built. This city was the site of the first elegant downtown department store, A. T. Stewart's seven-story Marble Palace, which opened in 1846 at Broadway and Chambers Street. (The Marble Palace still stands in the block north of City Hall, a dingy structure that now houses such examples of even more modern city culture as discount stores and municipal welfare offices.) New York was the home of the Palace, vaudeville's high temple, and of many of the houses, such as Tony Pastor's, that vaudeville acts played on the way to the Palace. It had the most and the biggest-circulation metropolitan newspapers, one of which, the *World*, introduced the nation's first sports page. And it was in a vacant lot northeast of Madison Square (later the site of the original Madison Square Garden) that, in the early eighteen-forties, the New York Knickerbockers, a group of young society gentlemen captained by Alexander Cartwright, met twice a week for a pickup game based on the old English game of rounders. In 1845, Cartwright devised and had printed up the first



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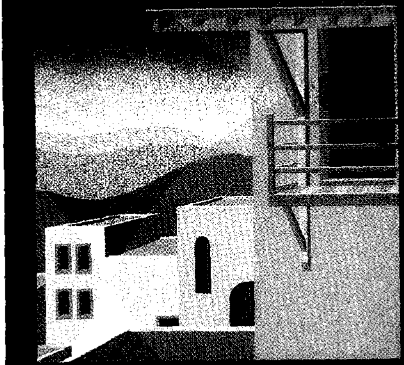
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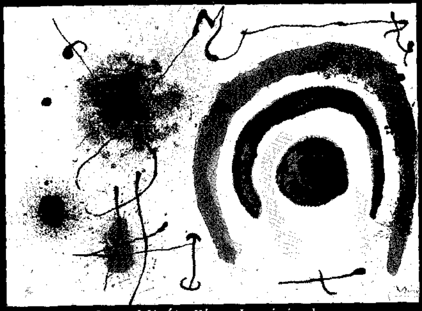
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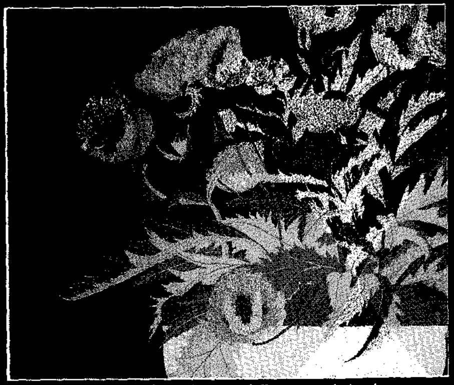
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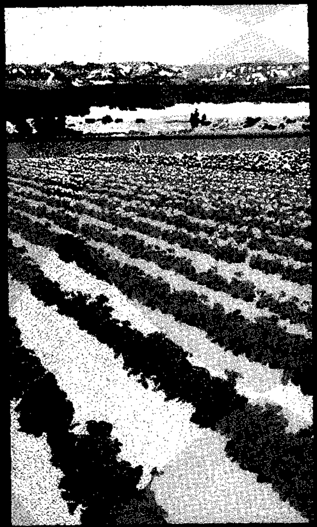
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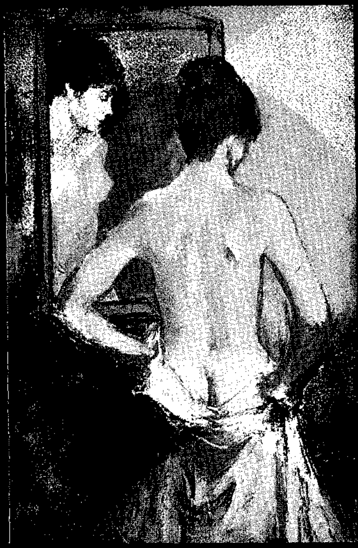
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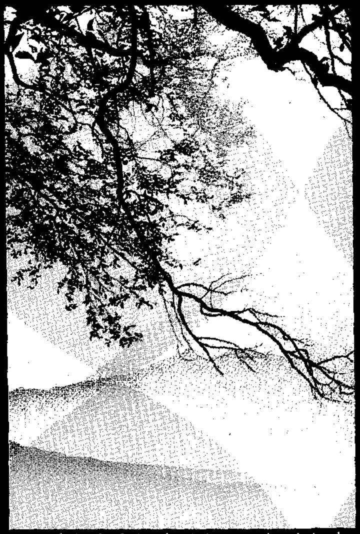
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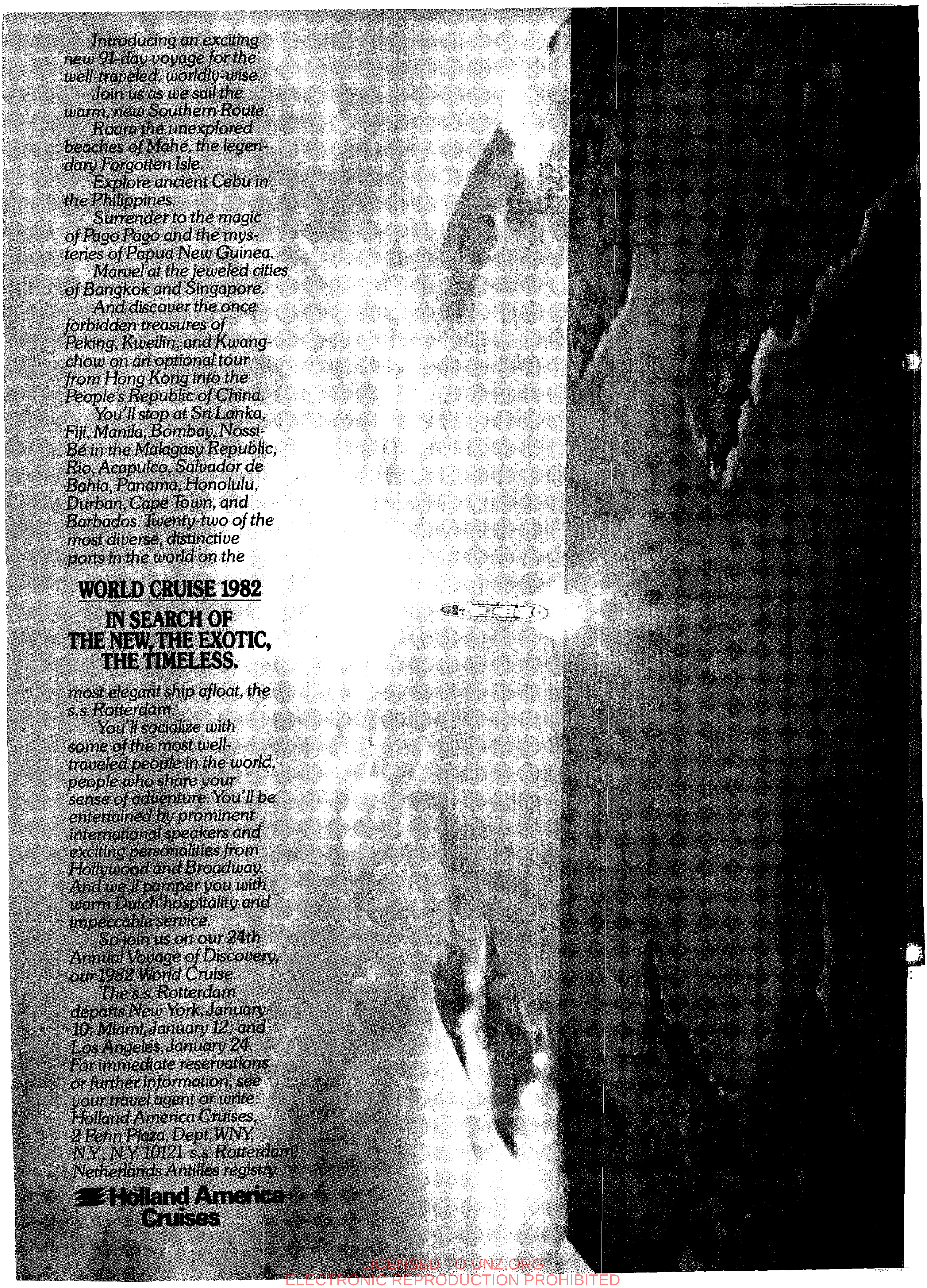

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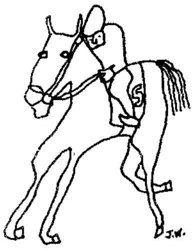
detailed formal rules for the national pastime, which, as a result, baseball old-timers called "the New York game."

BARTH takes the position in his book that the rise of city life as he describes it was "the greatest news story of the nineteenth century." By the time the book was published, however, it was clear that one of the greatest news stories of the last quarter of the twentieth century was the precipitate decline of the same Midwestern and Northeastern cities whose ever-expanding glory days he had written of. Now they were part of what Felix Rohatyn, the Lazard Frères partner who, as the result of his central role in New York's 1975 fiscal crisis, has become something of a guru on urban matters, has called "an arc of economic crisis" that begins in Baltimore, curves northward and westward to Minneapolis, and then moves south to St. Louis. It was also evident that New York, accustomed to being in the vanguard of everything, was taking hardest of all the news that it was included among the national areas that were considered to be over the hill, victims of the aging-city syndrome, left behind by history. Nathan Leventhal, New York's acting Mayor, had a harsh comment after hearing about the report of President Carter's Commission for a National Agenda for the Eighties. This document, prematurely released late in December by someone close to the commission, recommended that, since economically troubled Northern cities were no longer able to provide their unskilled residents, many of them on welfare, with manufacturing jobs at the entry level, the federal government should actively help those residents move to the Sun Belt, where such jobs and a better life were available. Leventhal, one of the city's two deputy mayors, who was serving in Mayor Edward Koch's place while the Mayor was on a vacation trip in the Middle East, said, "It all reminds me of the last scene from 'Fiddler on the Roof.'" Apparently, he said, the commission "expects us all to get together, pack our goods, and get out of town in three days." Koch's comment on the commission's report when he telephoned his office from Jerusalem was said to be "unprintable." Russell Baker expressed surprise in the *Times* that the howling over the prospect of Northern cities' problems being unloaded on the Sun Belt wasn't coming from the Sun Belt. Instead, the loudest cries of outrage were coming from the New York politicians—a situation that was hard to explain, Baker wrote, "beyond the fact that New York politicians are natural howlers."



The President's Commission for a National Agenda for the Eighties, whose chairman was William McGill, former president of Columbia University, had also recommended such social programs as a minimum-income guarantee, national health insurance, and the federalization of welfare costs. The last of these was one that Koch had strenuously urged upon Washington, often explaining that if New York were relieved of its welfare and Medicaid burdens its financial condition would be so much improved that "we could lend money to Chrysler." The assumption of local officials had been that under such an arrangement the city would retain its large population along with the federally provided welfare money. The implication of the commission's report, however, was that the entitlements it recommended would be portable, under a "people-oriented" rather than a "place-oriented" policy of assistance to the Northern urban poor. For their own good, the recipients would be helped to move not only to where the jobs were but to "a healthier environment," so that living in slums would not add to their "multiple afflictions." Readers of the report living in the Frost Belt were not surprised to learn that the chairman of the commission's urban panel was Charles Bishop, the president of the University of Houston System. "Contrary to conventional wisdom, cities are not permanent" was one line in the report. Rather than "attempting to halt the shrinkage of a metropolitan area," it said, government policy should encourage acceptance of the fact that the decline of the cities of the "old industrial heartland" is inexorable—that "growth and decline are integral parts of the same dynamic process in urban life." The government should simply persuade city officials of the inevitability of such shrinkage and decline. This was not the message that New York City had carried to Washington when it went there for federal loan guarantees to keep it out of bankruptcy. Nor is ac-

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ceptance of shrinkage traditionally the American way. When Mayor Koch got back to town, his comment on the commission's recommendations was "That report has got to be demolished. It's got to be stomped on by everybody."

THE information that cities in the Sun Belt have advantages unknown to those farther north did not come as a bolt out of the blue to officials of Frost Belt cities. In the last few years, whenever a Houston official, however politely, has made the point that Houston's fiscal state compares very favorably with that of Detroit, Detroit's Mayor, Coleman Young, has responded that a city like Houston with producing oil wells all over town has a lot easier time balancing its budget. Oil was once struck on a street identified as New York's Fifth Avenue, but it happened in the Sun Belt. For its 1969 movie "Hello, Dolly!," Twentieth Century-Fox arranged to have built at the entrance to its Hollywood studio a set that re-created parts of Fifth Avenue and Broadway as they had looked in the eighteen-nineties, at the height of the modern-city culture that Gunther Barth describes. Since the movie was finished, the set, which was kept almost intact, has turned into a minor bonanza, rented out at thirty-five hundred dollars a day to producers of films, commercials, and television shows with vintage New York backgrounds. The profitable arrangement has continued although, along the way, the Gulf company discovered a large oil field beneath the set. From behind the reconstructions of the old Waldorf-Astoria and Tony Pastor's, twenty-two wells draw off oil by means of a directional-drilling process that doesn't disturb the nineteenth-century street scenes. However, prospective revenues from such a strike beneath the real Fifth Avenue are not anything that Mayor Koch can include in his annual budget.

Despite all the talk in this part of the country about the special assets of the Sun Belt—including, according to the constant local complaint, preferential treatment from Washington in the form of huge dam projects, military installations, and defense contracts, none of which, New Yorkers point out, prevented Southerners and Westerners from denouncing the city's federal loan guarantees as an egregious handout—few Americans in the Midwest and Northeast were prepared for the dimensions of the population shift revealed in the 1980 census

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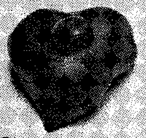

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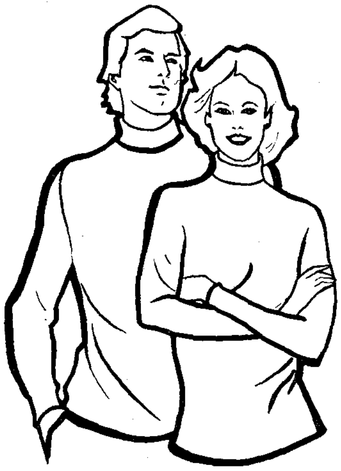

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figures that were released on December 31st. As recently as last fall, it had been predicted that the population changes would cause the Frost Belt states to lose fourteen seats in the House of Representatives, most of them to the Sun Belt. The end-of-December figures put the loss at seventeen. Of these seats, four will go to Florida, three to Texas, and two to California, which will now have forty-five—more representatives in the four-hundred-and-thirty-five-member House than any other state in history. Of the five seats New York will lose, bringing its total down to thirty-four, four are expected to come from the city. New York State's decrease in population was 3.8 per cent; that of the city was 11.1 per cent. In 1970, it was one of the few large cities east of the Mississippi to be credited with an increase over 1960. It is thus far better off than other cities, such as Cleveland and St. Louis, which have been shrinking decade by decade. St. Louis's population of 448,640 represents a drop of 27.9 per cent since 1970; in the thirty years beginning in 1950, it lost almost half of its residents, and it is now reduced to the size it was in the eighteen-eighties. New York remains, of course, the nation's largest city, and its 1980 total of 7,015,608—the figure given by the Bureau of the Census—is higher than that predicted last September, when an estimated loss of 13.8 per cent would have brought its population below seven million for the first time since the nineteen-thirties.

The city does not accept the Census Bureau totals as final. Like Detroit and eleven other localities, it has challenged the Bureau's procedures in court. New York has claimed an undercount of eight hundred thousand, basing its argument in part on the Census Bureau's acknowledgment that in 1970 it missed about four and a half million Americans and that those missed were to a disproportionate degree black. However, an across-the-board upward adjustment, which many consider to be the most likely legal relief that might be offered, in view of the numerous litigants, would not necessarily be of great benefit to New York, according to Richard Nathan, professor of public and international affairs at Princeton. Studies have shown, Nathan reports, that the blacks who were missed in 1970 were widely dispersed around the country—that, indeed, more rural than urban residents went uncounted. Moreover, New York City's perhaps twenty-five-per-

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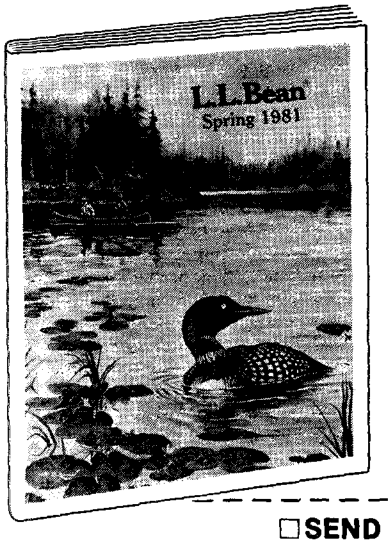

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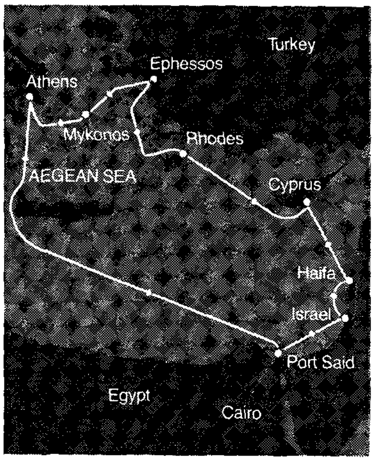

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cent proportion of blacks is not high among large Eastern cities; the District of Columbia, which is listed as having lost sixteen per cent of its population in the nineteen-seventies, is three-quarters black. As for the proposition that the census missed very large numbers of Hispanic New Yorkers or illegal aliens (also often Hispanics), any adjustment for alleged undercounts of such residents in Florida, Texas, and California would surely be larger than that for New York, causing an even sharper tilt to the Sun Belt. Nathan also challenges the claim, a favorite at New York's City Hall, that each resident missed by the census would deprive the city of two hundred dollars a year in federal aid, or, at the rate of eight hundred thousand uncounted New Yorkers, a billion six hundred million dollars over a ten-year period. Nathan points out that since 1977 it has been Washington's practice to award extra federal aid to cities on the basis of their declining populations. According to Nathan, a study of Trenton, whose problems resemble those of New York on a smaller scale, shows that the amount Trenton would gain for additional residents might actually be less than would otherwise come to it under the decline-in-population formula. Of this city's claim of a loss of two hundred dollars a year for each uncounted resident, Nathan, who is not often quoted at City Hall, has said, "I would be surprised if the figure for New York were higher than two dollars per person."

In any event, Vincent Barabba, director of the Bureau of the Census, continues to insist that the 1980 count is the most accurate in history. If Barabba, who had not appreciated Koch's references to him as "Barabbas," the figure identified in the Bible as a murderer and a robber, hadn't previously associated New York with trouble, he was bound to do so after last October 27th. On that night, all the census records for the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, the city's largest ghetto area, were destroyed in a fire, which was later declared by the Fire Department to have been deliberately set. Howard Golden, the Borough President of Brooklyn, suggested that it had been set by the census-takers themselves "to cover up their incompetence." According to another view, the fire might have been set by Bedford-Stuyvesant residents interested in jobs as enumerators in the necessary recount: that would be more convenient than moving to the Sun Belt, which, many of them had heard, also had its slums and its poor folks. While the Bureau was doing a recount of Bedford-Stuyvesant, said Golden, why didn't it redo the whole borough of Brooklyn? Considering its poor record to date, said Koch, why not redo the whole city? It was just as well that the census people did not take the Mayor up on his suggestion. The figures had shown that, as of April 1st, the Bedford-Stuyvesant area had 221,252 residents living in 96,285 housing units. The new figures seemed to demonstrate that the urban shrinkage process was accelerating even more rapidly than advertised. They showed Bedford-Stuyvesant with 215,695 residents, living in 89,369 housing units.

THE final census figures for the nation indicated that for the first time the Southern states and those west of the Mississippi would, by themselves, have enough electoral votes to choose a President. Even without this development, those states had been doing very well in that respect. Last November marked the fifth election in a row in which the winning Presidential candidate had his political home base in the Sun Belt. The last President elected from the Northeast was John F. Kennedy. The last President from New York was Franklin D. Roosevelt. In a speech in this city in 1976, Jimmy Carter referred to the growing troubles of the Northeast and the great debt he and his fellow-Southerners owed to Roosevelt for the help he had given them during the Depression—much of it funded by tax dollars provided by the then rich Northeast, as politicians from that area like to point out now that their relationship to Washington is a supplicant one. Carter said that he hoped to "do as much to unify our nation, to be sensitive to the needs of all those who live in your area, as Franklin Roosevelt was when he changed my life." He repeated this message several times while he was in the White House and during the 1980 campaign. However, since of the states in the Northeast he carried only Rhode Island last November, the clear impression was that he had not done enough. Ronald Reagan quoted Roosevelt in the speech announcing his candidacy in November, 1979, and quoted him approvingly again in his acceptance speech at the Republican Convention. However, the winning Presidential candidate did not mention any feeling of special obligation toward Roosevelt's part of the country. Indeed, the barrage of pre-inaugural proposals from members of his transition teams and Cabinet nominees which insisted on the need to "take a new look" at welfare and other social programs and to cut out mass-transit subsidies don't present an encouraging prospect for Northeastern cities and other Frost Belt areas. This city is counting on benefitting from the Republican belief that Mayor Koch's campaign attacks on Carter, his fellow-Democrat, whom he had officially endorsed, helped Reagan carry the state. Koch aides have told City Hall reporters of numerous friendly calls to him from the Reagan team, and the Mayor had nothing but kind words for the newly elected President, as was prudent. It was perhaps no more than a harmless exercise of free speech when, on the day the American hostages in Iran were released, Koch declared that "what Carter did was to encourage terrorism," while the actions of the new President would "discourage terrorism." The Mayor's unkind remarks about Carter between the election and the inauguration were less prudent, since Carter was then still the President. Late in December, Koch was informed that Carter had broken his collarbone and was wearing his arm in a sling. As an enormously popular mayor who expects to be reëlected this year almost by acclamation, Koch has not much feeling of empathy with political losers. His comment to reporters on the President's misfortune was "Now his arm goes with his rear end." Less than two weeks later, Carter's Department of Housing and Urban Development announced that, because of technical problems, it could not agree to an urban-development grant of twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars that Koch had been counting on as a key to his program to rehabilitate Times Square. Koch's staff has pointed out that the Reagan Administration has the opportunity to reinstate the grant; surely there will be some exceptions for friends in the new Administration's stern position on getting the federal government out of people's lives. Some local officials even speculated hopefully that whereas liberal politicians have had no luck in steering the federaliza-

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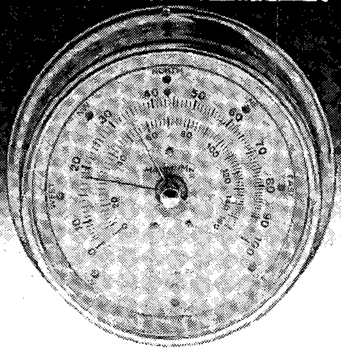

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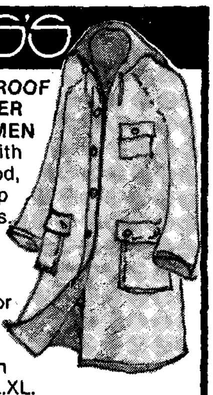

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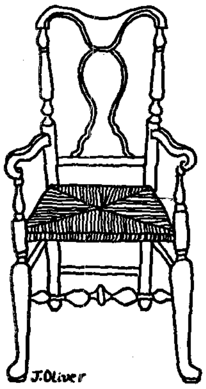
tion of welfare costs through Congress, perhaps the conservative California suburbanite will be able to do so, "the way Nixon could recognize China."

Four days before Carter left office, in the midst of the hostage crisis, the McGill commission presented its formal report to the President. The group's forty-five members included such distinguished figures as William Scranton, the former United Nations Ambassador, and John Gardner, the former head of Common Cause, both of whom, like a number of other commission members, had been preoccupied with other recommendations of the report, including those on foreign policy, public funding of congressional elections, and long-range economic solutions, and had apparently not given their full attention to the implications of what the urban panel proposed. Carter expressed agreement with most of the commission recommendations but specifically rejected the policy suggested by the urban panel. There had been rumors that McGill disagreed with the panel's proposals, which were being compared by shriller urban commentators to the Cambodian policy of driving the people in Phnom Penh out of the city into the countryside, but McGill scotched these stories. He pointed out that he had been born and had grown up in New York, and said, "I don't want to be involved in the brutalizing of my native city." However, he said, it was "best for the government not to put impediments" in the way of the normal rise and decline of communities.



THERE was a certain irony in the inclusion of New York among the areas that Americans should be encouraged to take off from. Of all the cities whose nineteenth-century development Barth wrote about in "City People," New York has continued to rely most on the nineteenth-century innovations that now seem to be coming back in style—or, at any rate, to make sense—in the strange new American world dominated by the energy crisis. Unlike most cities, New York is not predominantly dependent for transportation on the gas-guzzling automobile. Among two hundred and twenty-six million Americans, seven million New Yorkers have at their service thirty per cent of the nation's mass transit—at their service, that is, when it is working. And some two-thirds of New Yorkers are tenants, mostly in apartment houses, which are considered far more energy-efficient than the single-family homes typical of most cities and suburbs. Even if such homes were not now seen as having drawbacks connected with their use of energy, the cry is now being heard, as it was a century ago, that—in this case because of high interest rates—they are beyond the financial reach of many Americans. A few weeks before the McGill report was first released, the Council on Development Choices for the '80s, a bipartisan group convened under the aegis of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, published another federally funded study, which recommended encouraging the growth of compact metropolitan areas, the construction of multiple dwellings, and increased federal funding for mass transportation to reduce the nation's reliance on automobiles.

Commenting sarcastically on the McGill report last month, the syndicated columnist William Raspberry said, "The South Bronx is dead? Then give it a decent burial and head for the Southwest. . . . Beautiful. Help Buffalo move to Phoenix. Ship Detroit to San Diego and Boston to Albuquerque. Who wants Cleveland? Don't all shout at once." Raspberry threw out the suggestion that Sun Belt air-conditioners "chew up more electricity than the Frost Belt uses for heating." "Without air-conditioning, Houston would not have been built—it just wouldn't exist," Fred Hofheinz, the former Mayor of that city once commented. Mentioning the critical shortage of water in the Southwest, Raspberry wondered what would happen when all the people from Buffalo and the South Bronx moved there, and the water level fell dramatically. Perhaps the government would then devise subsidies and training programs to move the Sun Belt people back to the cities of the Northeast—if there were any of them left. Raspberry's scenario had a major drawback: at this very moment, a large section of the Northeast has a severe water shortage of its own; in fact, New York City has declared a drought emergency. The crisis caused the governors of Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, and New Jersey to meet and publicly complain that, as Pennsylvania's Governor Dick Thornburgh put it, a "historical distortion" in federal water allocations favor the South and West at the expense of the Northeast. New York's Governor Hugh Carey then pointed out that New York and other Eastern states, unlike those in the South and West, "maintain our own systems." He added, "We get no help whatsoever."

"Urging government to favor the Sun Belt would be a bit like bidding the sun to rise. It will, unbidden. In a democracy, numbers tell," commented the columnist George Will after the release of the McGill report. "As the Sun Belt's congressional strength grows, its dominance will be seen in the allocation of federal resources: the writing of grant formulas, the locating of military installations, and so on," Will went on to say—as if the Sun Belt had not had a great influence on the location of military installations (and so on) for a long time. Will's numbers theory also ignores the huge allocation of federal resources in the nineteen-thirties to an area that was declining in population and in every other way, the Dust Bowl—an example of national generosity that enabled much of the Dust Bowl later to become a flourishing part of the Sun Belt. As for the growing conflict between the warmer and colder parts of the nation, "regional rivalry is as American as . . . well, nothing is more American," wrote the columnist, and he mentioned, among historic clashes, that between the North and the South over slavery. Here in New York, about the same time, Felix Rohatyn also spoke of regional rivalry and invoked the Civil War. The question the McGill commission members should have tried to answer, he said, was how they would deal with the anger, despair, and possible violence of those left behind in the Northern cities as national prosperity shifted heavily to the South and West. "A house divided cannot stand, half slum, half suburb," he said. Which of these judgments prevails will be decided by the new man in the White House, who is now in charge of the nation's agenda for the eighties.

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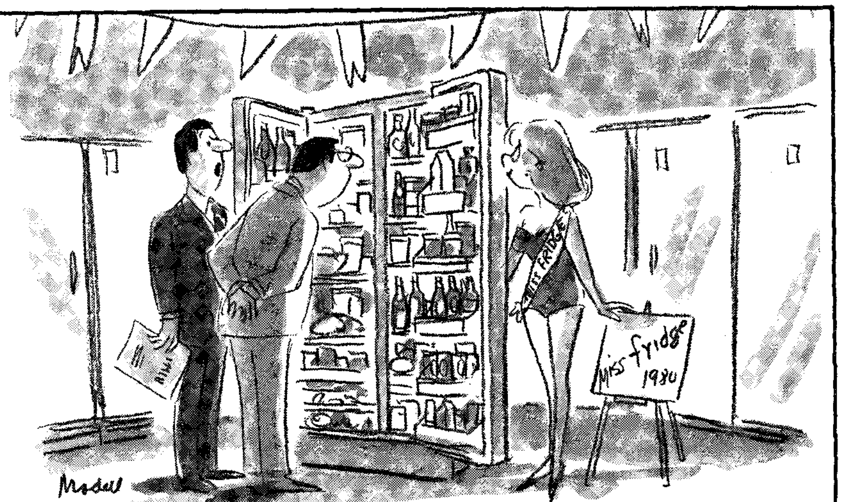

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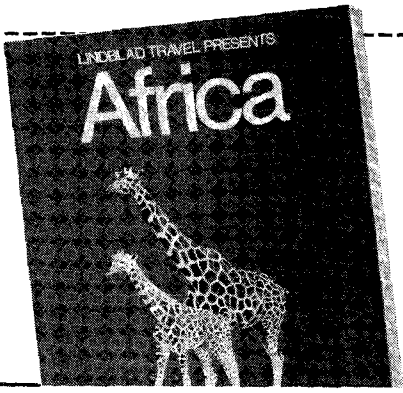

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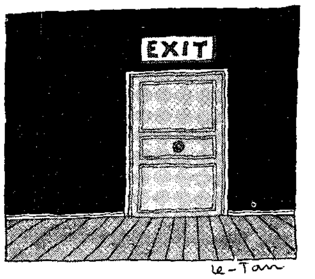
IN Thomas Hardy's novels, an action or an object or an element in the landscape will suddenly be charged with almost unbearable dramatic tension. These moments, with their mixture of the painful and the beautiful which essayists refer to as Hardy's plangency, don't seem to be structured. They don't arrive like the prepared climaxes of plays; they appear to just happen. Virginia Woolf wrote that with a "quickening of power which we cannot foretell, nor he, it seems, control, a single scene breaks off from the rest." And we respond to this scene "as if it existed alone and for all time." Of course, we feel that way because it's a perfect fusion of the intuitive and the planned. The scene has the quality of inevitability which makes its arrival an impeccable surprise. Hardy's fated coincidences come at exactly the moment when they're most needed.



The looseness of Hardy's novels, the way emotions flare up, and the headlong force of his characters suggest that he should be one of the most adaptable to the screen of all major novelists, and D. W. Griffith swiped from Hardy as freely as he swiped from Dickens. But while Dickens has often been successfully adapted to the screen, Hardy never has been. (The closest to the spirit of his work that anyone has ever got is probably Griffith's steal from "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in "Way Down East" when Lillian Gish, who has been seduced by a rake, cradles her dead baby in her arms.) Dickens can be dramatized by reproducing the labyrinthine plots and the knobby characters, with their distinctive modes of addressing each other. Hardy's plots are simple, and his dialogue is mostly just functional. His characters live for us because of their turbulent thoughts and feelings, and because of the irrational power of sex (and sexual aversion) to blast their hopes and tie their lives in knots. And because they live in a universe that seems to be in a diabolical conspiracy against them. In short, because of their inner conflicts—just what movies have the most difficulty with.

For a reader, the shock of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which was published in 1891, is in its refusal to let Tess be simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature: she's also at the mercy of her own passions, her pride, and her sense of shame. She's a strong character—strong enough to fight against the ingrained conviction of the Englishmen of her day that a girl who had been seduced was forever defiled, that she had lost the purity necessary for marriage. The new Roman Polanski film "Tess" was made in English, and though it was shot in France, it simulates the Wessex of the novel well enough to fool Americans (and maybe even the British). Polanski treats the novel with the utmost fidelity and respect (much of the dialogue is verbatim), the movie is authentically detailed—and there is virtually nothing of Hardy in it. (I mean, of course, nothing of *my* Hardy; the film may be an accurate representation of Polanski's Hardy, and perhaps of some other people's.) In the movie, Tess (Nastassia Kinski) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—sympathetic, I think, in a narrow and demeaning sense. Because if what happens to Tess is all the fault of men, she is reduced as a character. This Tess isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. Hardy wasn't beating his breast, proclaiming how guilty men were for the fate of women (he saw the characters in the round). The movie is a sustained feat of male breast-beating, a costume version of "An Unmarried Woman"—only it goes back to "An Unmarried Mother."

"Tess" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other. The sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. You don't want to leave, but you're watching nothing. Those quickening moments that, when you're reading the book, may make you feel that your heart will stop pass by without a ripple; the movie just keeps going, quietly, steadily. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the countryside. The earth turns and you can feel the terror that every living creature is subject to. Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. The picture is tame, it's artistic—a series of leisurely Barbizon School landscapes. In Hardy, when the characters blurt out more than they should or some chance incident causes them to do something unaccountably wrongheaded, you can feel the danger building, and you're shaken by it. There's no danger in this picture; it's serene.

Nastassia Kinski, who was seventeen when the movie was shot, is a lovely child-woman, and she gives a delicate, meticulous performance. She doesn't do anything jarring; she may even be a little too sensitive—she's far from a robust English country girl. English is not her native language; she manages something close (I assume) to the correct West Country sounds, but in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. And her mouth is not the mouth of someone who grew up speaking English; she has a spooky resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman, and her mouth forms words in a similar foreign way. Bergman, though, had her deep, emotionally expressive voice, right from the start. Kinski is a doll-like, *jeune fille* Bergman, a soft gamine. This Tess never grows up; when she's a rich man's fancy woman, she's still a child. It's a problem similar to the one that Sissy Spacek (who is in her thirties) had in "Coal Miner's Daughter": Spacek's shy, naughty smiles were enchanting when she was supposed to be a thirteen-year-old, but when she was supposed to be a grown woman she looked like a kid dressed up in her mother's clothes and wig. Kinski isn't rooted in the earth of any country; she's a hothouse flower—a fairy-tale waif, with puffy, slightly parted lips as an emblem of the carnal world. And, as sometimes happens when an actress speaks in a language that isn't her own, her body doesn't express what her words say; this makes her seem withdrawn, passive, even a trace bovine—which could also be appealing to modern audiences.

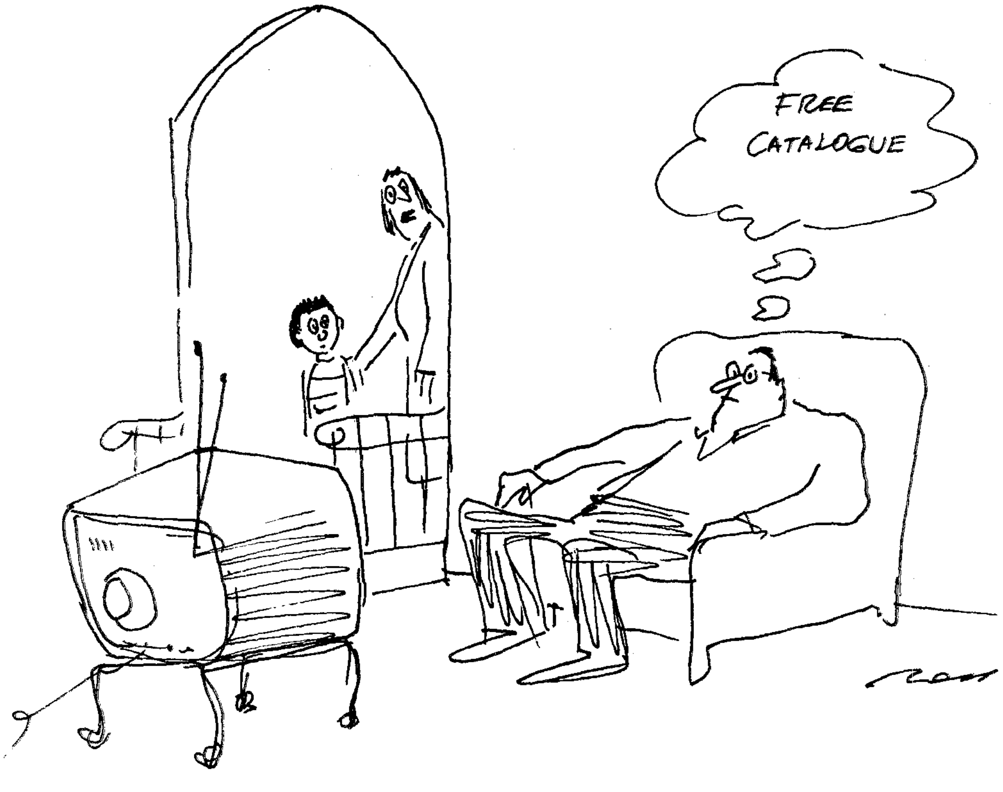
Nastassia Kinski's Tess is so pure a sufferer that men who might take a poke at their wives without remorse can get teary-eyed about her. Her immaturity fits Polanski's romantic view of victimization. The story hasn't been dramatized (it's far less dramatic than the book)—it has been orchestrated.

The two men in Tess's life—Alec (Leigh Lawson), who "takes advantage" of her, and Angel Clare (Peter Firth), the parson's son, who cannot forgive her for having been taken advantage of—are very well played, but their individual scenes blur. Everything is subdued, blended. I remember discussions with school friends about these two men—talking about Tess's physical anger at poor Alec, talking about the priggish, snobby Angel. The movie is so refined that these men don't have clear enough features for them to be argued about. They are merely the men who do Tess wrong and can never make up for it, though each, in his own way, tries. The early scene in which Parson Tringham (Tony Church) explains to Jack Durbeyfield (John Collin) that he is really Sir John D'Urberville has the boisterousness and anger and all those complicated mixed emotions that the picture loses whenever sweet, languishing Tess is the focal point. The marginal characters—the drunken Durbeyfield especially—are more alive than the central ones. It's a remarkably fine cast; Dairyman Crick and the dairymaids are wonderful. It's Nastassia Kinski, beautiful as she is, and affecting, too, who has the least energy and the least strength.

Hardy's account is raw and sexual; Polanski's movie is lush, ripe, settled. When you watch sweet Nastassia, you almost forget that Tess is a killer—in more than one sense, and including the literal one. Tess kills the man who took her virginity—not because he's a bad fellow (he has never meant her any harm, and he has been supporting her and her mother and brothers and sisters) but because she doesn't love him and she does love someone else. She kills him self-righteously, and the movie makes us feel that she's a tender, innocent, wronged creature. Reading Hardy, you see Tess's indomitability in a complex, frightening light. You can't help being upset by the novel; it's all morally open for you to puzzle over. And you can't help being appalled by the irrational acts committed in the name of love. But Polanski, who has been such a wizard at perversity, and whose specialty was characters in a double bind, goes soft. He doesn't show us Tess's furious, vengeful act—stabbing the man who penetrated her. The next scenes drift right past it without the emotional ante being raised. Polanski's "Tess" is Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" under sedation. The film has a penitential attitude toward the suffering that men inflict on women. This "Tess" becomes a tribute to women's dear weakness.

A NEW epic film by Kurosawa is an international event, especially when it's the only film he has made in Japan in ten years, after he had just about given up hope of ever working there again. On top of that, many people consider the film—"Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior")—a masterpiece, and so I haven't been surprised to receive calls and letters asking why I hadn't reviewed it yet. The answer is, Because I didn't much like it. I thought it mechanistic yet baffling, and I shoved it to the back of my mind. On the surface, "Kagemusha," which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified), seems to be about the ruler's responsibility for the survival of the clan, about the foolishness of rulers who provoke unnecessary battles, and possibly also about the nobility and grace of the samurai who sacrifice their lives for the clan. That is, it seems to be about essentially the same subjects that John Ford treated in Westerns, such as "Fort Apache" (1948), and that other American directors have taken up in military epics, such as "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1936). But the film is distanced, and Kurosawa doesn't appear to be much interested in the leaders as characters. "Kagemusha" is something of a contradiction: a movie about immobility.

At the opening, a static triptych composition (like a three-panel Japanese screen) is held for about five minutes. Sitting on a platform in the center panel is the head of the Takeda clan, the warlord Shingen, known as The Mountain; his younger brother (who has sometimes "doubled" for him) sits slightly lower on one side; and on the other, sitting farther down, is a thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life will be spared because he looks so much like Shingen that he can be useful as a new double. It's a formal, slightly wacko scene: a conversation among three seated men who look identical and are identically bearded and robed. (The scene is so stiff that at first I thought all three must be the same actor, but though Shingen and the thief are both played by Tatsuya Nakadai, the brother is played by Tsutomu Yamazaki.) Shortly after this, Shingen, who is the most powerful of three warlords fighting for control of the country and has almost achieved his goal, is mortally wounded, at night, by a sniper. Before dying, Shingen orders the leaders of the Takeda clan to conceal his death for three



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years, so that the clan won't fall apart and be open to attack.

We're primed for the look-alike peasant to develop will and inner strength as he takes the warlord's place, but we're let down. The thief is more heated in the first scene, when he challenges Shingen's morality—suggesting that Shingen is simply a bigger thief—than he ever is again. Having set up this promising "Prisoner of Zenda" bit of hokum, Kurosawa doesn't show us the transformation of the ignorant, mangy thief into a leader, except in a very special sense. Shingen's effectiveness as a ruler appears to have depended almost completely upon his mountainlike immovability. When a castle belonging to the clan has been attacked and the clan must do battle, the shadow warrior doesn't lead the soldiers; he sits on a campstool on a hill overlooking the battlefield. (He could be a movie director, except that he's wearing the helmet of a war god—a huge winged helmet that's like a great metal butterfly.) The soldiers can look up and see him sitting perfectly still; this is supposed to give his men courage and demoralize the enemy. (And it works: an enemy general, seeing him there in all his majesty, sounds retreat. Ah, yes, we say, the illusion of power defeats the enemy. But do we believe it? It's a schoolmaster's fable.) We are told that sitting still is the most difficult thing to do. But it doesn't look so hard to us—and the idea that impassivity is what made Shingen a great ruler seems a little folksy. Shingen's brother talks about the torture—the inner pain—of playing a double and giving up one's identity. But the shadow warrior doesn't show much in the way of inner conflict. He lives secluded in Shingen's stronghold, surrounded by vassals and servants who know his true identity, and, apart from the relationship he forms with Shingen's small grandson (they play together), he's alone, idling away the three years.

In "Kagemusha," as long as people don't make any moves they're in great shape, but as soon as they budge they bring chaos down on themselves. The static opening triptych is followed by a startling kinetic sequence: the camera sweeps along with the running figure of a messenger, who rushes down a mountain, hopping lightly in a zigzag over the bodies of hundreds of exhausted, resting soldiers, and causing a stir behind him as he passes. The film veers between immobility and danger. Shingen was wounded because he left

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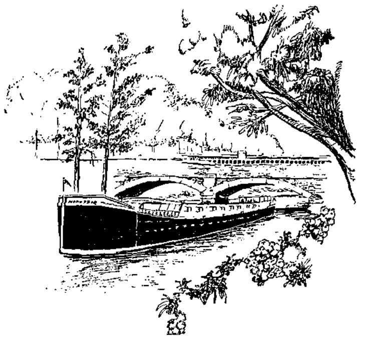

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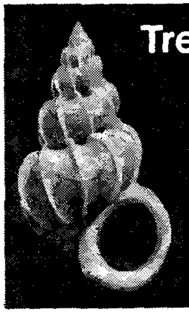

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his protected position to hear a flute song, and, near the end of the third year, the shadow warrior is exposed as an impostor when he tries to ride Shingen's horse and is thrown. And when Shingen's son, who has been passed over in the line of succession, leaves his own terrain and goes to fight on enemy soil, he brings on the destruction of the three echelons of the Takeda army. ("The mountain has moved," the enemy leader says gleefully, as he prepares to pounce.)

Is Kurosawa suggesting that all rulers are shadow warriors—that their power is in the appearance of implacable strength? Seventy when he made this film, Kurosawa had been boycotted by the Japanese production companies—because of his independence or because of his irresponsibility, depending on whom you ask—and he had lost years in failed efforts to raise money for two previous projects. During four years of trying to get financing for "Kagemusha," he made hundreds of drawings and gouaches of the costumes and action, "to leave something behind of my ideas." Then Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox to put up one and a half million dollars for world distribution rights outside Japan, and the Toho Company agreed to back the film (which, at a cost of six and a half million dollars, is the most expensive picture ever made in Japan). All this bears a relation to the detached tone of the film, which appears to be a parable about not getting involved. Maybe the reason it doesn't have a clear narrative line is that the incidents are meant to represent a theory of history—the alternation of peace and war, seen as a natural process (and so, hopeless). Kurosawa seems to be saying that you're safe as long as you sit tight, but sooner or later you're impelled to do something rash. You stick your head up and it's cut off. He seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The only enduring stillness is the stillness of death. Warfare is treated dispassionately; the pomp and pageantry are cheerless. There's a touch of Bresson in this film; Bresson has always been seventy.

The modernity of Kurosawa's earlier samurai films (especially "The Seven Samurai") was in their pulse and jagged immediacy. The shocks were never trivial; when we were plunged under the horses' hooves we

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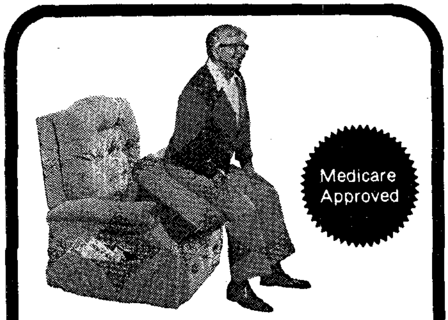

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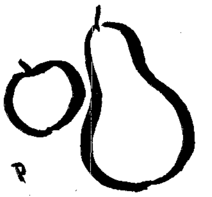
weren't outraged—the violence had *something to do with the brute importance* of life. This film has no reminders of that kind of barbaric power. The style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. It's the flags, the swords, the sun—and the horses. This film is about mobilization for war and war's aftermath; the absence of the battles themselves seems part of the film's pattern. In a recent interview in the *Times*, Kurosawa said, "I am more relaxed and move more slowly, and this is reflected in my technique. I set up the camera, step back, and watch the action flow by." The action doesn't exactly flow by, though. I'm not sure how much of what goes on in "Kagemusha" is related to a change in Kurosawa's perception and how much is *unintentional*. The film doesn't seem contemplative—just uninvolving and spiritless. The narrative line is woozy, and the big showpiece sequences, such as the runner leaping—almost flying—over the soldiers' bodies, don't appear to grow out of the narrative; the narrative appears to be shaped to encompass the showpieces. There are some engrossing scenes: the sniper trying to prove he hit Shingen by reënacting how he did it (he shot through a triangular opening in the wall, and by means of triangular calculation); the shadow warrior looking into a giant urn and seeing the mummified Shingen in full armor staring back at him. And there are bizarre scenes, such as the one with a few men on a lake in a tiny rowboat, with this giant urn covered in blue cloth; it's the biggest urn you've ever seen, but onlookers supposedly aren't going to guess there's a body inside. (It's like the setup for a Laurel & Hardy routine: how are the men going to pitch the urn overboard without tipping the boat?)

Probably, Kurosawa doesn't want us to be concerned about the fortunes of the Takeda clan. The hothead son who brings the clan to ruin is treated as a fact of nature, and when the soldiers lie dead on the shores of a reddening river we don't seem to be meant to feel any rage at his suicidal folly. And since we have no strong feelings about any individual Takeda warriors, we have no reason to care who wins the climactic battle. Yet this Battle of Nagashino is the symbolic end of the elegant rituals of samurai warfare. When the Takeda armies—the lancers with the heraldic reds that signify fire, the infantry with the greens that signify the forest, and the cavalry with the blacks that signify wind—go forth in battle array, we don't see swordsmanship, we hear gunfire. These armored knights are easily and efficiently mowed down. This was the historical event that started Kurosawa on the film: the late-sixteenth-century battle in which on one side no one died, while the other side was wiped out. Even if you take a very long view of history, it is a battle with a special horror. But we aren't made to feel that horror. In this movie, Kurosawa sees war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the *aesthetics of warfare*—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract.



Visually, the movie is without depth or shading, and often the compositions seem cramped; possibly the chalky, off-key look was by choice, but, if so, I'm not sure what dictated it. This is Kurosawa's first period film in color, and he has used color in an eerily unrealistic, painterly way. Soldiers march in psychedelic orange light. When Shingen returns to his shadow in a dream, the imagery suggests the work of twentieth-century painters: it's visionary and smeary—Kokoschka or Nolde, flattened out on a Sony TV. When the clans prepare for battle, we get a splendid fashion show of sixteenth-century fabrics and uniforms and armor; there are visual reminders of Kurosawa's "Throne of Blood," and mounted soldiers out of Piero della Francesca. With all the costumed marching men and the horses and the banners and standards, the film has pomp and flourishes. But the grandeur is undercut by melancholy. Nothing heartening is meant to come of these military parades. There are magical, misty shots looking out of a castle onto fogged-over mountains and water, and at one point Shingen's spirit takes the form of a rainbow-like bar of light. There are lots of flat vertical compositions full of people going up to the top of the frame so that they form a mountain-triangle; in other

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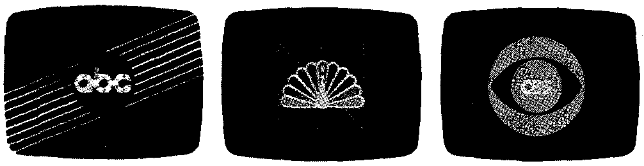

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scenes, soldiers slide down hills. In one virtuoso formal shot, the empty frame is filled by circling soldiers—for all we know, they could be lining up for a high-school-commencement photograph. It's not just that we might be watching from another planet that gets to be wearing; it's that even the most conceptually daring scenes lack internal excitement—they feel static. They even look static; the intricately designed fabrics have more life than the geometric compositions. A good score might have helped to give the sequences some tension, but the Western-style music is emotional in a vacuous, slurry way; it gets between you and the movie—rubs you wrong. (This is a recurrent problem with Japanese movies. Remember the "Rashomon" music that sounded like Ravel's "Bolero"?) The dialogue scenes, which are largely exposition, are frequently played in a fixed frame—a vise, like a stage—and some of the acting in them is really bad. There's a likable grizzled old lord—the Fire General, who wears flame-colored kimonos—but the younger and skinnier the lords are, the more they seem to resort to eye-rolling and arm-waving.

The film is fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Shingen's garden has a pyramid hill; the shadow warrior has three guards hidden behind a sliding wall. There are three bumpkin enemy spies who keep turning up and tumbling over themselves, like John Ford's lovable Irishmen; they're trying to find out if Shingen is really still alive or is being impersonated. And there are even three tests that confront the shadow warrior when he first takes over for Shingen: with Shingen's grandson, with Shingen's concubines, with Shingen's horse. The first he passes, the second he avoids, the third he avoids until he becomes emboldened by his success at demoralizing the enemy, and the animal proves his downfall. Shingen's horse cannot be taken in by a look-alike. The movie seems to shift into a different dimension whenever there are horses in the images. After battle, the men die like puppets; it's the horses who suffer. (They suffer so convincingly that I was distracted by the question of how these effects were obtained.) When the Takeda clan is smashed, wounded horses are lying in the mud. A few struggle to get up (in slow motion), arching their long necks in agony and falling again; one of them is on its back, kicking the air in the effort to right itself; another strains against the bit—a detail out of "Guernica." The horses are the film's visual emblems of kinesis, war, chaos. In a way, it's as if only the horses could die, because only the horses were fully alive—the horses and the shadow warrior.

"Kagemusha" is a mixture of formality, impenetrability, and disfiguring sentimentality. The central character is pathetic, and Kurosawa seems to embrace his pathos. After the shadow warrior has been thrown from the horse and is exposed, his humility knows no bounds. Inexplicably, Shingen's brother and the other lords of the clan, who appreciate the service he has done them, won't let him say goodbye to the child he has come to love; men of the clan pelt him with mud and rocks, and he is driven out into the rain in thin rags. He isn't resentful: he feels he failed them all. From then on, the movie is like a feudal "Stella Dallas," with the heartbroken peasant standing in the crowd at Shingen's official funeral and staring from behind a bamboo fence at the child he loves. Loyal to the clan forever, he follows the Takeda warriors when the disinherited son's reckless actions force them into battle. When they fight, he's there wandering around the battlefield, hiding in tall grass, looking on, wanting to be one of them. He has aged (fast), but, even frail and doddering, he needs to prove his bravery. When the Takeda soldiers are slaughtered, he goes among the corpses and picks up a lance, and is shot by the enemy. But he keeps going, walking into the river. The drowned soldiers have let fall the Takeda battle flag; he sees it and tries to retrieve it. The powerful Takeda clan has been annihilated, and he dies reaching for the clan's flag, which floats by him, eluding him forever. There's a pukey warmth in the film's attitude toward this eternal humble victim, and his is the only courage that is celebrated. We aren't meant to care about any of the other characters; they're essentially figures in a design. But we're expected to empathize with the shadow warrior—he's that old crock the common man.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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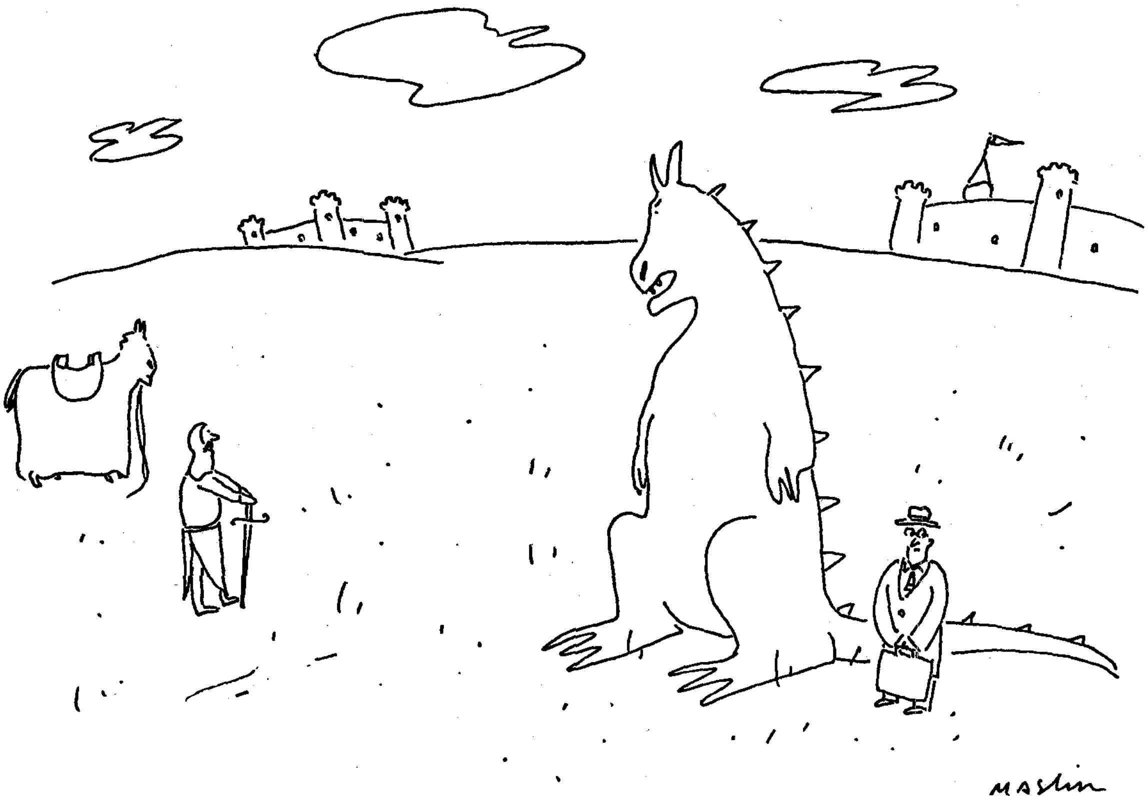
BOOKS

Dynasts

"Napoleon III and Eugénie," by Jasper Ridley (Viking; $25), is a dual biography of Charles Louis Napoleon, later known as Louis Napoleon, who invented the Second Empire and ruled it from 1852 to 1870 as Napoleon III, and his wife, a Spanish grandee with nine titles—more than the French could manage: they called her Mlle. de Montijo until she became the Empress Eugénie. It is a fitting addition to the superb nineteenth-century portrait gallery that Ridley has been constructing, succeeding his "Lord Palmerston" (1970) and "Garibaldi" (1974)—Palmerston was an intermittent ally and Garibaldi an involuntary enemy of Napoleon III. It is the clearest picture I know of this couple, whose personalities and reign have been obscured by abuse, some of it the work of such masters of rhetoric as Hugo, Marx, and Zola. Ridley starts with Louis Napoleon—he was born in 1808—and takes him down to 1840, the year he failed in his second attempt to overthrow King Louis Philippe, by landing at Boulogne with a tiny force in the hope of winning over the garrison. The first attempt, a similar demonstration at Strasbourg in 1836, had been treated leniently: the Orléans king had ordered the Bonapartist intruder deported to the New World. The second was punished with a sentence of life imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, near Saint-Quentin. Ridley leaves Louis Napoleon in honorable confinement and turns to Eugénie, who was born in Granada, in 1826, to the Count of Teba and his wife, the daughter of a Scottish wine merchant.

Napoleon escaped from Ham in 1846, sat out the next two years in England, and returned to France after the Revolution of 1848 achieved what he had not—the abdication of Louis Philippe. The Second Republic, proclaimed in 1848, elected Louis Napoleon President; he overthrew it in 1851 and, with popular consent, made himself Emperor the next year. He had first met Eugénie in 1849, at a large reception, when she was visiting Paris with her widowed mother, and had immediately invited her to a party so small that his intentions were unmistakable; her well-managed retreat closed the episode. When they met again, in the fall of 1852, he had a hereditary job in the offing and no legitimate heir. His mind, at last, was set on wedlock, and they were married in January, 1853. The book then follows their joint fortunes, entwining public policy and personal events, which are inseparable in the lives of dynastic rulers. The arrival of an heir, the Prince Imperial, coincided with the end of the Crimean War, in 1856, and restored the Bonapartes and France to their former European predominance. As most readers know, this achievement was not durable. In 1870, the ailing Emperor surrendered to the King of Prussia at Sedan. While Napoleon III was a German prisoner of war, the French Assembly, sitting at Bordeaux, deposed him; his successor was the Third Republic, which was to be extinguished, in 1940, by another fugitive assembly. Eugénie had fled to England, where the family were briefly reunited. The Emperor died, of kidney disease, in 1872. The Prince Imperial was killed by Zulus in 1879; he had volunteered to observe a British colonial war as a step toward winning the martial distinction expected of his family. Eugénie lived until 1920. Although in 1870 the Prussian king rejected her request not to annex Alsace and Lorraine, she was otherwise treated with respect, kindness, and affection by the royalty of Europe; her family ties with the descendants of her sister, a Duchess of Alba, were warm to the last.

The scale of this story is enormous, like that of so much nineteenth-century art. Its beginnings lie in the eighteenth century, and its events affect us today—we cannot help noting how often the mistakes of the nineteenth century begot the misfortunes of the twentieth. The book is crowded with a small army of characters, over whom Ridley has taken a genuinely Napoleonic command. He provides all the detail we need to envision them, their surroundings, their motives, their manners,



"*Mr. Kenny here will attempt to resolve our differences.*"

and their expectations, yet he never loses narrative movement. His style and judgment are often crisp, sometimes ironic, never snide. He brings to life the historical background of turbulent nineteenth-century Europe. There was scarcely a corner of the Continent immune from war, civil war, or revolution. Eugénie and her sister, for example, first saw Paris in 1834, when they were sent to safety during a civil war. Her father, atypically for a Spanish noble, had been a Bonapartist and had fought in the French Army; Eugénie, very much Daddy's girl, was raised with ideas that in the Spain of her childhood were almost unthinkably leftist, and as an adult in France supposed herself much more radical than she was. She was beautiful, alert, and charming, and beguiled her mother's literary friends, who included Washington Irving, Prosper Mérimée, and Stendhal. She was considered unconventional: her faults were occasional aberrations of dress and an unseemly enthusiasm for bullfights, hazardous driving, and, possibly, smoking. In the recent American past, she would have figured as that tabloids' delight the madcap heiress, who was a major folklore figure in nineteen-thirties film comedies; despite her waywardness, she, like Eugénie, was chaste, and sought the conventional happy ending—marriage. Eugénie's high spirits may reflect high intelligence without enough to occupy it; knowing observers found her vivacity a flaw in her conduct as an empress.

Ridley makes it clear that Eugénie's political influence on her husband was limited. At the time of their marriage, she was assailed as an unchaste woman; as their reign took shape, she was attacked as an icy religious reactionary. Ridley's portrait reminds us how bitterly past generations mistrusted women whose destinies were in any way unusual. A century's vindictiveness survives, for example, in the addled account of Anne Boleyn in Mme. de Lafayette's "The Princess of Clèves." One feels a woman writer should have known better: she shows some pity for the beheaded queen but a stronger feeling that Anne, having presumed to marry her monarch, got what she deserved. Like Eugénie, Anne is resented for her charm (which Mme. de Lafayette attributes to her French education). She is also accused of having persuaded the notoriously unpersuadable Henry VIII to adopt "Lutheranism." Though neither Anne

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nor Eugénie wielded significant political power, feminine submissiveness did not protect either of them from society's anti-feminine bias.

Louis Napoleon was much less forthcoming—less confiding, less spontaneous—than his wife. Nevertheless, Ridley thinks it is possible to say when he became obsessed with restoring the Bonapartes in France: in 1831, after an abortive effort to serve in an Italian nationalist revolution—a fiasco in which his older brother died, of measles. Louis Napoleon was the son of one of the Emperor's younger brothers, Louis Bonaparte, who had briefly (1806-10) served as King of Holland, and of Hortense de Beauharnais, the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage. Napoleon's affection for Josephine's children persisted after he had divorced her, and Hortense taught her own child her gratitude to and admiration for the man who had been at once her stepfather, her brother-in-law, and her protector. Louis Napoleon claimed the French throne on the basis of the Constitution of 1804, which laid down the dynastic succession in the Bonaparte family, and which had been approved by a national referendum, whose decision, as Louis Napoleon argued at his trial in 1840, had never been revoked by the electorate. Elections and referenda were principal devices of the third Napoleon. Some of the elections he won were pressured or managed, but Ridley thinks that his repeated electoral successes reflected the fact that most Frenchmen wanted him—at least, compared to the alternatives they feared: a restoration of the Bourbons or a recurrence of the Terror.

Louis Napoleon strictly followed his uncle's table of succession and genuinely believed his mother's version of Bonapartism as a movement that preserved the best of the French Revolution—a middle way between the despot and the mob. But Bonapartism was interpreted differently by Bonapartists, some of whom emphasized its revolutionary content and some of whom stressed its heritage of order and authority. Louis Napoleon was bound to disappoint his followers—much as de Gaulle, a Bonapartist in method if not in blood, disappointed his over (for one example) Algeria. The followers Louis Napoleon most keenly disappointed were on the left. They had not foreseen his coup, and they objected to his repression of domestic opposition and his support of the Pope's temporal power. The right regarded his re-

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building of Paris as a radical rejection of the past and disliked the liberalization of the eighteen-sixties—his move toward responsible government, for example, and his support of a law legalizing trade unions and strikes. The Second Empire was really a substitute for civil war, as were so many French regimes after the French Revolution. French creativity did not again take a political form until—as Robert O. Paxton has pointed out in his "Vichy France: Old Guard and New Order, 1940-1944"—the Vichy government experimented with some eight theories, or "competing visions," of government which had remained only theories under the quasi-caretaker Third Republic. One sees how closely the Second Empire resembled its successor: how often Napoleon III, despite the aid of censorship and police, was forced to adjust to or placate contending blocs; how rarely he ruled as in imagination he had wished.

Louis Napoleon was rich, gifted, and privileged, and could have lived happily as a private individual. Why did he fight and plot for a thankless task? The question plunges us into the mystery of pastness. He really believed, as we cannot, in blood—in dynastic, hereditary rule. That was one reason for his disastrous attempt to provide the Mexicans with an emperor they did not want; another was his dislike of our republic because it was a republic. Napoleon I, a living refutation of the hereditary principle, had tried to found a dynasty, and in what we think of as modern times (Napoleon III regularly toured France by railroad) the world at large still believed in dynastic succession. It has been argued that, like rules of seniority and tables of precedence, the hereditary principle prevents conflict by limiting the aspirations of the ambitious. Older political thought, concerned with the public peril of private ambition, may have been shrewder than ours: our attention to conviction or ideology tends to make us forget the possibilities that hypocrisy offers to ambition. Yet the sanctity of royal blood, like any other holiness, is not debatable; it is felt or it is not. The great acts of regicide—the executions of Charles I, Louis XVI, and Nicholas II—were committed by men who were struggling against their own awe; to us, the victims appear merely exasperating men, not worth the killing.

Napoleon III was not equipped to carry on his formidable uncle's system. He had been a nervous child, who had

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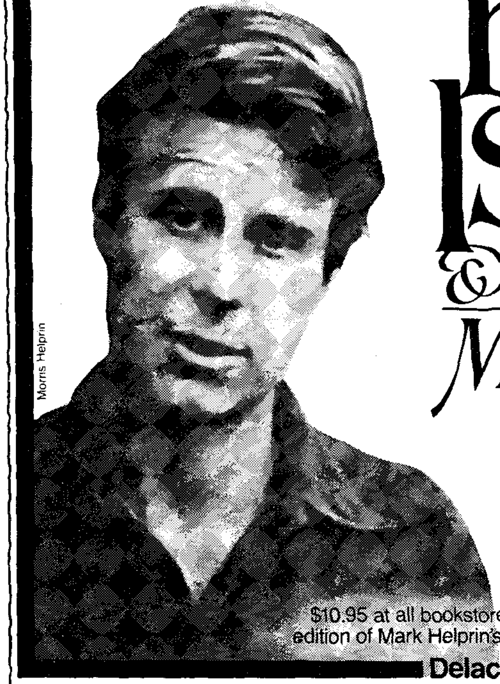

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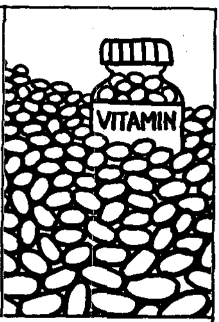

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nightmares; he grew up to be a man who could cabal and cajole but not command. In 1859, he went to war in northern Italy, where his uncle had won a string of victories. The sight of the slaughter after the victories at Magenta and Solferino so shocked the nephew that his Piedmontese allies thought he had betrayed them in his haste to make peace with Austria-Hungary. *There is no record that the* first Napoleon cared about his soldiers' sufferings, provided they won. At the end, too ill to mount a horse, Napoleon III, as befitted a Bonaparte, headed for the front in the Franco-Prussian War. "In such pain from the stone that he could not think clearly," he attempted to lead his army; once more appalled by carnage, he surrendered.

Marx called the coup d'état of Napoleon III a farce. It was not. Nor was it a tragedy. The life, the reign, the aspiration—all are pathos. Napoleon III was not merely a beneficiary of the Napoleonic legend; he was its victim. His enemies disparaged him as an adventurer. What is pathetic is that his adventure was not his own.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TSOTSI, by Athol Fugard (Random House; $8.95). This novel comes to us mysteriously. Written twenty years ago, around the time of Fugard's first play, it was put aside and was only recently discovered by two South African graduate students—or so the dust jacket tells us. Tsotsi (the Afrikaans for "hoodlum") is a young black thief and murderer who cannot remember his real name, his parents, or where he *came from. He lives in the moment*, and is hideously sustained by the fear his victims exhibit. Then a series of incidents turns him in on himself, and within a few days he undergoes a Scrooge-like change. The shock device that Fugard uses would have enthralled Dickens: a shoebox containing a tiny baby is thrust into Tsotsi's hands one night, and the baby almost immediately obsesses him. He becomes a rough-and-ready nurse, and his murderous exterior cracks asunder. His memory returns, he frees a cripple he intended to murder, he makes amends to a man he has badly beaten. But Fugard, perhaps abashed by such operatics, ends his book cruelly. What he wanted to accomplish with Tsotsi in this brief book might have been impossible under any conditions, but his failure is balanced again and again by his restless microscopic backdrops, his perfect racial pitch, and his lyricism.

GENERAL

A LITTLE ORDER, by Evelyn Waugh, edited and with an introduction by Donat Gallagher (Little, Brown; $12.95). To those of us whose familiarity with Waugh's professional writing was largely limited to his fiction, this book—a collection, drawn from the *Evening Standard*, the *Spectator*, *Time & Tide*, *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Tablet*, of what Mr. Gallagher calls Waugh's "journalism"—comes as a joyous New Year's treat. There are fifty-five pieces—reviews, essays on books, art, and architecture, general articles—and there is not a real disappointment in the lot. The wit, the lucidity, and the elegance that mark Waugh's novels are all present here. There is also a keen, exacting intelligence, and it is a special pleasure to see it applied to an examination of Harold Laski's Marxism, Graham Greene's Catholicism, and Cyril Connolly's literary pronouncements. Waugh had a single standard of excellence. For example: "It is a matter for thankfulness that the modern school of critics are unable or unwilling to compose a pleasurable sentence. It greatly limits the harm they do." Or "There is a great deal to be said for the Arts. For one thing they offer the only career in which commercial failure is not necessarily discreditable." Or "I believe that what makes a writer, as distinct from a clever and cultured man who can write, is an added energy and breadth of vision which enables him to conceive and complete a structure. Critics, so far as they are critics only, lack this." And, as Waugh goes on to persuasively elucidate, it is this structural, or architectural, accomplishment that distinguishes what is academically (and vulgarly) called "creative" writing.

P. T. BARNUM PRESENTS JENNY LIND: THE AMERICAN TOUR OF THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE, by W. Porter Ware and Thaddeus C. Lockard, Jr. (Louisiana State University; $20). This brief, scholarly, and diverting volume recalls the triumphant tour (1850-52) of one of Europe's great sopranos, brought to the United States by one of our great impresarios. The authors show us how Barnum whipped up the public's curiosity and how Miss Lind surpassed its expectations. Most of her selections were by modern composers (Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Meyerbeer) unfamiliar to Americans, who had no way of comparing her "Casta Diva" with anybody else's, but whenever she sang something they knew ("I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"), they realized they had never heard anyone sing so well. Otto Goldschmidt, a young pianist who added interludes of yet more difficult new music (Chopin, Mendelssohn) to her programs, married Miss Lind in Boston. Before the tour was over, she and Barnum parted company—amicably, perhaps because they had both made fortunes. He lost his; she gave a big chunk of hers to charity and went to England with her husband, where they lived happily ever after.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS AND THE PROGRESSIVE TRADITION, by Melvin I. Urofsky (Little, Brown; $11.95). A spare and compact biography of the Supreme Court Justice (1856-1941). As a successful Boston attorney, Brandeis became aware of the dangers to democracy posed by the upsurge of American industrial power in the late nineteenth century. He early recognized that the curbing of bigness would be vital to democracy and liberty, and this belief, along with a conviction that the First Amendment was inviolable, became the matrix of his political and legal reformist philosophy. The author, who has written extensively on Brandeis, singles out significant episodes and phases in his career—from his defense of the public interest in the fields of utilities and insurance, through the Senate fight over his confirmation as a Supreme Court Justice, to his championship of Zionism and his final, often famous opinions and dissents on the Court.

CLASS: IMAGE AND REALITY IN BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND THE U.S.A. SINCE 1930, by Arthur Marwick (Oxford; $19.95). Looking for approximate definitions of class, Mr. Marwick examines the record—public (the three nations' censuses and welfare records), personal (how people have written and spoken of

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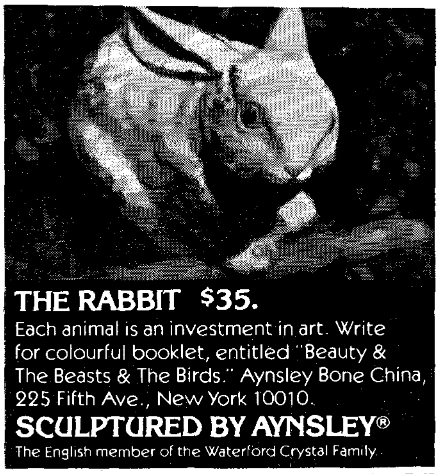

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their fellow-citizens), academic (the kinds of investigations and theories that scholars have engaged in), and informal (the assumptions implicit in movies and television). What he finds is, chiefly, a great diversity. In France, for example, there was until quite recently a large rural population accurately called *paysans*, as well as a clearly marked intellectual class. Only in Britain does he find that the working class has a sense of identity and pride; American classes, confounded by region and race, are harder to distinguish. Mr. Marwick's commonsensical approach is entertaining—recognition of familiar situations brings a smile—but his book is also noteworthy for its sensitivity to distinctive national traits.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Body Vanishes, by Yves Jacquemard and Jean-Michel Sénécal, translated from the French by Gordon Latta (Dodd, Mead; $9.95). The authors of the highly entertaining "The Eleventh Little Indian," of 1979, seem determined to become (at least in France) the heirs to Agatha Christie, and this new, and even better, classic mystery is another long step in that direction. The scene (and scene is as important to Jacquemard-Sénécal as it was to Christie) is the city of Strasbourg, the action revolves around the murder by drowning of the beautiful young fiancée of the only son of the powerful Grün family, and Hercule Poirot appears in the theatrical person of Chief Superintendent Dullac, to cut through the intricacies of pride and passion to the ugly truth.

•

Told that a sequel to his "Thunder Road" was planned, and was to be shot in Virginia, Mitchum said, "I thought I would have been appraised, since I own 'Thunder Road.'" You aren't surprised he uses words like "appraised" in casual conversation: He has written an oratorio, plays, short stories, verse, although he quit school at the age of 14, and became a hobo for six years.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

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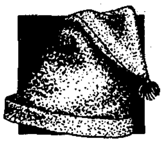

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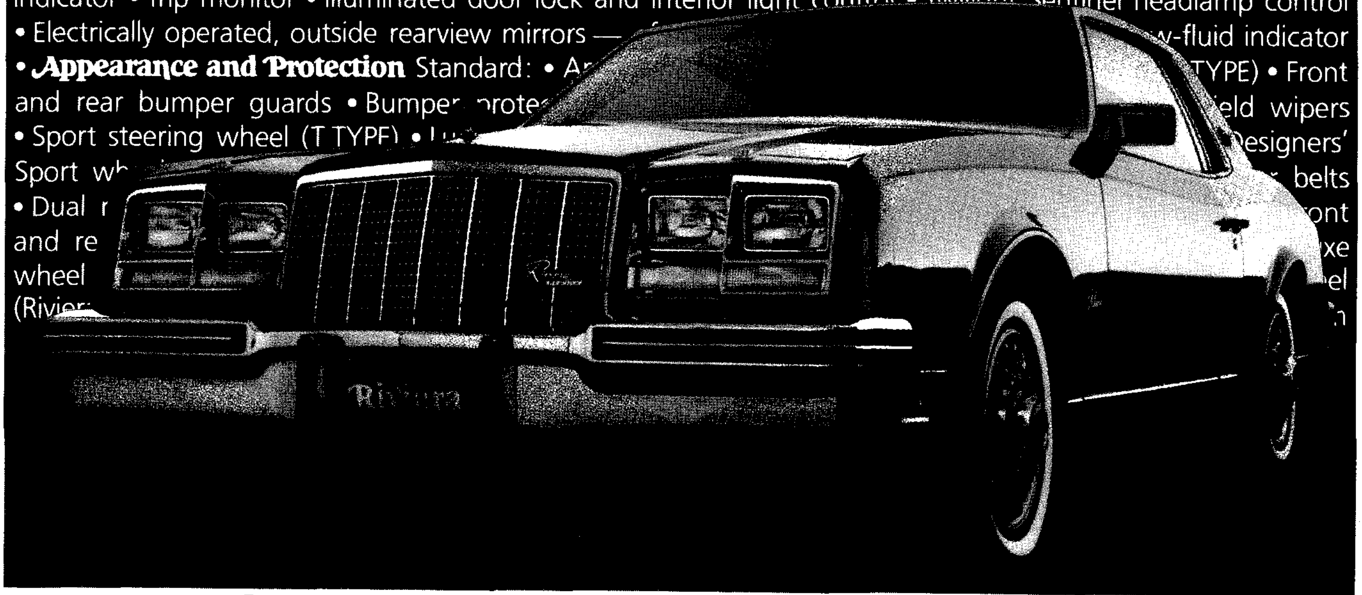

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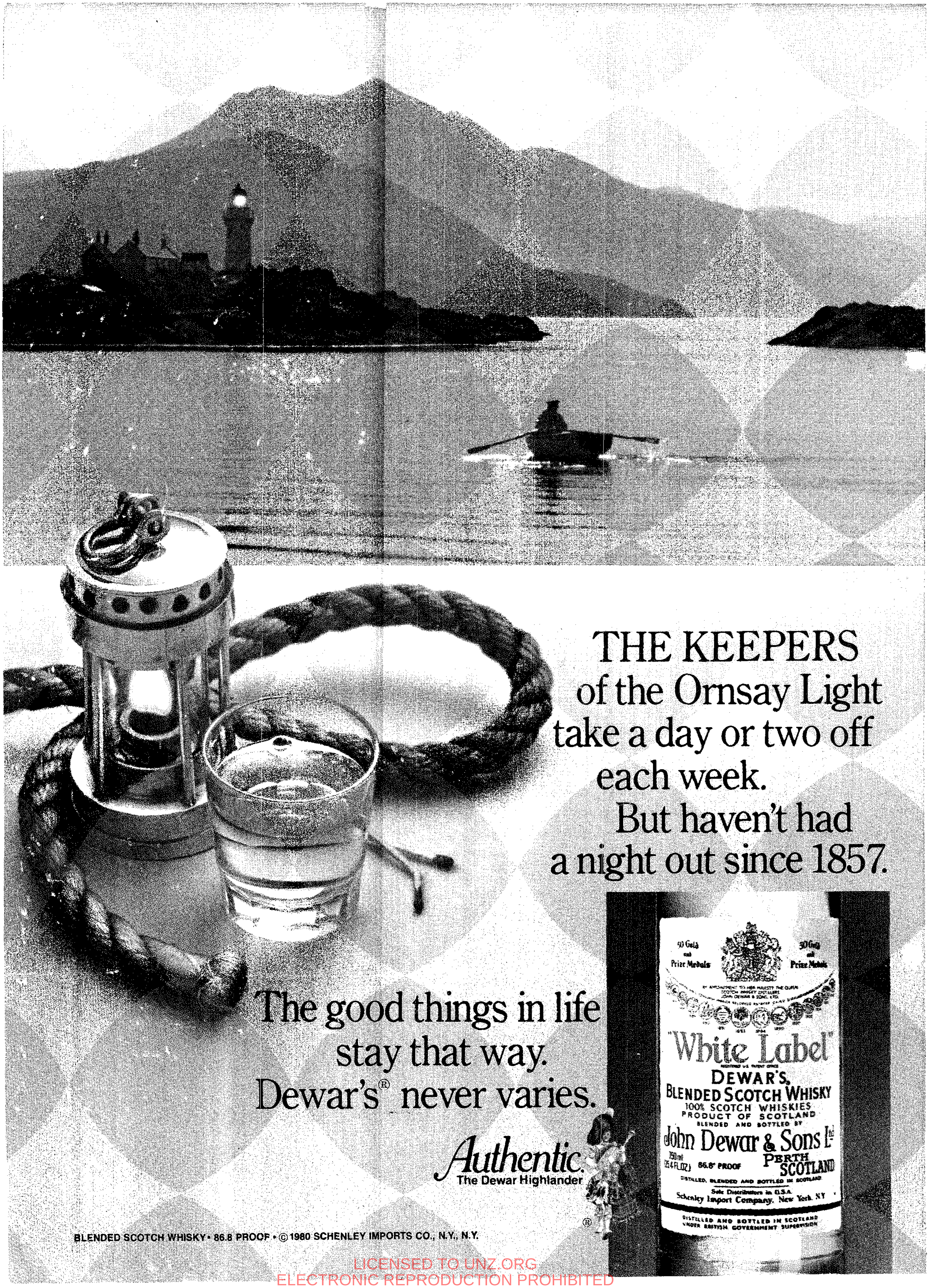
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